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TWENTY

OF THE

PLAYS

OF

SHAKESPEARE,

Being the whole Number printed in Quarto

During his LIFE-TIME, or before the RESTORATION,

Collated where there were different COPIES,

AND

Publiſh'd from the ORIGINALS.

BY

GEORGE STEEVENS, Eſq;

—ire jubeo, ut ea a fontibus potius hauriant, quam rivulos conſectentur. Quæ autem nemo adhuc docuerat, nec erat unde ſtudioſi ſcire poſſent, ea, quantum potui, feci, ut eſſent nota noſtris. CICERONIS ACAD. Lib. I.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON, in the *Strand*; T. PAYNE, at the *Mews-gate*, *Caſtle-ſtreet*; and W. RICHARDSON, in *Fleet-ſtreet*.

M.DCC.LXVI.

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May. 1878

THE

PLAYS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the FOURTH.

CONTAINING,

The moſt excellent Tragedie of ROMEO and IULIET — — —	1597
The moſt lamentable Tragedie of ROMEO and IULIET — — — —	1609
The Tragedy of HAMLET Prince of Denmarke	1611
The Tragedy of OTHELLO, the Moore of Venice — — — —	1622
SHAKESPEARES Sonnets and Louers Complaint	1609
The Hiſtory of King Leir and his three Daughters	1605

An Excellent Conceited

TRAGEDIE,

OF

ROMEO and IULIET.

As it hath been often (with great applauſe) plaid publiquely,

By the Right Honourable the L. of HUNSDON
his Seruants.

LONDON.

Printed by IOHN DANTER, 1597.

☞ This is the firſt Edition of ROMEO and JULIET before it received the Alterations and Improvements to be found in the Copy that follows.

THE PROLOGUE.

TWO houſhold frends alike in dignitie,
(In faire *Verona*, where we lay our Scene)
From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,
Whoſe ciuill warre makes ciuill hands vncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes,
A paire of ſtarre-croſt louers tooke their life:
Whoſe miſaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes,
(Through the continuing of their fathers ſtrife,
And death-markt paſſage of their parents rage)
Is now the two howres traffique of our ſtage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want wee'l ſtudie to amend.

The Moſt Excellent

TRAGEDIE

OF

ROMEO and IULIET.

Enter 2. *ſeruing-men of the* Capolets.

GREGORIE, of my word Ile carrie no coales.

2 No, for if you doo, you ſhould be a collier.

1 If I be in choler, Ile draw.

2 Euer while you liue, draw your necke out of the the collar.

1 I ſtrike quickly being moou'd.

2 I, but you are not quickly mou'd to ſtrike.

1 Dog of the houſe of the *Mountagues* moues me.

2 To mooue is to ſtirre, and to bee valiant is to ſtand to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be mooud thou't runne away.

1 There's not a man of them I meete, but Ile take the wall of.

2 That ſhewes thee a weakling, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

1 Thats true, therefore Ile thruſt the men from the wall, and thruſt the maids to to the walls: nay, thou ſhalt ſee I am a tall peece of fleſh.

2 Tis well thou art not fiſh, for if thou wert thou wouldſt be but poore Iohn.

1 Ile play the tyrant, Ile firſt begin with the maids, and off with their heads.

2 The heads of the maids?

1 I the heades of their maides, or the maidenheades, take it in what ſence thou wilt.

2 Nay let them take it in ſence that feele it, but heere comes two of the *Mountagues*.

Enter two ſeruingmen of the Monntagues.

1 Nay feare not me I warrant thee.

2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.

1 Nay let vs haue the law on our ſide, let them begin firſt. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by Ile bite my thumbe, which is diſgrace enough if they ſuffer it.

2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and Ile come after and frowne.

1 *Moun.* Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe.

2 *Moun.* I but i'ſt at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe, is the law on our ſide?

2 No.

1 I bite my thumbe.

1 *Moun.* I but i'ſt at vs?

Enter Beneuolio.

2 Say I, here comes my maſters kinſman.

They draw, to them enters Tybalt, *they fight, to them the* Prince, *old* Mountague, *and his wife, old* Capulet *and his wife, and other citizens and part them.*

Prince. Rebellious ſubiects enemies to peace,
On paine of torture, from thoſe bloody handes
Throw your miſtempered weapons to the ground.
Three ciuell brawles bred of an airie word,

By

By the old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice diſturbd the quiet of our ſtreets.
If euer you diſturbe our ſtreets againe,
Your liues ſhall pay the ranſome of your fault:
For this time euery man depart in peace.
Come *Capulet* come you along with me,
And *Mountague*, come you this afternoone,
To know our farther pleaſure in this caſe,
To old free towne our common iudgement place,
Once more on paine of death each man depart. *Exeunt.*

M. wife. Who ſet this auncient quarrel firſt abroach?
Speake nephew, were you by when it began?

Benuo. Here were the ſeruants of your aduerſaries,
And yours cloſe fighting ere I did approch.

Wife. Ah where is *Romeo*, ſaw you him to day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madame, an houre before the worſhipt ſunne
Peept through the golden window of the eaſt,
A troubled thought drew me from companie:
Where vnderneath the groue ſicamoure
That weſtward rooteth from the cities ſide,
So early walking might I ſee your ſonne.
I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,
And drew into the thicket of the wood:
I noting his affections by mine owne,
That moſt are buſied when th' are moſt alone,
Purſued my honor, not purſuing his.

Moun. Black and portentious muſt this honor proue,
Vnleſſe good counſaile doo the cauſe remooue,

Ben. Why tell me Vncle do you know the cauſe?

Enter Romeo.

Moun. I neyther know it nor can learne of him.

Ben. See where he is, but ſtand you both aſide,
Ile know his grieuance, or be much denied.

Mount. I would thou wert ſo happie by thy ſtay
To heare true ſhrift. Come madame lets away.
Benuo. Good morrow coſen.
Romeo. Is the day ſo young?
Ben. But new ſtroke nine.
Romeo. Ay me, ſad hopes ſeeme long.
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?
Ben. It was, what ſorrow lengthens *Romeos* hours?
Romeo. Not hauing that, which hauing makes them ſhort.
Ren. In loue.
Romeo. Out.
Ben. Of loue.
Ro. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.
Ben. Alas that loue ſo gentle in her view,
Should be ſo tyrranous and rough in proofe.
Ro. Alas that loue whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without lawes giue path-waies to our will:
Where ſhall we dine? Gods me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all,
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue.
Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O anie thing, of nothing firſt create!
O heauie lightnes ſerious vanitie!
Miſhapen *Caos* of beſt ſeeming thinges,
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fire, ſicke health,
Still waking ſleepe, that is not what it is:
This loue feele I, which feele no loue in this.
Doeſt thou not laugh?
Ren. No coſe I rather weepe.
Rom. Good hart at what?
Ben. At thy good hearts oppreſſion.
Ro. Why ſuch is loues tranſgreſſion,
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie at my hart,
Which thou wouldſt propagate to haue them preſt

With

With more of thine, this griefe that thou haſt ſhowne,
Doth ad more griefe to too much of mine owne.
Loue is a ſmoke raiſde with the fume of ſighes
Being purgde, a fire ſparkling in louers eyes:
Being vext, a ſea raging with a louers tears.
What is it elſe? A madnes moſt diſcreet,
A choking gall, and a preſeruing ſweet. Farewell coſe,
Ben. Nay Ile goe along.
And if you hinder me you doo me wrong.
Ro. Tut I haue loſt my ſelfe I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hee's ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadnes whome ſhe is you loue?
Ro. What ſhall I grone and tell thee?
Ben. Why no, but ſadly tell me who.
Ro. Bid a ſickman in ſadneſs make his will.
Ah word ill vrgde to one that is ſo ill.
In ſadnes coſen I doo loue a woman.
Ben. I aimde ſo right, when as you ſaid you lou'd.
Ro. A right good mark-man, and ſhee's faire I loue.
Ben. A right faire marke faire coſe is ſooneſt hit.
Ro. But in that hit you miſſe, ſhee'le not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, ſhee hath *Dianaes* wit,
And in ſtrong proofe of chaſtitie well arm'd:
Gainſt *Cupids* childiſh bow ſhe liues vnharm'd,
Shee'le not abide the ſiedge of louing tearmes,
Nor ope her lap to ſaint ſeducing gold,
Ah ſhe is rich in beautie, only poore,
That when ſhe dies with beautie dies her ſtore. *Excu.*

Enter Countie Paris, *old* Capulet.

Of honorable reckoning are they both,
And pittie tis they liue at ods ſo long:
But leauing that, what ſay you to my ſute?

Capu.

Capu. What ſhould I ſay more than I ſaid before,
My daughter is a ſtranger in the world,
Shee hath not yet attainde to fourteene yeares:
Let two more ſommers wither in their pride,
Before ſhe can be thought fit for a bride.

Paris. Younger than ſhe are happie mothers made.

Cap. But too ſoone marde are theſe ſo early maried:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My word to her conſent is but a part.
This night I hold an old accuſtom'd feaſt,
Whereto I haue inuited many a gueſt,
Such as I loue: yet you among the ſtore,
One more moſt welcome makes the number more.
At my poore houſe you ſhall behold this night,
Earth treadding ſtars, that make darke heauen light:
Such comfort as doo luſty youngmen feele,
When well apparaild Aprill on the heele
Of lumping winter treads, euen ſuch delights
Amongſt freſh female buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe, heare all, all ſee,
And like her moſt, whoſe merite moſt ſhal be.
Such amongſt view of many myne beeing one,
May ſtand in number though in reckoning none.

Enter Seruingmen.

Where are you ſirra, goe trudge about
Through faire *Verona* ſtreets, and ſeeke them out:
Whoſe names are written here and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome at their pleaſure ſtay. *Exeunt.*

Ser. Seeke them out whoſe names are written here, and yet I knowe not who are written here: I muſt to the learned to learne of them, that's as much to ſay, the taylor muſt meddle with his laſte, the ſhoomaker with his needle, the painter

painter with his nets, and the fiſher with his penſill, I muſt to the learned.

Enter Benuolio *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is leſſned with anothers anguiſh:
Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning,
One deſperate griefe cures with anothers languiſh.
Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,
And the ranke poyſon of the old will die.

Romeo. Your planton leafe is excellent for that.

Ben. For what?

Romeo. For your broken ſhin.

Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is.
Shut vp in priſon, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and godden good fellow.

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray ſir can you read,

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miſerie.

Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
but I pray can you read any thing you ſee?

Rom. I if I know the letters and the language.

Seru. Yee ſay honeſtly, reſt you merrie.

Rom. Stay fellow I can read.

He reads the letter.

Seigneur Martino *and his wife and daughters, countie* Anſelme *and his beauteous ſiſters, the ladie widdow of* Vtruuio, *ſeigneur* Placentio, *and his louelie neeces,* Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine, *mine vncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters, my faire neece* Roſaline *and* Liuia, *ſeigneur* Valentio *and his coſen* Tibalt, Lucio *and the liuelie* Hellena.

A faire aſſembly, whether ſhould they come?

Ser.

Ser. Vp.

Ro. Whether to ſupper ?

Ser. To our houſe.

Ro. Whoſe houſe ?

Ser. My maſters.

Ro. Indeed I ſhould haue askt thee that before.

Ser. Now Il'e tel you without asking. My maſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the houſe of *Mountagues*, I pray come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merrie.

Ben. At this ſame auncient feaſt of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Roſaline* whom thou ſo loues :
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhew,
And I will make thee thinke thy ſwan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines ſuch falſhood, then turne teares to fire,
And theſe who often drownde could neuer die,
Tranſparent heretiques be burnt for liers
One fairer than my loue, the all ſeeing ſonne
Nere ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

Ben. Tut you ſaw her faire none els being by,
Her ſelfe poyſd with her ſelfe in either eye :
But in that criſtall ſcales let there be waide,
Your ladyes loue, againſt ſome other maide
That I will ſhew you ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe ſhall ſcant ſhew well that now ſeemes beſt.

Rom. Ile goe along no ſuch ſight to be ſhowne,
But to reioyce in ſplendor of mine owne.

Enter

Enter Capulets *wife and* Nurce.

Wife. Nurce wher's my daughter call her forth to mee.

Nurce. Now by my maiden head at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what lamb, what ladie bird, God forbid. Wher's this girle? what *Iuliet.*

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who cals?

Nurce. Your mother.

Iul. Madame I am here, what is your will?

W. This is the matter. Nurſe giue leaue a while, we muſt talke in ſecret. Nurce come back again I haue remembred me, thou'ſe heare our counſaile. Thou knoweſt my daughters of a prettie age.

Nurce. Faith I can tell her age unto an houre.

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurce. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it ſpoken, I haue but foure, ſhee's not fourteene. How long is it now to *Lammas-tide?*

Wife. A fortnight and odde days.

Nurce. Euen or odde, of all dayes in the yeare come *Lammas* eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene. *Suſan* and ſhe God reſt all chriſtian ſoules were of an age. Well *Suſan* is with God, ſhe was too good for me: But as I ſaid on *Lammas* eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene, that ſhall ſhee marie I remember it well. Tis ſince the earth-quake nowe eleauen yeares, and ſhe was weand I neuer ſhall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid wormewood to my dug, ſitting in the ſun vnder the doue-houſe wall. My lord and you were then at *Mantua*, nay I do beare a braine: but as I ſaid, when it did taſt the wormwood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty foole to ſee it teachie and fall out

out with dugge. Shake quoth the doue-houſe twas no need I trow to bid me trudge, and ſince that time it is a leauen yeare: for then could *Iuliet* ſtande high lone, nay by the roode, ſhee could haue wadled vp and downe, for euen the day before ſhee brake her brow, and then my huſband God be with his ſoule, hee was a merrie man: doſt thou fall forward *Iuliet?* thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit: wilt thou not *Iuliet*? and by my hollidam, the pretty foole left crying and ſaid I. To ſee how a ieaſt ſhall come about, I warrant you if I ſhould liue a hundred yeare, I neuer ſhould forget it, wilt thou not *Iuliet?* and by my troth ſhe ſtinted and cried I.

Iuliet. And ſtint thou too, I prethee nurce ſay I.

Nurce. Well goe thy waies, God marke thee for his grace, thou wert the prettieſt babe that euer I nurſt, might I but liue to ſee thee married once, I haue my wiſh.

Wife. And that ſame marriage nurce, is the theame I meant to talke of: tell me *Iuliet*, howe ſtand you affected to be married?

Iul. It is an honor that I dreame not off.

Nurce. An honor! were not I thy onely nurce, I would ſay thou hadſt ſuckt wiſedome from thy teat.

Wife. Well girle, the noble countie *Paris* ſeekes thee for his wife.

Nurce. A man young ladie, ladie ſuch a man as all the world, why he is a man of waxe.

Wife. Veronaes ſummer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurce. Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.

Wife. Well *Iuliet*, how like you of *Paris* loue.

Iuliet. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue,
But no more deepe will I engage mine eye,
Then your conſent giues ſtrength to make it flie.

Enter

Enter Clowne.

Clowne. Maddam you are cald for, ſupper is readie, the nurce curſt in the pantrie, all thinges in extreamitie, make haſt for I muſt be gone to waite.

Enter Maſkers with Romeo *and a Page.*

Ro. What ſhall this ſpeech bee ſpoke for our excuſe ?
Or ſhall we on without apologie.
Benuoleo. The date is out of ſuch prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid* hudwinckt with a ſcarfe,
Bearing a *Tartars* painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper :
Nor no without booke prologue faintly ſpoke
After the prompter, for our entrance.
But let them meaſure vs by what they will,
Weele meaſure them a meaſure and be gone.
Rom. A torch for me I am not for this aumbling,
Beeing but heauie I will beare the light.
Mer. Beleeue me *Romeo* I muſt haue you daunce.
Rom. Not I beleeue me you haue dancing ſhooes
With nimble ſoles, I haue a ſoule of lead
So ſtakes me to the ground I cannot ſtirre.
Mer. Giue me a caſe to put my viſage in,
A viſor for a viſor, what care I
What curious eye doth coate deformitie.
Rom. Giue me a torch, let wantons light of hart
Tickle the ſenceles ruſhes with their heeles :
For I am prouerbd with a grandſire phraſe,
Ile be a candleholder and looke on,
The game was nere ſo faire and I am done.
Mer. Tut dun's the mouſe, the cunſtable's old word,
If thou beeſt dun, weele draw thee from the mire

Of

Of this ſurreuerence loue wherein thou ſtickſt.
Leaue this talke, we burne day light here.
Rom. Nay thats not ſo.
Mer. I meane ſir in delay,
We burne our lights by night, like lampes by day,
Take our good meaning for our iudgement ſits
Three times a day, ere once in her right wits.
Rom. So we meane well by going to this maſke:
But tis no wit to goe.
Mer. Why *Romeo* may one aſke?
Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night.
Mer. And ſo did I.
Rom. Why what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Rom. In bed aſleepe while they doe dreame things true.
Mer. Ah then I ſee queen *Mab* hath bin with you.
Ben. Queen *Mab* whats ſhe?
She is the fairies midwife and doth come
In ſhape no bigger than an aggat ſtone
On the forefinger of a burgomaſter,
Drawne with a teeme of little atomi,
A thwart mens noſes when they lie aſleepe.
Her waggon ſpokes are made of ſpinners webs,
The couer, of the winges of graſhoppers,
The traces are the moone-ſhine watrie beames,
The collers crickets bones, the laſh of filmes,
Her waggoner is a ſmall gray coated flie
Not halfe ſo big as is a little worme,
Pickt from the laſie finger of a maide,
And in this ſort ſhe gallops up and downe
Through louers braines, and then they dreame of loue.
O're courtiers knees: who ſtrait on curſies dreame
O're ladies lips, who dreame on kiſſes ſtrait:
Which oft the angrie *Mab* with bliſters plagues,

Becauſe

Becauſe their breathes with ſweet meats tainted are :
Sometimes ſhe gallops ore a lawers lap,
And then dreames he of ſmelling out a ſute,
And ſometime comes ſhe with a tithe pigs taile,
Tickling a parſon's noſe that lies aſleepe,
And then dreames he of another benefice :
Sometimes ſhe gallops ore a ſouldiers noſe,
And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,
Of breaches ambuſcados, countermines,
Of healthes fiue fadome deepe, and then anon
Drums in his eare : at which he ſtartes and wakes,
And ſweares a praier or two and ſleepes againe.
This is that *Mab* that makes maids lie on their backes,
And proues them women of good cariage.
This is the verie *Mab* that plats the manes of horſes in the night,
And plats the Elfelocks in foule ſluttiſh haire,
Which once vntangled much misfortune breedes.
Rom. Peace, peace, thou talkſt of nothing.
Mer. True I talke of dreames,
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine fantaſie,
Which is as thinne a ſubſtance as the aire,
And more inconſtant than the winde,
Which wooes euen now the froſē bowels of the north,
And being angred puffes away in haſte,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping ſouth.
Ben. Come, come, this winde doth blow vs from ourſelues.
Supper is done and we ſhall come too late.
Ro. I feare too earlie, for my minde miſgiues
Some conſequence is hanging in the ſtars,
Which bitterly begins his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expiers the terme
Of a diſpiſed life, cloſde in this breaſt,
By ſome vntimelie forfet of vile death.

But he that hath the ſteerage of my courſe
Directs my ſaile, on luſtie gentlemen.

Enter old Capulet *with the ladies.*

Capu. Welcome gentlemen, welcome gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes vnplagud with corns
Will haue about with you, ah ha my miſtreſſes,
Which of you all will now refuſe to dance ?
Shee that makes daintie, ſhee Ile ſweare hath corns.
Am I come neere you now, welcome gentlemen, welcome,
More lights you knaues, and turn theſe tables vp,
And quench the fire the roome is growne too hote.
Ah ſirra, this vnlookt for ſport comes well,
Nay ſit, nay ſit, good coſen *Capulet :*
For you and I are paſt our ſtanding dayes,
How long is it ſince you and I were in a maſke ?
Cof. By ladie ſir tis thirtie yeares at leaſt.
Cap. Tis not ſo much, tis not ſo much.
Tis ſince the mariage of *Lucentio,*
Come *Pentecoſt* as quicklie as it will,
Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maſkt.
Cof. Tis more, tis more, his ſonne is elder far.
Cap. Will you tell me that it cannot be ſo,
His ſonne was but a ward three yeares agoe,
Good youths I faith. Oh youth's a iolly thing.
Rom. What ladie is that that doth inrich the hand
Of yonder knight ? O ſhee doth teach the torches to burne bright !
It ſeemes ſhe hangs upon the cheeke of night,
Like a rich iewell in an *Aethiops* eare,
Beautie too rich for vſe, for earth too deare :
So ſhines a ſnow-white ſwan trouping with crowes,
As this fair ladie ouer her fellowes ſhowes.
The meaſure done, Ile watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers, make happie my rude hand.

Did

Did my heart loue till now ? Forſweare it ſight,
I neuer ſaw true beautie till this night.
Tib. This by his voice ſhould be a *Mountague*,
Fetch me my rapier boy. What dares the ſlaue
Come hither couer'd with an anticke face,
To ſcorne and ieere at our ſolemnitie ?
Now by the ſtocke and honor of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it for no ſin.
Ca. Why how now coſen, wherefore ſtorm you ſo.
Ti. Vncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,
A villaine that is hether come in ſpight,
To mocke at our ſolemnitie this night.
Ca. Young *Romeo* is it not ?
Ti. It is that villaine *Romeo*.
Ca. Let him alone, he beares him like a portly gentleman,
And to ſpeake truth, *Verona* brags of him,
As of a vertuous and well gouern'd youth :
I would not for the wealth of all this towne,
Here in my houſe doo him diſparagement:
Therefore be quiet take no note of him,
Beare a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.
Ti. It fits when ſuch a villaine is a gueſt,
Ile not indure him.
Ca. He ſhal be indured, goe to I ſay, he ſhall,
Am I the maſter of the houſe or you ?
You'le not indure him ? God ſhall mend my ſoule
You'le make a mutenie amongſt my gueſts,
You'le ſet cocke a hoope, you'le be the man.
Ti. Vncle tis a ſhame.
Ca. Goe too, you are a ſaucie knaue.
This tricke will ſcath you one day I know what.
Well ſaid my hartes : be quiet :
More light ye knaue, or I will make you quiet.

Tibalt. Patience perforce with wilfull choller meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greetings:
I will withdraw, but this intruſion ſhall
Now ſeeming ſweet, conuert to bitter gall.

Rom. If I prophane with my vnworthie hand,
This holie ſhrine, the gentle ſinne is this:
My lips two bluſhing pilgrims ready ſtand,
To ſmooth the rough touch with a gentle kiſſe.

Iuli. Good pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly deuotion ſhewes in this:
For ſaints haue hands which holy palmers touch,
And palme to palme is holy palmers kiſſe.

Rom. Haue not ſaints lips, and holy palmers too?

Iuli. Yes pilgrime lips that they muſt vſe in praier.

Ro. Why then faire ſaint, let lips do what hands doo,
They pray, yeeld thou, leaſt faith turne to deſpaire.

Iu. Saints doe not mooue though: grant nor praier forſake.

Ro. Then mooue not till my praiers effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours my ſin is purgde.

Iu. Then haue my lips the ſin that they haue tooke.

Ro. Sinne from my lips, O treſpaſſe ſweetly vrgde!
Giue me my ſinne againe.

Iu. You kiſſe by the booke.

Nurſe. Madame your mother calles.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurſe. Marrie batcheler her mother is the ladie of the houſe, and a good lady, and a wife, and a vertuous. I nurſt her daughter that you talkt withall, I tell you, he that can lay hold of her ſhall haue the chinkes.

Rom. Is ſhe a *Mountague?* Oh deare account,
My life is my foes thrall.

Ca. Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling fooliſh banquet towards.

They whiſper in his eare.

I pray

I pray you let me intreat you. Is it ſo ?
Well then I thanke you honeſt gentlemen,
I promiſe you but for your compauy,
I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe:
Light to my chamber hoe. *Exeunt.*

Iul. Nurſe, what is yonder gentleman ?

Nur. The ſonne and heire of old *Tiberio.*

Iul. Whats he that now is going out of dore ?

Nur. That as I thinke is yong *Petruchio.*

Iul. Whats he that followes there that would not dance ?

Nur. I know not.

Iul. Goe learne his name, if he be maried,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

Nur. His name is *Romeo* and a *Mountague*, the onely ſonne of your great enemie.

Iul. My onely loue ſprung from my onely hate,
Too early ſeene vnknowne, and knowne too late:
Prodigious birth of loue is this to me,
That I ſhould loue a loathed enemie.

Nurſe. Whats this ? whats that ?

Iul. Nothing nurſe but a rime I learnt euen now of one I danceſt with.

Nurſe. Come your mother ſtaies for you, Ile goe along with you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo *alone.*

Ro. Shall I goe forward and my heart is here ?
Turne backe dull earth and finde thy center out.

Enter Benuolio Mercutio,

Ben. Romeo, my coſen *Romeo.*

Mer. Doeſt thou heare he is wiſe,
Vpon my life he hath ſtolne him home to bed.

Ben. He came this way, and leapt this orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio.*

Mer. Call, nay Ile coniure too.
Romeo, madman, humors, paſſion, liuer, appeare thou in likenes of a ſigh : ſpeak but one rime and I am ſatisfied, cry but ay me. Pronounce but loue and doue, ſpeake to my goſſip *Venus* one faire word, one nick name for her purblinde ſonne and heire young *Abraham : Cupid* hee that ſhot ſo trim when young king *Cophetua* loued the begger wench. Hee heares me not. I coniure thee by *Roſalindes* bright eye, high forehead, and ſcarlet lip, her prettie foote, ſtraight leg, and quiuering thigh, and the demaines that there adiacent lie, that in thy likeneſſe thou appeare to vs.

Ben. If he doe heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. Tut this cannot anger him, marrie if one ſhuld raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtris circle of ſome ſtrange faſhion, making it there to ſtand till ſhe had laid it, and coniurde it downe, that were ſome ſpite. My inuocation is faire and honeſt, and in his miſtris name I coniure onely but to raiſe vp him.

Ben. Well he hath hid himſelfe amongſt thoſe trees,
To be conſorted with the humerous night,
Blinde in his loue, and beſt befits the darke.

Mer. If loue be blind, loue will not hit the marke,
Now will he ſit vnder a medler tree,
And wiſh his miſtris were that kinde of fruite,
As maides call medlers when they laugh alone.
Ah *Romeo* that ſhe were, ah that ſhe were
An open *Et cætera,* thou a poprin peare.
Romeo God night, il'e to my trundle bed :
This field bed is too cold for mee.
Come lets away, for tis but vaine,
To ſeeke him here that meanes not to be found.

Ro. He ieſts at ſcars that neuer felt a wound :
But ſoft, what light forth yonder window breakes ?

It

It is the eaſt, and *Iuliet* is the ſunne,
Ariſe faire ſunne, and kill the enuious moone
That is alreadie ſicke, and pale with griefe:
That thou her maid, art far more faire than ſhe.
Be not her maide ſince ſhe is enuious,
Her veſtall liuerie is but pale and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, caſt it off.
She ſpeakes, but ſhe ſayes nothing. What of that?
Her eye diſcourſeth, I will anſwere it.
I am too bold, tis not to me ſhe ſpeakes,
Two of the faireſt ſtarres in all the ſkies,
Hauing ſome buſines, do entreat her eyes
To twinckle in their ſpheares till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnes of her cheekes would ſhame thoſe ſtars:
As day-light doth a lampe, her eyes in heauen,
Would through the airie region ſtreame ſo bright,
That birdes would ſing, and thinke it were not night.
Oh now ſhe leanes her cheekes vpon her hand,
Iwould I were the gloue to that ſame hand,
That I might kiſſe that cheeke.

Iul. Ay me.

Rom. She ſpeakes, oh ſpeake againe bright angell:
For thou art as glorious to this night beeing ouer my head,
As is a winged meſſenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned woondring eyes,
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the laſie pacing cloudes,
And ſailes vpon the boſome of the aire.

Iul. Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy father, and refuſe thy name,
Or if thou wilt not be but ſworne my loue,
And Il'e no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I heare more, or ſhall I ſpeake to this?

Iul. Tis but thy name that is mine enemie.
Whats *Mountague* ? It is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.
Whats in a name ? That which we call a roſe,
By any other name would ſmell as ſweet :
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine the diuine perfection he owes :
Without that title *Romeo* part thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all I haue.

Rom. I take thee at thy word,
Call me but loue, and Il'e be new baptiſde,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo.*

Iu. What man art thou, that thus beſkrind in night,
Doeſt ſtumble on my counſaile ?

Ro. By a name I know not how to tell thee.
My name deare ſaint is hatefull to my ſelfe,
Becauſe it is an enemie to thee.
Had I it written I would teare the word.

Iul. My eares haue not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongues vtterance, yet I know the ſound :
Art thou not *Romeo* and a *Mountague ?*

Rom. Neyther faire ſaint, if eyther thee diſpleaſe.

Iul. How camſt thou hether, tell me and wherfore ?
The orchard walles are high and hard to clime,
And the place death conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen finde thee here.

Ro. By loues light winges did I oreperch theſe wals,
For ſtonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can doo, that dares loue attempt,
Therefore thy kinſmen are no let to me.

Iul. If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.

Rom. Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,

Then

Then twentie of their ſwords, looke thou but ſweete,
And I am proofe againſt their enmitie.
Iul. I would not for the world they ſhuld find thee here.
Ro. I haue nights cloak to hide thee from their ſight,
And but thou loue me let them finde me here:
For life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proroged wanting of thy loue.
Iul. By whoſe directions foundſt thou out this place.
Ro. By loue, who firſt did prompt me to enquire,
I he gaue me counſaile and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot: yet wert thou as farre
As that vaſt ſhore, waſht with the furtheſt ſea,
I would aduenture for ſuch marchandiſe.
Iul. Thou knowſt the maſke of night is on my face,
Els would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeks:
For that which thou haſte heard me ſpeake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie,
What I haue ſpoke: but farewell complements,
Doeſt thou loue me? Nay I know thou wilt ſay I,
And I will take thy word: but if thou ſwearſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe:
At louer periuries they ſay *Ioue* ſmiles.
Ah gentle *Romeo*, if thou loue pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinke I am too eaſely wonne,
Il'e frowne and ſay thee nay and be peruerſe,
So thou wilt wooe: but els not for the world,
In truth faire *Mountague*, I am too fond,
And therefore thou maieſt thinke my hauiour light:
But truſt me gentleman Ile proue more true,
Than they that haue more cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould haue bin ſtrange I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouer-heardſt ere I was ware
My true loues paſſion: therefore pardon me,

And

And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.
Ro. By yonder bleſſed moone I ſweare,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe fruit trees tops.
Iul. O ſweare not by the moone the vnconſtant moone,
That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe,
Leaſt that thy loue proue likewiſe variable.
Ro. Now by
Iul. Nay doo not ſweare at all,
Or if thou ſweare, ſweare by thy glorious ſelfe,
Which art the God of my idolatrie,
And Il'e beleeue thee.
Ro. If my true harts loue
Iul. Sweare not at al, though I doo ioy in thee,
I haue ſmall ioy in this contract to night,
It is too raſh, too ſodaine, too vnaduiſde,
Too like the lightning that doth ceaſe to bee
Ere one can ſay it lightens. I heare ſome comming,
Deare loue adew, ſweet *Mountague* be true,
Stay but a little and Il'e come againe.
Ro. O bleſſed bleſſed night, I feare being night,
All this is but a dreame I heare and ſee,
Too flattering true to be ſubſtantiall.
Iul. Three wordes goode *Romeo* and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of loue be honourable?
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to morrow
By one that Il'e procure to come to thee:
Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
And al my fortunes at thy foote Il'e lay,
And follow thee my lord through out the world.
Ro. Loue goes toward loue like ſchoole boyes from their bookes,
But loue from loue, to ſchoole with heauie lookes.

Iul.

Iul. Romeo, Romeo, O for a falkners voice,
To lure is taſſell gentle backe againe :
Bondage is hoarſe and may not crie aloud,
Els would I teare the caue where eccho lies
And make her airie voice as hoarſe as mine,
With repetition of my *Romeos* name.
Romeo ?
Ro. It is my ſoule that calles vpon my name,
How ſiluer ſweet ſound louers tongues in night.
Iul. Romeo ?
Ro. Madame.
Iul. At what a clocke to morrow ſhall I ſend ?
Ro. At the houre of nine.
Iul. I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then.
Romeo I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
Rom. Let me ſtay here till you remember it.
Iul. I ſhall forget to haue thee ſtill ſtaie here,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.
Rom. And Il'e ſtay ſtill to haue thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iu. Tis almoſt morning I would haue thee gone,
But yet no further then a wantons bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a pore priſoner in his twiſted giues,
And with a ſilke thred puls it backe againe,
Too louing iealous of his libertie.
Rom. Would I were thy bird.
Iul. Sweet ſo would I,
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cherriſhing thee.
Good night, good night, parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay good night till it be morrow.
Rom. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy breaſt,
I would that I were ſleep and peace of ſweet to reſt.
Now will I to my ghoſtly fathers cell,
His help to craue, and my good hap to tell.

Enter

Enter frier Francis.

Frier. The gray ey'd morne ſmiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the eaſterne clouds with ſtreakes of light,
And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* fierie wheeles:
Now ere the ſunne aduance his burning eye,
The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie.
We muſt vp fill this oaſier cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers,
Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In hearbes, plants, ſtones, and their true qualities:
For nought ſo vile, that vile on earth doth liue,
But to the earth ſome ſpeciall good doth giue:
Nor nought ſo good, but ſtraind from that faire vſe,
Reuolts to vice and ſtumbles on abuſe:
Vertue it ſelfe turnes vice being miſapplied,
And vice ſometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rinde of this ſmall flower,
Poyſon hath reſidence, and medecine power:
For this being ſmelt too, with that part cheares ech hart,
Being taſted ſlaies all ſences with the hart.
Two ſuch oppoſed foes incampe them ſtill,
In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoone the canker death eats vp that plant.

Rom. Good morrow to my ghoſtly confeſſor.

Fri. Benedicite, what earlie tongue ſo ſoone ſaluteth me?
Yong ſonne it argues a diſtempered head,
So ſoone to bid good morrow to my bed.
Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eye,
And where care lodgeth, ſleep can neuer lie:
But where vnbruſed youth with vnſtuft braines
Doth couch his limmes, there golden ſleepe remaines:

There-

Therefore thy earlines doth me aſſure,
Thou art vprowſ'd by ſome diſtemperature.
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right
Our *Romeo* hath not bin a bed to night.
Ro. The laſt was true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.
Fr. God pardon ſin, wert thou with *Roſaline ?*
Ro. With *Roſaline* my ghoſtly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.
Fri. Thats my good ſonne: but where haſt thou bin then ?
Ro. I tell thee ere thou aſke it me againe,
I haue bin feaſting with mine enemie :
Where on the ſodaine one hath wounded mee
Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
With in thy help and holy phiſicke lies,
I beare no hatred bleſſed man : for loe
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteades my foe.
Frier. Be plaine my ſonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confeſſion findes but ridling ſhrift.
Rom. Then plainely know my harts deare loue is ſet
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet :*
As mine on hers, ſo hers likewiſe on mine,
And all combind, ſaue what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage : where, and when, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vowes,
Il'e tell thee as I paſſe: but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marrie vs to day.
Fri. Holy *S. Francis*, what a change is here?
Is *Roſaline* whome thou didſt loue ſo deare
So ſoone forſooke, lo yong mens loue then lies
Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.
Ieſu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheekes, for *Roſaline ?*
How much ſalt water caſt away in waſte,
To ſeaſon loue, that of loue doth not taſte.

The

The ſunne not yet thy ſighes from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,
And loe vpon thy cheeke the ſtaine doth ſit,
Of an old teare that is not waſht off yet.
If euer thou wert thus, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline*,
And art thou changde, pronounce this ſentence then
Women may fal, when ther's no ſtrength in men.

Rom. Thou chidſt me oft for louing *Roſaline*.

Fr. For doating, not for louing, pupill mine,

Rom. And badſt me burie loue.

Fr. Not in a graue,
To lay one in another out to haue.

Rom. I pree thee chide not, ſhe whom I loue now
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not ſo.

Fr. Oh ſhe knew well
Thy loue did read by rote, and could not ſpell.
But come young wauerer, come goe with mee,
In one reſpect Ile thy aſſiſtant bee:
For this alliaunce may ſo happie proue,
To turne your houſholds rancour to pure loue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio.

Mer. Why whats become of *Romeo?* came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his fathers, I ſpake with his man.

Mer. Ah that ſame pale hard hearted wench, that *Roſaline*,
Torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.

Mer. *Tybalt*, the kinſman of olde *Capolet*
Hath ſent a letter to his fathers houſe:
Some challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will anſwere it.

Mer.

Mer. I, anie man that can write may anſwere a letter.

Ben. Nay he will anſwere the letters maſter if hee bee challenged.

Mer. Who, *Romeo?* why he is alreadie dead: ſtabd with a white wenches blacke eye, ſhot thorough the eare with a loue ſong, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the blinde bowboyes but-ſhaft. And is he a man to encounter *Tybalt?*

Ben. Why what is *Tybalt?*

Mer. More than the prince of cattes I can tell you. Oh he is the couragious captaine of complements. Catſo, he fightes as you ſing pricke-ſong, keepes time dyſtance and proportion, reſts me his minum reſt one two and the thirde in your boſome, the very butcher of a ſilken button, a duelliſt a duelliſt, a gentleman of the very firſt houſe of the firſt and ſecond cauſe, ah the immortall paſſado, the punto reuerſo, the hay.

Ben. The what?

Me. The poxe of ſuch limping antique affecting fantaſticoes theſe new tuners of accents. By *Ieſu* a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why graundſir is not this a miſerable caſe that we ſhould be ſtil afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies: theſe faſhionmongers, theſe pardonmees, that ſtand ſo much on the new forme, that they cannot ſitte at eaſe on the old bench. Oh their bones, theyr bones.

Ben. Heere comes *Romeo.*

Mer. Without his roe, like a dryed hering. O fleſh fleſh how art thou fiſhified. Sirra now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowdin: *Laura* to his lady was but a kitchin drudg, yet ſhe had a better loue to berime her: *Dido* a dowdy *Cleopatra* a gypſie, *Hero* and *Helen* hildings and harletries: *Thiſbie* a gray eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo* bon iour, there is a *French* curteſie to your *French* flop: yee gaue vs the counterfeit fairely yeſternight.

Rom. What counterfeit I pray you?

Me. The ſlip the ſlip, can you not conceiue?

Rom.

Rom. I cry you mercy my buſines was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtraine curteſie.

Mer. Oh thats as much to ſay as ſuch a caſe as yours wil conſtraine a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. A moſt curteous expoſition.

Mer. Why I am the very pinke of curteſie.

Rom. Pinke for flower ?

Mer. Right.

Rom. Then is my pumpe well flour'd :

Mer. Well ſaid, follow me nowe that ieſt till thou haſt worne out thy pumpe, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worn the ieſt may remaine after the wearing ſolie ſinguler.

Rom. O ſingle ſoald ieſt ſolie ſinguler for the ſinglenes.

Me. Come between vs good *Benuolio*, for my wits faile.

Rom. Swits and ſpurres, ſwits and ſpurres, or Ile cry a match.

Mer. Nay if thy wits runne the wildgooſe chaſe, I haue done : for I am ſure thou haſt more of the gooſe in one of thy wits, than I haue in al my fiue : was I with you there for the gooſe ?

Rom. Thou wert neuer with me for any thing, when thou wert not with me for the gooſe.

Me. Ile bite thee by the eare for that ieſt.

Rom. Nay good gooſe bite not.

Mer. Why thy wit is a bitter ſweeting, a moſt ſharp ſauce

Rom. And was it not well ſeru'd in to a ſweet gooſe ?

Mer. Oh heere is a witte of *Cheuerell* that ſtretcheth from an ynch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I ſtretcht it out for the word broad, which added to the gooſe, proues thee faire and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why is not this better now than groning for loue ? why now art thou ſociable, now art thou thy ſelfe, nowe art thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This driueling

loue

loue is like a great naturall, that runs vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there.

Me. Why thou would haue me ſtopp my tale againſt the haire.

Ben. Thou wouldſt haue made thy tale too long ?

Mer. Tut man thou art deceiued, I meant to make it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale ? and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Rom. Heers goodly geere.

Enter Nurſe *and her man.*

Mer. A ſaile, a ſaile, a ſaile.

Ben. Two, two, a ſhirt and a ſmocke.

Nur. Peter, pree thee giue me my fan.

Mer. Pree thee doo good *Peter,* to hide her face : for her fanne is the fairer of the two.

Nur. God ye goodmorrow gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den faire gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it godye gooden I pray you.

Mer. Tis no leſſe I aſſure you, for the baudie hand of the diall is euen now vpon the pricke of noone.

Nur. Fie, what a man is this ?

Rom. A gentleman nurſe, that God hath made for himſelfe to marre.

Nur. By my troth well ſaid : for himſelfe to marre quoth he ? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie finde yong *Romeo ?*

Rom. I can : but yong *Romeo* will bee elder when you haue found him, than he was when you ſought him. I am the yongeſt of that name for fault of a worſe.

Nur. Well ſaid.

Mer. Yea, is the worſt well ? mas well noted, wiſely, wiſely.

Nur. If you be he ſir, I deſire ſome conference with ye.

Ben. O, belike ſhe meanes to inuite him to ſupper.

Mer. So ho. A baud, a baud, a baud.

Rom. Why what haſt found man?

Mer. No hare ſir, vnleſſe it be a hare in a lenten pye, that is ſomewhat ſtale and hoare ere it be eaten.

He walkes by them, and ſings.

And an olde hare hore, and an olde hare hore
Is verie good meate in Lent:
But a hare thats hoare is too much for a ſcore,
If it hore ere it be ſpent.

Youl come to your fathers to ſupper?

Rom. I will.

Mer. Farewell ancient ladie, farewell ſweete ladie.

Exeunt Benuolio, Mercutio.

Nur. Marry farewell. Pray what ſaucie merchant was this that was ſo full of his roperipe?

Rom. A gentleman nurſe that loues to hear himſelfe talke, and will ſpeake more in an houre than hee will ſtand to in a month.

Nur. If he ſtand to anie thing againſt mee, Ile take him downe if he were luſtier than he is: if I cannot take him downe, Ile finde them that ſhall: I am none of his flurtgills, I I am none of his ſkaines mates.

She turnes to Peter *her man.*

And thou like a knaue muſt ſtand by, and ſee euerie iacke-vſe me at his pleaſure.

Pet. I ſee nobodie vſe you at his pleaſure, if I had, I would ſoone haue drawen: you know my toole is as ſoone out as anothers if I ſee time and place.

Nur. Now afore God he hath ſo vext me, that euerie member about me quiuers: ſcruuie iacke. But as I ſaid, my ladie bad me

me ſeeke ye out, and what ſhee bad me tell yee, that Ile keepe to my ſelfe : but if you ſhould lead her into a fooles paradice as they ſaye, it were a verie groſſe kinde of behauiour as they ſay, for the gentlewoman is yong. Now if you ſhould deale doubly with her, it were verie weake dealing, and not to be offered to anie gentlewoman.

Rom. Nurſe, commend me to thy ladie, tell her I proteſt.

Nur. Good heart : yfaith Ile tell her ſo : oh ſhe will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom. Why, what wilt thou tell her ?

Nur. That you doo proteſt : which (as I take it) is a gentlemanlike proffer.

Rom. Bid her get leaue to morrow morning
To come to ſhrift to frier *Laurence* cell :
And ſtay thou nurſe behinde the abbey wall,
My man ſhall come to thee, and bring along
The cordes, made like a tackled ſtaire,
Which to the high top-gallant of my ioy
Muſt be my conduct in the ſecret night.
Hold, take that for thy paines.

Nur. No, not a penie truly.

Rom. I ſay you ſhall not chuſe.

Nur. Well, to morrow morning ſhe ſhall not faile.

Rom. Farewell, be truſtie, and Ile quite thy paine. *Exit.*

Nur. *Peter*, take my fanne, and goe before. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter Iuliet.

Jul. The clocke ſtroke nine when I did ſend my nurſſe
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſt to returne.
Perhaps ſhe cannot finde him. Thats not ſo.
Oh ſhe is lazie, loues heralds ſhould be thoughts,
And runne more ſwift, than haſtie powder fierd,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull cannons mouth.

Enter Nurſe.

Oh now ſhe comes. Tell me gentle nurſe,
What ſayes my loue ?

Nur. Oh I am wearie, let mee reſt a while. Lord how my bones ake. Oh wheres my man ? Giue me ſome aqua vitæ.

Iul. I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes.

Nur. Fie, what a iaunt haue I had : and my backe a tother ſide. Lord, Lord, what a caſe am I in.

Jul. But tell me ſweet nurſe, what ſayes *Romeo ?*

Nur. Romeo, nay, alas you cannot chuſe a man. Hees no bodie, he is not the flower of curteſie, he is not a proper man : and for a hand, and a foote, and a baudie, wel go thy way wench, thou haſt it ifaith. Lord, Lord, how my head beates ?

Iul. What of all this ? tell me what ſayes he to our mariage ?

Nur. Marry he ſayes like an honeſt gentleman, and a kinde, and I warrant a vertuous : wheres your mother ?

Iul. Lord, Lord, how odly thou replieſt ? He ſaies like a kinde gentleman, and an honeſt, and a vertuous ; wheres your mother.

Nur. Marry come vp, cannot you ſtay a while ? is this the poulteſſe for mine aking boanes ? next arrant youl haue done, euen doot your ſelfe.

Iul. Nay ſtay ſweet nurſe, I doo intreate thee now,
What ſayes my loue, my lord, my *Romeo.*

Nur. Goe, hye you ſtraight to frier *Laurence* cell,
And frame a ſcuſe that you muſt goe to ſhrift :
There ſtayes a bridegroome to make you a bride.
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
I muſt prouide a ladder made of cordes,
With which your lord muſt clime a birdes neſt ſoone.

I muſt

I muſt take paines to further your delight,
But you muſt beare the burden ſoone at night.
Doth this newes pleaſe you now ?
Iul. How doth her latter words reuiue my hart.
Thankes gentle nurſe, diſpatch thy buſines,
And Ile not faile to meete my *Romeo*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo, Frier.

Rom. Now father *Laurence*, in thy holy grant
Conſiſts the good of me and *Iuliet*.
Fr. Without more words I will doo all I may,
To make you happie if in me it lye.
Rom. This morning here ſhe pointed we ſhould meet,
And conſumate thoſe neuer parting bands,
Witnes of our harts loue by ioyning hands,
And come ſhe will.
Fr. I geſſe ſhe will indeed,
Youths loue is quicke, ſwifter than ſwifteſt ſpeed.

Enter Iuliet *ſomewhat faſt, and embraceth* Romeo.

See where ſhe comes.
So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower :
Of loue and ioy, ſee ſee the ſoueraigne power.
Iul. Romeo.
Rom. My *Iuliet* welcome. As doo waking eyes
(Cloaſd in nights myſts) attend the frolicke day,
So *Romeo* hath expected *Iuliet*,
And thou art come.
Jul. I am (if I be day)
Come to my ſunne : ſhine foorth, and make me faire.
Rom. All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.
Iul. Romeo from thine all brightnes doth ariſe.
Fr. Come wantons, come, the ſtealing houres do paſſe
Defer imbracements till ſome fitter time,

Part for a while, you ſhall not be alone,
Till holy church haue ioynd ye both in one.

Rom. Lead holy father, all delay ſeemes long.

Iul. Make haſt, make haſt, this lingring doth vs wrong.

Fr. O, ſoft and faire makes ſweeteſt worke they ſay.
Haſt is a common hindrer in croſſe way. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Benuolio, Mercutio.

Ben. I pree thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* are abroad.

Mer. Thou art like one of thoſe, that when hee comes into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the boord, and ſayes, God ſend me no need of thee: and by the operation of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the drawr, when in deed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a one?

Mer. Go too, thou art as hot a iacke being mooude, and as ſoone mooude to be moodie, and as ſoone moodie to be mooud.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two ſuch, wee ſhould haue none ſhortly Didſt not thou fall out with a man for cracking of nuts, hauing no other reaſon, but becauſe thou hadſt haſill eyes? what eye but ſuch an eye would haue pickt out ſuch a quarrell? With another for coughing, becauſe hee wakd thy dogge that lay a ſleepe in the ſunne? With a taylor for wearing his new dublet before Eaſter: and with another for tying his new ſhoes with olde ribands. And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.

Ben. By my head heere comes a *Capolet.*

Enter Tybalt.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tyb. Gentlemen a word with one of you.

Mer.

Mer. But one word with one of vs? You had beſt couple it with ſomewhat, and make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. I am apt enough to that if I haue occaſion.

Mer. Could you not take occaſion?

Tyb. Mercutio thou conſorts with *Romeo?*

Mer. Conſort, zwounes conſort? the ſlaue wil make fidlers of vs. If you doe ſirra, look for nothing but diſcord: For heeres my fiddle-ſticke.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.

Mer. But Ile be hanged if he weare your lyuery: mary go before into the field, and he may be your follower, ſo in that ſence your worſhip may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo the hate I beare to thee can affoord no better words then theſe, thou art a villaine.

Rom. Tybalt the loue I beare to thee, doth excuſe the appertaining rage to ſuch a word: villaine am I none, therfore I well perceiue thou knowſt me not.

Tyb. Bace boy this cannot ſerue thy turne, and therefore drawe.

Ro. I doe proteſt I neuer iniured thee, but loue thee better than thou canſt deuiſe, till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my loue.

Mer. O diſhonorable vile ſubmiſſion. *Allaſtockado* caries it away. You ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

Tyb. What wouldeſt with me?

Mer. Nothing king of cates, but borrow one of your nine liues, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your ſcabard, leaſt mine be about your eares ere you be aware.

Rom. Stay *Tibalt*, hould *Mercutio*: *Benuolio* beate downe their weapons.

Tibalt *vnder* Romeos *arme thruſts* Mercutio, *in and flyes.*

Mer. Is he gone, hath hee nothing? A poxe on your houſes.

Rom. What art thou hurt man, the wound is not deepe.

Mer. Noe not ſo deepe as a well, nor ſo wide as a barne doore, but it will ſerue I warrant. What meant you to come betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom. I did all for the beſt.

Mer. A poxe of your houſes, I am fairely dreſt. Sirra goe fetch me a ſurgeon.

Boy. I goe my lord.

Mer. I am pepperd for this world, I am ſped yfaith, he hath made wormes meate of me, and ye aſke for me to morrow you ſhall find me a graue-man. A poxe of your houſes, I ſhall be fairely mounted vpon foure-mens ſhoulders: For your houſe of the *Mountegues* and the *Capolets:* and then ſome peaſantly rogue, ſome ſexton, ſome baſe ſlaue ſhall write my epitapth, that *Tybalt* came and broke the princes lawes, and *Mercutio* was ſlaine for the firſt and ſecond cauſe. Wher's the ſurgeon?

Boy. Hee's come ſir.

Mer. Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the other ſide, come *Benuolio*, lend me thy hand: a poxe of your houſes. *Exeunt.*

Rom. This gentleman the princes neere alie.
My very friend hath tane this mortall wound
In my behalfe, my reputation ſtaind
With *Tibalts* ſlaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath beene my kinſman. Ah *Iuliet*
Thy beautie makes me thus effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftens valors ſteele,

Enter

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. Ah *Romeo Romeo* braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the cloudes,
Which too vntimely ſcornd the lowly earth.
Rom. This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend
This but begins what other dayes muſt end.

Enter Tibalt.

Ben. Heere comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.
Rom. A liue in tryumph and *Mercutio* ſlaine?
Away to heauen reſpectiue lenity:
And fier eyed fury be my conduct now.
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backe againe,
Which late thou gau'ſt me: for *Mercutios* ſoule,
Is but a little way aboue the cloudes,
And ſtaies for thine to beare him company.
Or thou, or I, or both ſhall follow him.

Fight, Tibalt *falles.*

Ben. Romeo away, thou ſeeſt that *Tibalt's* ſlaine,
The citizens approach, away, begone
Thou wilt be taken.
Rom. Ah I am fortunes ſlaue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Citizens.

Watch. Wher's he that ſlue *Mercutio, Tybalt* that villaine?
Ben. There is that *Tybalt.*
Watch. Vp ſirra goe with vs.

Enter Prince, Capolets *wife.*

Pry. Where be the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. Ah noble prince I can diſcouer all
The moſt vnlucky mannage of this brawle.

Heere

Heere lyes the man ſlaine by yong *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman braue *Mercutio*,
M. Tibalt, *Tybalt*, O my brothers child,
Vnhappie ſight ? Ah the blood is ſpilt
Of my deare kinſman, prince as thou art true :
For blood of ours, ſhed bloud of *Mountagew*.
Pry. Speake *Benuolio* who began this fray ?
Ben. *Tibalt* heere ſlaine whom *Romeos* hand did ſlay.
Romeo who ſpake him fayre bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was.
But *Tibalt* ſtill perſiſting in his wrong,
The ſtout *Mercutio* drewe to calme the ſtorme,
Which *Romeo* ſeeing cal'd ſtay gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their ſtrife,
And with his agill arme young *Romeo*,
As faſt as tung cryde peace, ſought peace to make.
While they were enterchanging thruſts and blows,
Vnder yong *Romeos* laboring arme to part,
The furious *Tybalt* caſt an enuious thruſt,
That rid the life of ſtout *Mercutio*.
With that he fled, but preſently return'd,
And with his rapier brawed *Romeo* :
That had but newly entertain'd reuenge.
And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
To part their furie, downe did *Tybalt* fall,
And this way *Romeo* fled.
Mo. He is a *Mountagew* and ſpeakes partiall,
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke ſtrife :
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.
I doo intreate ſweete prince thoult iuſtice giue,
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* may not liue.
Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we doo exile him hence.

I haue

I haue an intereſt in your hates proceeding,
My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with ſo large a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſſe of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuſes,
Nor teares nor prayers ſhall purchaſe for abuſes.
Pittie ſhall dwell and gouerne with vs ſtill:
Mercie to all but murdrers, pardoning none that kill.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Iuliet.

Iul. Gallop apace you fierie footed ſteedes
To *Phœbus* manſion, ſuch a waggoner
As *Phaeton*, would quickly bring you thether,
And ſend in cloudie night immediately.

Enter Nurſe *wringing her hands, with the ladder of cordes in her lap.*

But how now nurſe: O Lord, why lookſt thou ſad?
What haſt thou there, the cordes?
Nur. I, I, the cordes: alacke we are vndone,
We are vndone, ladie we are vndone.
Iul. What diuell art thou that torments me thus?
Nurſ. Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,
Jul. This torture ſhould be roard in diſmall hell.
Can heauens be ſo enuious?
Nur. Romeo can if heauens cannot.
I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes.
God ſaue the ſample, on his manly breaſt:
A bloodie coarſe, a piteous bloodie coarſe,
All pale as aſhes, I ſwounded at the ſight.
Iul. Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, what diſaſter hap
Hath ſeuerd thee from thy true *Juliet?*
Ah why ſhould heauen ſo much conſpire with woe.

Or

Or fate enuie our happie marriage,
So ſoone to ſunder vs by timeleſſe death ?
Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt frend I had,
O honeſt *Tybalt*, curteous gentleman.
Iul. What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie,
Is *Tybalt* dead, and *Romeo* murdered :
My deare loude couſen, and my deareſt lord.
Then let the trumpet ſound a generall doome,
Theſe two being dead, then liuing is there none.
Nur. *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that murdred him is baniſhed.
Iul. Ah heauens, did *Romeos* hand ſhed *Tybalts* blood !
Nur. It did, it did, alacke the daye it did.
Iul. O ſerpents hate, hid with a flowring face :
O painted ſepulcher, including filth.
Was neuer booke containing ſo foule matter,
So fairly bound. Ah, what meant *Romeo* ?
Nur. There is no truth, no faith, no honeſtie in men:
All falſe, all faithles, periurde, all forſworne.
Shame come to *Romeo*.
Iul. A bliſter on that tung, he was not borne to ſhame :
Vpon his face ſhame is aſhamde to ſit.
But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill my couſen ?
That villaine couſen would haue kild my huſband.
All this is comfort. But there yet remaines
Worſe than his death, which faine I would forget :
But ah, it preſſeth to my memorie,
Romeo is baniſhed. Ah that word baniſhed.
Is worſe than death. *Romeo* is baniſhed,
Is father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Iuliet*,
All killd, all ſlaine, all dead, all baniſhed,
Where are my father and my mother nurſe ?
Nur. Weeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* coarſe.
Will you goe to them ?

Iul.

Iul. I, I, when theirs are ſpent,
Mine ſhall he ſhed for *Romeos* baniſhment.
Nur. Ladie, your *Romeo* will be here to night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Laurence* cell.
Iul. Doo ſo, and beare this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his laſt farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier.

Fr. Romeo come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamourd on thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamitie.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Father what newes, what is the princes doome.
What ſorrow craues acquaintance at our hands,
Which yet we know not.
Fr. Too familiar
Is my yong ſonne with ſuch ſowre companie:
I bring thee tidings of the princes doome.
Rom. What leſſe than doomes day is the princes doome?
Fr. A gentler iudgement vaniſht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies baniſhment.
Rom. Ha, baniſhed? be mercifull, ſay death:
For exile hath more terror in his lookes,
Than death it ſelfe, doo not ſay baniſhment.
Fr. Hence from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it ſelfe.
Hence baniſhed, is baniſht from the world:
And world exilde is death. Calling death baniſhment,
Thou cutſt my head off with a golden axe,
And ſmileſt vpon the ſtroke that murders me.

Fr.

Fr. Oh monſtrous ſinne, O rude vnthankfulnes :
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde prince
(Taking thy part) hath ruſhd aſide the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to baniſhment:
This is meere mercie, and thou ſeeſt it not.

Rom. Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere
Where *Iuliet* liues : and euerie cat and dog,
And little mouſe, euerie vnworthie thing
Liue heere in heauen, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip liues
In carrion flyes, than *Romeo* : they may ſeaze
On the white wonder of faire *Iuliets* ſkinne,
And ſteale immortall kiſſes from her lips ;
But *Romeo* may not, he is baniſhed.
Flies may doo this, but I from this muſt flye.
Oh father hadſt thou no ſtrong poyſon mixt,
No ſharpe ground knife, no preſent meane of death,
Though nere ſo meane, but baniſhment
To torture me withall : ah, baniſhed.
O frier, the damned vſe that word in hell :
Howling attends it. How hadſt thou the heart,
Being a diuine, a ghoſtly confeſſor,
A ſinne abſoluer, and my frend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word, baniſhment ?

Fr. Thou fond mad man, heare me but ſpeake a word,

Rom. O, thou wilt talke againe of baniſhment.

Fr. Ile giue thee armour to beare off this word,
Aduerſities ſweete milke, philoſophie,
To comfort thee though thou be baniſhed.

Rom. Yet baniſhed ? hang vp philoſophie,
Vnleſſe philoſophie can make a *Juliet*,
Diſplant a towne, reuerſe a princes doome,
It helpes not, it prevailes not, talke no more.

Fr.

Fr. O, now I ſee that madmen haue no eares.
Rom. How ſhould they, when that wiſe men haue no eyes.
Fr. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate,
Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feele.
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdred.
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then mightſt thou ſpeake, then mightſt thou teare thy hayre.
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the meaſure of an vnmade graue.

Nurſe *knockes.*

Fr. Romeo ariſe, ſtand vp thou wilt be taken,
I heare one knocke, ariſe and get thee gone.
Nu. Hoe fryer.
Fr. Gods will what wilfulnes is this ?

She knockes againe.

Nur. Hoe fryer open the doore,
Fr. By and by I come. Who is there ?
Nur. One from lady *Iuliet.*
Fr. Then come neare.
Nur. Oh holy fryer, tell mee oh holy fryer,
Where is my ladies lord ? Wher's *Romeo ?*
Fr. There on the ground, with his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. Oh he is euen in my miſtreſſe caſe.
Iuſt in her caſe. Oh wofull ſimpathy,
Pitteous predicament, euen ſo lyes ſhee,
Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping :
Stand vp, ſtand vp, ſtand and you be a man.
For *Iuliets* ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand,
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deepe an *O.*

He

He riſes.

Rom. Nurſe.

Nur. Ah ſir, ah ſir. Wel deaths the end of all.

Rom. Spakeſt thou of *Iuliet*, how is it with her
Doth ſhe not thinke me an olde murderer,
Now I haue ſtainde the childhood of her ioy.
With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?
Where is ſhe, and how doth ſhe? And what ſayes
My conceal'd lady to our canceld loue?

Nur. Oh ſhe ſaith nothing, but weepes and pules,
And now fals on her bed, now on the ground,
And *Tybalt* cryes, and then on *Romeo* calles.

Rom. As if that name ſhot from the deadly leuel of a gun
Did murder her, as that names curſed hand
Murderd her kinſman. Ah tell me holy fryer
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may ſacke
The hatefull manſion.

He offers to ſtab himſelfe, and nurſe ſnatches the dagger away.

Nur. Ah?

Fr. Hold, ſtay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme
Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde actes denote
The vnreſonable furyes of a beaſt.
Vnſeemely woman in a ſeeming man,
Or ill beſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both.
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temperd,
Haſt thou ſlaine *Tybalt?* wilt thou ſlay thy ſelfe?
And ſlay thy lady too, that liues in thee?
Rouſe vp thy ſpirits, thy lady *Iuliet* liues,
For whoſe ſweet ſake thou wert but lately dead:

There

There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſlueſt *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too.
A packe of bleſſings lights vpon thy backe,
Happines courts thee in his beſt array:
But like a miſbehaude and ſullen wench
Thou frownſt vpon thy fate that ſmilles on thee.
Take heede, take heede, for ſuch dye miſerable.
Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed:
Aſcend her chamber window, hence and comfort her,
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet:
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*.
Nurſe prouide all things in a readines,
Comfort thy miſtreſſe, haſte the houſe to bed,
Which heauy ſorrow makes them apt vnto.

Nur. Good lord what a thing learning is,
I could haue ſtayde heere all this night
To heare good counſell. Well ſir,
Ile tell my lady that you will come.

Rom. Doe ſo and bidde my ſweet prepare to childe,
Farwell good nurſe.

Nurſe offers to goe in and turnes againe.

Nur. Heere is a ring ſir, that ſhe bad me giue you,

Rom. How well my comfort is reuiud by this.

Exit Nurſe.

Fr. Soiorne in *Mantua*, Ile finde out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time:
Euery good hap that doth befall thee heere.
Farwell.

Rom. But that a ioy, paſt ioy cryes out on me,
It were a griefe ſo breefe to part with thee.

Enter olde Capolet *and his wife, with county* Paris.

Cap. Thinges haue fallen out ſir ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue my daughter.

Looke yee ſir, ſhe lou'd her kinſman dearely,
And ſo did I. Well, we were borne to dye,
Wife wher's your daughter, is ſhe in her chamber ?
I thinke ſhe meanes not to come downe to night.
Par. Theſe times of woe affoord no time to wooe,
Maddam farwell, commend me to your daughter.

Paris *offers to goe in, and* Capolet *calles him againe.*

Cap. Sir *Paris ?* Ile make a deſperate tender of my child.
I thinke ſhe will be rulde in all reſpectes by mee :
But ſoft what day is this ?
Par. Munday my lord.
Cap. Oh then Wenſday is too ſoone,
On Thurſday let it be : you ſhall be maried.
Wee'le make no great a doe, a frend or two, or ſo :
For looke ye ſir, *Tybalt* being ſlaine ſo lately,
It will be thought we held him careleſlye :
If we ſhould reuell much, therefore we will haue
Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more adoe.
But what ſay you to Thurſday.
Paris. My lorde I wiſhe that Thurſday were to morrow.
Cap. Wife goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to bed.
Acquaint her with the county *Paris* loue,
Fare well my lord till Thurſday next.
Wife gette you to your daughter. Light to my chamber.
Afore me it is ſo very very late,
That we may call it earely by and by. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo *and* Iuliet *at the window.*

Iul. Wilt thou be gone ? It is not yet nere day,
It was the nightingale and not the larke
That pierſt the fearfull hollow of thine eare :
Nightly ſhe ſings on yon pomegranate tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the nightingale.

Rom.

Rom. It was the larke, the herald of the morne,
And not the nightingale. See loue what enuious ſtrakes
Doo lace the ſeuering clowdes in yonder eaſt.
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond day
Stands tiptoes on the myſtie mountaine tops.
I muſt be gone and liue, or ſtay and dye.

Jul. Yon light is not day light, I know it I:
It is ſome meteor that the ſunne exhales,
To be this night to thee a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Then ſtay a while, thou ſhalt not goe ſoone.

Rom. Let me ſtay here, let me be tane, and dye:
If thou wilt haue it ſo, I am content.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the mornings eye,
It is the pale reflex of *Cynthias* brow.
Ile ſay it is the nightingale that beates
The vaultie heauen ſo high aboue our heads,
And not the larke the meſſenger of morne.
Come death and welcome, *Juliet* wils it ſo.
What ſayes my loue? lets talke, tis not yet day.

Jul. It is, it is, begone, flye hence away.
It is the larke that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh diſcords and vnpleaſing ſharpes.
Some ſay the larke makes ſweete diuiſion:
This doth not ſo: for this diuideth vs.
Some ſay the larke and loathed toad change eyes,
I would that now they had changd voyces too:
Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence with huntſvp to the day.
So now be gone, more light and light it growes.

Rom. More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.
Farewell my loue, one kiſſe and Ile deſcend.

He goeth downe.

Jul. Art thou gone ſo, my lord, my loue, my frend?

I muſt heare from thee euerie day in the hower :
For in an hower there are manie minutes,
Minutes are dayes, ſo will I number them :
Oh, by this count I ſhall be much in yeares,
Ere I ſee thee againe.

Rom. Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie
That may conueigh my greetings loue to thee.

Iul. Oh, thinkſt thou we ſhall euer meete againe.

Rom. No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe ſhall ſerue
For ſweete diſcourſes in the time to come.

Jul. Oh God, I have an ill diuining ſoule.
Me thinkes I ſee thee now thou art below
Like one dead in the bottome of a tombe :
Either mine ey-ſight failes, or thou lookſt pale.

Rom. And truſt me loue, in my eye ſo doo you,
Drie ſorrow drinkes our blood : adieu, adieu. *Exit.*

Enter Nurſe *haſtely.*

Nur. Madame beware, take heed the day is broke,
Your mother's comming to your chamber, make all ſure.

She goeth downe from the window.

Enter Iuliets *mother,* Nurſe.

Moth. Where are you daughter ?

Nur. What ladie, lambe, what *Iuliet ?*

Iul. How now, who calls ?

Nur. It is your mother.

Moth. Why how now *Juliet ?*

Iul. Madam, I am not well.

Moth. What euermore weeping for your coſens death :
I thinke thoult waſh him from his graue with teares.

Iul. I cannot chuſe, hauing ſo great a loſſe.

Moth.

Moth. I cannot blame thee.
But it greeues thee more that villaine liues.
Iul. What villaine madame ?
Moth. That villaine *Romeo.*
Iul. Villaine and he are manie miles a ſunder.
Moth. Content thee girle, if I could finde a man
I ſoone would ſend to *Mantua* where he is,
That ſhould beſtow on him ſo ſure a draught,
As he ſhould ſoone beare *Tybalt* companie.
Iul. Finde you the meanes, and Ile finde ſuch a man :
For whileſt he liues, my heart ſhall nere be light
Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.
Thus for a kinſman vext ?
Moth. Well let that paſſe. I come to bring thee ioyfull newes ?
Iul. And ioy comes well in ſuch a needful time.
Moth. Well then, thou haſt a carefull father girle,
And one who pitying thy needfull ſtate,
Hath found thee out a happie day of ioy.
Iul. What day is that I pray you ?
Moth Marry my childe,
The gallant, yong and youthfull gentleman,
The countie *Paris* at ſaint *Peters* church,
Early next Thurſday morning muſt prouide,
To make you there a glad and ioyfull bride.
Iul. Now by ſaint *Peters* church and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not there make mee a ioyfull bride.
Are theſe the newes you had to tell me of ?
Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie yet.
And when I doo, it ſhal be rather *Romeo* whom I hate,
Than countie *Paris* that I cannot loue.

Enter olde Capolet.

Moth. Here comes your father, you may tell him ſo.

Capo. Why how now, euermore ſhowring?
In one little bodie thou reſembleſt a ſea, a barke, a ſtorme:
For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
Still floating in thy euerfalling teares,
And toſt with ſighes ariſing from thy hart:
Will without ſuccour ſhipwracke preſently.
But heare you wife, what haue you founded her, what ſaies ſhe to it?

Moth. I haue, but ſhe will none ſhe thankes ye:
Would God that ſhe were married to her graue.

Capo. What will ſhe not, doth ſhe not thanke vs, doth ſhe not wexe proud?

Iul. Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue:
Proud can I neuer be of that I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate that is ment loue.

Capo. Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud. Whats here, chop logicke.
Proud me no prouds, nor thanke me no thankes,
But ſettle your fine ioynts on Thurſday next
To goe with *Paris* to ſaint *Peters* church,
Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.
Out you greene ſicknes baggage, out you tallow face.

Iul. Good father heare me ſpeake.

She kneeles downe.

Cap. I tell thee what, eyther reſolue on Thurſday next
To goe with *Paris* to ſaint *Peters* church:
Or henceforth neuer looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, for my fingers ytch.
Why wife, we thought that we were ſcarcely bleſt
That God had ſent vs but this onely chyld:

But

But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we haue a croſſe in hauing her.
Nur. Mary God in heauen bleſſe her my lord,
You are too blame to rate her ſo.
Cap. And why my lady wiſedome? hold your tung,
Good prudence ſmatter with your goſſips, goe.
Nur. Why my lord I ſpeake no treaſon.
Cap. Oh goddegodden.
Vtter your grauity ouer a goſſips boule,
For here wee need it not.
Mo. My lord ye are too hotte.
Cap. Gods bleſſed mother wife it mads me,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or ſleeping,
Still my care hath beene to ſee her matcht.
And hauing now found out a gentleman,
Of princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.
Stuft as they ſay with honorable parts,
Proportioned as ones heart coulde wiſh a man:
And then to haue a wretched whyning foole,
A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,
To ſay I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon mee?
But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me.
Looke to it, thinke ont, I do not vſe to ieſt.
I tell yee what, Thurſday is neere,
Lay hand on heart, aduiſe, bethinke your ſelfe,
If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frend:
If not, hang, drowne, ſtarue, beg,
Dye in the ſtreetes: for by my ſoule
Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,
Nor what I haue ſhall euer doe thee good,
Thinke ont, looke toot, I doe not vſe to ieſt: *Exit.*

Iul. Is there no pitty hanging in the cloudes,
That lookes into the bottom of my woes?
I doe beſeech you madame, caſt me not away,
Defer this mariage for a day or two,
Or if you cannot, make my mariage bed
In that dimme monument where *Tybalt* lyes.

Moth. Nay be aſſured I will not ſpeake a word.
Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*

Iul. Ah nurſe what comfort? what counſell canſt thou giue me.

Nur. Now truſt me madame, I know not what to ſay:
Your *Romeo* he is baniſht, and all the world to nothing
He neuer dares returne to challendge you.
Now I thinke good you marry with this county,
Oh he is a gallant gentleman, *Romeo* is but a diſhclout
In reſpect of him. I promiſe you
I thinke you happy in this ſecond match.
As for your huſband he is dead:
Or twere as good he were, for you haue no vſe of him.

Iul. Speakſt thou this from thy heart?

Nur. I and from my ſoule, or els beſhrew them both.

Iul. Amen.

Nur. What ſay you madame?

Iul. Well, thou haſt comforted me wondrous much,
I pray thee goe thy waies vnto my mother
Tell her I am gone hauing diſpleaſde my father,
To fryer *Laurence* cell to confeſſe me,
And to be abſolu'd.

Nur. I will, and this is wiſely done.

Shee lookes after nurſe.

Iul. Auncient damnation, O moſt curſed fiend.
Is it more ſinne to wiſh me thus forſworne,
Or to diſpraiſe him with the ſelfe ſame tongue

That

That thou haſt praiſde him with aboue compare
So many thouſand times? Goe counſellor,
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhal be twaine.
Ile to the fryer to know his remedy,
If all faile els, I haue the power to dye. *Exit.*

Enter Fryer *and* Paris.

Fr. On Thurſday ſay ye: the time is very ſhort,
Par. My father *Capolet* will haue it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlacke to ſlow his haſt.
Fr. You ſay you doe not know the ladies minde?
Vneuen is the courſe, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talkt of loue.
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares,
Now ſir, her father thinkes it daungerous:
That ſhe doth giue her ſorrow ſo much ſway.
And in his wiſedome haſts our mariage,
To ſtop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her ſelfe alone
May be put from her by ſocietie.
Now doe ye know the reaſon of this haſt.
Fr. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlowd.

Enter Paris.

Heere comes the lady to my cell,
Par. Welcome my loue, my lady and my wife:
Iu. That may be ſir, when I may be a wife,
Par. That may be, muſt be loue, on Thurſday next.
Iul. What muſt be ſhal be.
Fr. Thats a certaine text.
Par. What come ye to confeſſion to this fryer.
Iu. To tell you that were to confeſſe to you.

Par.

Par. Do not deny to him that you loue me.
Iul. I will confeſſe to you that I loue him,
Par. So I am ſure you will that you loue me.
Iul. And if I doe it wil be of more price,
Being ſpoke behinde your backe, than to your face.
Par. Poore ſoule, thy face is much abus'd with teares.
Iul. The teares haue got ſmall victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their ſpite.
Par. Thou wrongſt it more than teares by that report.
Iu. That is no wrong ſir, that is a truth:
And what I ſpake I ſpake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine and thou haſt ſlaundred it.
Iu. It may be ſo, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leaſure holy father now:
Or ſhall I come to you at euening maſſe?
Fr. My leaſure ſerues me penſiue daughter now,
My lord we muſt entreate the time alone.
Par. God ſheild I ſhould diſturbe deuotion,
Iuliet farwell, and keep this holy kiſſe. *Exit Paris.*
Iu. Goe ſhut the doore and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weepe with me that am paſt cure, paſt help,
Fr. Ah *Iuliet* I already know thy griefe,
I heare thou muſt and nothing may proroge it,
On Thurſday next be married to the countie.
Iul. Tell me not frier that thou hearſt of it,
Vnleſſe thou tell me how we may preuent it.
Giue me ſome ſudden counſell: els behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloodie knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that
Which the commiſſion of thy yeares and arte
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring.
Speake not, be briefe: for I deſire to die,
If what thou ſpeakſt, ſpeake not of remedie.

Fr.

Fr. Stay *Juliet*, I doo ſpie a kinde of hope,
Which craues as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſperate we would preuent.
If rather than to marrie countie *Paris*
Thou haſt the ſtrength or will to ſlay thy ſelfe,
Tis not vnlike that thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chyde away this ſhame,
That coapſt with death itſelfe to flye from blame.
And if thou dooſt, Ile giue thee remedie.

Jul. Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie *Paris*)
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chaine me to ſome ſteepie mountaines top,
Where roaring beares and ſauage lions are:
Or ſhut me nightly in a charnell-houſe,
With reckie ſhankes, and yeolow chaples ſculls:
Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:
Things that to heare them namde haue made me tremble;
And I will doo it without feare or doubt,
To keep my ſelfe a faithfull vnſtaind wife
To my deere lord, my deereſt *Romeo*.

Fr. Hold *Iuliet*, hie thee home, get thee to bed,
Let not thy nurſe lye with thee in thy chamber:
And when thou art alone, take thou this violl,
And this diſtilled liquor drinke thou off:
When preſently through all thy veynes ſhall run
A dull and heauie ſlumber, which ſhall ſeaze
Each vitall ſpirit: for no pulſe ſhall keepe
His naturall progreſſe, but ſurceaſe to beate:
No ſigne of breath ſhall teſtifie thou liuſt.
And in this borrowed likenes of ſhrunke death,
Thou ſhalt remaine full two and fortie houres,
And when thou art laid in thy kindreds vault,

Ile ſend in haſt to *Mantua* to thy lord,
And he ſhall come and take thee from thy graue,
Iul. Frier I goe, be ſure thou ſend for my deare *Romeo*.
Exeunt.

Enter olde Capolet, *his wife*, Nurſe, *and ſeruingman.*

Capo. Where are you ſirra?
Ser. Heere forſooth.
Capo. Goe, prouide me twentie cunning cookes.
Ser. I warrant you ſir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe them by licking their fingers.
Capo. How canſt thou know them ſo?
Ser. Ah ſir, tis an ill cooke cannot licke his owne fingers.
Capo. Well get you gone.

Exit ſeruingman.

But wheres this head-ſtrong?
Moth. Shees gone (my lord) to frier *Laurence* cell
To be confeſt.
Capo. Ah, he may hap to doo ſome good of her,
A headſtrong ſelfewild harlotrie it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Moth. See here ſhe commeth from confeſſion,
Capo. How now my head-ſtrong, where haue you bin gadding?
Iul. Where I haue learned to repent the ſin
Of froward wilfull oppoſition
Gainſt you and your beheſts, and am enioynd
By holy *Laurence* to fall proſtrate here,
And craue remiſſion of ſo foule a fact.

She kneeles downe.

Moth. Why thats well ſaid.
Capo. Now before God this holy reuerent frier

All

All our whole citie is much bound vnto.
Goe tell the countie preſently of this,
For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.
Iul. Nurſe, will you go with me to my cloſet,
To ſort ſuch things as ſhall be requiſite
Againſt to morrow,
Moth. I pree thee do, good nurſe goe in with her,
Helpe her to ſort tyres, rebatoes, chaines,
And I will come vnto you preſently,
Nur. Come ſweet hart, ſhall we goe :
Iul. I pree thee let vs.

Exeunt Nurſe *and* Iuliet.

Moth. Me thinks on Thurſday would be time enough.
Capo. I ſay I will haue this diſpatcht to morrow,
Goe one and certefie the count thereof.
Moth. I pray my lord, let it be Thurſday.
Capo. I ſay to morrow while ſhees in the mood,
Moth. We ſhall be ſhort in our prouiſion.
Capo. Let me alone for that, goe get you in,
Now before God my heart is paſſing light,
To ſee her thus conformed to our will. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nurſe, Iuliet,

Nur. Come, come, what need you anie thing elſe ?
Iul. Nothing good nurſe, but leaue me to my ſelfe :
For I doo meane to lye alone to night.
Nur. Well theres a cleane ſmocke vnder your pillow, and ſo good night. *Exit.*

Enter Mother.

Moth. What are you buſie, doo you need my helpe?
Iul. No madame, I deſire to lye alone,
For I haue manie things to thinke vpon.

Moth.

Moth. Well then good night, be ſtirring *Iuliet*,
The countie will be earlie here to morrow. *Exit.*

Iul. Farewell, God knowes when wee ſhall meete againe.
Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.
What if this potion ſhould not worke at all,
Muſt I of force be married to the countie?
This ſhall forbid it. Kniſe, lye thou there.
What if the frier ſhould giue me this drinke
To poyſon mee, for feare I ſhould diſcloſe
Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious man:
I will not entertaine ſo bad a thought.
What if I ſhould be ſtifled in the toomb?
Awake an houre before the appointed time:
Ah then I feare I ſhall be lunaticke:
And playing with my dead forefathers bones,
Daſh out my franticke braines. Me thinkes I ſee
My coſin *Tybalt* weltring in his bloud,
Seeking for *Romeo*: ſtay *Tybalt* ſtay.
Romeo I come, this doe I drinke to thee.
She fals vpon her bed within the curtaines.

Enter Nurſe *with hearbs*, Mother.

Moth. Thats well ſaid nurſe, ſet all in redines,
The countie will be heere immediatly.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap. Make haſt, make haſt, for it is almoſt day,
The curfewe bell hath rung, t'is foure a clocke,
Looke to your bakt meates good *Angelica*.

Nur. Goe get you to bed you cotqueane. I faith you will be ſicke anone.

Cap.

Cap. I warrant thee nurſe I haue ere now watcht all night, and haue taken no harme at all.

Moth. I you haue beene a mouſe hunt in your time.

Enter Seruingman *with logs and coales.*

Cap. A ielous hood, ielous hood: How now ſirra? What haue you there?

Ser. Forſooth logs.

Cap. Goe, goe chooſe dryer. *Will* will tell thee where thou ſhalt fetch them.

Ser. Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a heade I troe to chooſe a log. *Exit.*

Cap. Well goe thy way, thou ſhalt be logger head.
Come, come, make haſt call vp your daughter,
The countie will be heere with muſicke ſtraight.
Gods me hees come, nurſe call vp my daughter.

Nur. Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what lady birde? faſt I warrant. What *Iuliet?* well, let the county take you in your bed: yee ſleepe for a weeke now, but the next night, the countie *Paris* hath ſet vp his reſt that you ſhal reſt but little. What lambe I ſay, faſt ſtill: what lady, loue, what bride, what *Iuliet?* Gods me how ſound ſhe ſleeps? Nay then I ſee I muſt wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on your bed, dreſt in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the day, ſome aqua vitæ hoe.

Enter Mother.

Moth. How now whats the matter?

Nur. Alack the day, ſhees dead, ſhees dead, ſhees dead.

Moth. Accurſt, vnhappy, miſerable time.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap. Come, come, make haſt, wheres my daughter?

Moth. Ah ſhees dead, ſhees dead.

Cap.

Cap. Stay, let me ſee, all pale and wan.
Accurſed time, vnfortunate olde man.

Enter Fryer *and* Paris.

Par. What is the bride ready to goe to church?
Cap. Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.
O ſonne the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy bride, flower as ſhe is,
Deflowerd by him, ſee, where ſhe lyes,
Death is my ſonne in law, to him I giue all that I haue.
Par. Haue I thought long to ſee this mornings face,
And doth it now preſent ſuch prodegies?
Accurſt, vnhappy, miſerable man,
Forlorne, forſaken, deſtitute I am:
Borne to the world to be a ſlaue in it.
Diſtreſt, remediles, and vnfortunate.
O heauens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
To liue ſo vile, ſo wretched as I ſhall.
Cap. O heere ſhe lies that was our hope, our ioy,
And being dead, dead ſorrow nips vs all.

All at once cry out and wring their hands.

All cry. And all our ioy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, loſt, undone, abſented, wholly fled.
Cap. Cruel, vniuſt, impartiall deſtinies,
Why to this day haue you preſeru'd my life?
To ſee my hope, my ſtay, my ioy, my life,
Depriude of ſence, of life, of all by death,
Cruell, vniuſt, impartiall deſtinies.
Cap. O ſad fac'd ſorrow map of miſery,
Why this ſad time haue I deſird to ſee.
This day, this vniuſt, this impartiall day
Wherein I hop'd to ſee my comfort full,
To be depriude by ſuddaine deſtinie.

Moth.

Moth. O woe, alacke, diſtreſt, why ſhould I liue?
To ſee this day, this miſerable day.
Alacke the time that euer I was borne.
To be partaker of this deſtinie.
Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.

Fr. O peace for ſhame, if not for charity.
Your daughter liues in peace and happines,
And it is vaine to wiſh it otherwiſe.
Come ſticke your roſemary in this dead coarſe,
And as the cuſtome of our country is,
In all her beſt and ſumptuous ornaments,
Conuay her where her anceſtors lie tomb'd.

Cap. Let it be ſo, come wofull ſorrow mates,
Let vs together taſte this bitter fate.

They all but the nurſe goe foorth, caſting roſemary on her and ſhutting the curtens.

Enter Muſitions.

Nur. Put vp, put vp, this is a wofull caſe. *Exit.*

1. I by my troth miſtreſſe is it, it had need be mended.

Enter ſeruingman.

Ser. Alack alack what ſhal I doe, come fidlers play me ſome mery dumpe.

1. A ſir, this is no time to play.

Ser. You will not then?

1. No marry will wee.

Ser. Then will I giue it you, and ſoundly to.

1. What will you giue vs?

Ser. The fidler, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile ſol you.

1. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you.

Ser. I will put vp my iron dagger, and beate you with my wodden wit. Come on *Simon* found pot, Ile poſe you.

1. Lets heare.

Ser. When griping griefe the heart doth wound,
And dolefull dumps the minde oppreſſe :
Then muſique with her ſiluer ſound,
Why ſiluer ſound? Why ſiluer ſound ?

1. I thinke becauſe muſicke hath a ſweet ſound.

Ser. Pretie, what ſay you *Mathew* minikine ?

2. I thinke becauſe muſitions ſound for ſiluer

Ser. Prettie too : come, what ſay you?

3. I ſay nothing.

Ser. I thinke ſo, Ile ſpeake for you becauſe you are the ſinger. I ſaye ſiluer ſound, becauſe ſuch fellowes as you haue ſildome golde for ſounding. Farewell fidlers, farewell. *Exit.*

1. Farewell and be hangd : come lets goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may truſt the flattering eye of ſleepe,
My dreame preſagde ſome good euent to come,
My boſome lord ſits chearfull in his throne,
And I am comforted with pleaſing dreames.
Methought I was this night alreadie dead:
(Strange dreames that giue a dead man leaue to thinke)
And that my ladie *Iuliet* came to me,
And breathd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an emperour.

Enter Balthaſar *his man booted.*

Newes from *Verona*. How now *Balthaſar*,
How doth my ladie ? Is my father well ?
How fares my *Juliet ?* that I aſke againe :
If ſhe be well, then nothing can be ill.

Balt. Then nothing can be ill, for ſhe is well,
Her bodie ſleepes in *Capels* monument,

And

And her immortall parts with angels dwell.
Pardon me ſir, that am the meſſenger of ſuch bad tidings.
Rom. Is it euen ſo? then I defie my ſtarres.
Goe get me incke and paper, hyre poſt horſe,
I will not ſtay in *Mantua* to night.
Balt. Pardon me ſir, I will not leaue you thus,
Your lookes are dangerous and full of feare:
I dare not, nor I will not leaue you yet.
Rom. Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper,
And hyre thoſe horſe: ſtay not I ſay.

Exit Balthaſar.

Well *Iuliet*, I will lye with thee to night.
Lets ſee for meanes. As I doo remember
Here dwells a pothecarie whom oft I noted
As I paſt by, whoſe needie ſhop is ſtufft
With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes:
And in the ſame an *Aligarta* hangs,
Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of roſes,
Are thinly ſtrewed to make vp a ſhow.
Him as I noted, thus with my ſelfe I thought:
And if a man ſhould need a poyſon now,
(Whoſe preſent ſale is death in *Mantua*)
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forerunne my need: and here about he dwels.
Being holiday the beggers ſhop is ſhut.
What ho apothecarie, come forth I ſay.

Enter Apothecarie.

Apo. Who calls, what would you ſir?
Rom. Heeres twentie duckates,
Giue me a dram of ſome ſuch ſpeeding geere,
As will diſpatch the wearie takers life,

As ſuddenly as powder being fierd
From forth a cannons mouth.
Apo. Such drugs I haue I muſt of force confeſſe,
But yet the law is death to thoſe that ſell them.
Rom. Art thou ſo bare and full of pouertie,
And dooſt thou feare to violate the law?
The law is not thy frend, nor the lawes frend,
And therefore make no conſcience of the law:
Vpon thy backe hangs ragged miſerie,
And ſtarued famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.
Apo. My pouertie but not my will conſents.
Rom. I pay thy pouertie, but not thy will.
Apo. Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing you will, and it will ſerue had you the liues of twenty men.
Rom. Hold, take this gold, worſe poyſon to mens ſoules
Than this which thou haſt giuen me. Goe hye thee hence,
Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into fleſh.
Come cordiall and not poyſon, goe with mee
To *Iuliets* graue: for there mvſt I vſe thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier Iohn.

John. What frier *Laurence*, brother, ho?
Laur. This ſame ſhould be the voyce of frier *Iohn.*
What newes from *Mantua*, what will *Romeo* come?
Iohn. Going to ſeeke a barefoote brother out,
One of our order to aſſociate mee,
Here in this cittie viſiting the ſick,
Whereas the infectious peſtilence remaind:
And being by the ſearchers of the towne
Found and examinde, we were both ſhut vp,
Laur. Who bare my letters then to *Romeo?*
Iohn. I haue them ſtill, and here they are.
Laur. Now by my holy order,
The letters were not nice, but of great weight.

Goe

Goe get thee hence, and get me preſently
A ſpade and mattocke.
Iohn. Well I will preſently go fetch thee them. *Exit.*
Laur. Now muſt I to the monument alone,
Leaſt that the ladie ſhould before I come
Be wakde from ſleepe. I will hye
To free her from that tomb of miſerie. *Exit.*

Enter countie Paris *and his* Page *with flowers and ſweete water.*

Par. Put out the torch, and lye thee all along
Vnder this Ew-tree, keeping thine eare cloſe to the hollow ground.
And if thou heare one tread within this churchyard,
Staight giue me notice.
Boy. I will my lord.

Paris *ſtrewes the tomb with flowers.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I ſtrew thy bridale bed:
Sweete tombe that in thy circuite doſt containe,
The perfect modell of eternitie:
Faire *Iuliet* that with angells doſt remaine,
Accept this lateſt fauour at my hands,
That liuing honourd thee, and being dead
With funerall praiſes doo adorne thy tombe.
Boy whiſtles and calls. My lord.

Enter Romeo *and* Balthaſar, *with a torch, a mattocke, and a crow of yron.*

Par. The boy giues warning, ſomething doth approach.
What curſed foote wanders this was to night,
To ſtay my obſequies and true loues rites?
What with a torch, muffle me night a while.

Rom. Giue me this mattocke, and this wrentching iron.
And take theſe letters, early in the morning,
See thou deliuer them to my lord and father.
So get thee gone and trouble me no more.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my ladies face,
But chiefly to take from her dead finger,
A precious ring which I muſt vſe
In deare imployment: but if thou wilt ſtay,
Further to prie in what I vndertake,
By heauen Ile teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And ſtrewe thys hungry churchyard with thy lims.
The time and my intents are ſauage, wilde.

Balt. Well, Ile be gone and not trouble you.

Rom. So ſhalt thou win my fauour, take thou this,
Commend me to my father, farwell good fellow.

Balt. Yet for all this will I not part from hence.

Romeo *opens the tombe.*

Rom. Thou deteſtable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorde with the deareſt morſell of the earth.
Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to ope.

Par. This is that baniſht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murderd my loues coſen, I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle vile *Mountague*.
Can vengeance be purſued further then death?
I doe attach thee as a fellon heere.
The law condemnes thee, therefore thou muſt dye.

Rom. I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good youth be gone, tempt not a deſperate man.
Heape not another ſinne vpon my head
By ſheding of thy bloud, I doe proteſt

For

I loue thee better then I loue my ſelfe:
For I come hyther armde againſt my ſelfe,
Par. I doe defie thy coniurations:
And doe attach thee as a fellon heere.
Rom. What doſt thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.

They fight.

Boy. O lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.
Par. Ah I am ſlaine, if thou be mercifull
Open the tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
Rom. Yfaith I will, let me peruſe this face,
Mercutios kinſman, noble county *Paris?*
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoule
Did not regard him as we paſt along.
Did he not ſay *Paris* ſhould haue maried
Iuliet? eyther he ſaid ſo, or I dreamd it ſo.
But I will ſatisfie thy laſt requeſt,
For thou haſt prizd thy loue aboue thy life.
Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,
How oft haue many at the houre of death
Beene blith and pleaſant? which their keepers call
A lightning before death But how may I
Call this a lightning. Ah deare *Iuliet*,
How well thy beauty doth become this graue?
O I beleeue that vnſubſtanciall death,
Is amorous, and doth court my loue.
Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,
Set vp my euerlaſting reſt
With wormes, that are thy chambermayds.
Come deſperate pilot now at once runne on
The daſhing rockes thy ſea-ſicke weary barge.
Heers to my loue. O true apothecary:
Thy drugs are ſwift: thus with a kiſſe I dye. *Falls.*

 Enter

Enter Fryer *with a lanthorne.*

How oft to night haue theſe my aged feete
Stumbled at graues as I did paſſe along.
Whoſe there ?
Man. A frend and one that knowes you well.
Fr. Who is it that conſorts ſo late the dead,
What light is yon ? if I be not deceiued,
Me thinkes it burnes in *Capels* monument ?
Man. It doth ſo holy ſir, and there is one
That loues you dearly.
Fr. Who is it ?
Man. Romeo.
Fr. How long hath he beene there ?
Man. Full halfe an houre and more.
Fr. Goe with me thether.
Man. I dare not ſir, he knowes not I am heere :
On paine of death he chargde me to be gone,
And not for to diſturbe him in his enterprize.
Fr. Then muſt I goe : my minde preſageth ill.

Fryer *ſtoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.*

What bloud is this that ſtaines the entrance
Of this marble ſtony monument ?
What meanes theſe maiſterles and goory weapons ?
Ah me I doubt, whoſe heere ? what *Romeo* dead ?
Who and *Paris* too ? what vnluckie houre
Is acceſſary to ſo foule a ſinne ?

Iuliet *riſes.*

The lady ſturres.
Iul. Ah comfortable fryer.

I do

I doe remember well where I ſhould be,
And what we talkt of? but yet I cannot ſee
Him for whoſe ſake I vndertooke this hazard.
Fr. Lady come foorth, I heare ſome noiſe at hand,
We ſhall be taken, *Paris* he is ſlaine,
And *Romeo* dead: and if we heere be tane
We ſhall be thought to be as acceſſarie.
I will prouide for you in ſome cloſe nunery.
Iul. Ah leaue me, leaue me, I will not from hence.
Fr. I heare ſome noiſe, I dare not ſtay, come, come
Iul. Goe get thee gone.
Whats heere a cup cloſde in my louers hands?
Ah churle drinke all, and leaue no drop for me.

Enter Watch.

Watch. This way, this way.
Iul. I, noiſe? then muſt I be reſolute.
O happy dagger thou ſhalt end my feare,
Reſt in my boſome, thus I come to thee.

She ſtabs herſelfe and falles.

Enter Watch.

Cap. Come looke about, what weapons haue we heere?
See frends where *Iuliet* two daies buried,
New bleeding wounded, ſearch and ſee who's neare,
Attach and bring them to vs preſently.

Enter one with the Fryer.

1. Captaine heers a fryer with tooles about him,
Fitte to ope a tombe.
Cap. A great ſuſpition, keep him ſafe.

Enter

Enter one with Romeos *man.*

1. Heeres *Romeos* man.
Capt. Keepe him to be examinde.

Enter Prince *with others.*

Prin. What early miſchiefe calls vs vp ſo ſoone.
Capt. O noble prince, ſee here
Where *Juliet* that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,
Warme and freſh bleeding, *Romeo* and countie *Paris*
Likewiſe newly ſlaine.
Prin. Search ſeeke about to finde the murderers.

Enter olde Capolet *and his wife.*

Capo. What rumor's this that is ſo early vp ?
Moth. The people in the ſtreetes crie *Romeo*,
And ſome on *Iuliet* : as if they alone
Had been the cauſe of ſuch a mutinie.
Capo. See wife, this dagger hath miſtooke :
For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong *Mountague*,
And it is ſheathed in our daughters breaſt.

Enter olde Montague.

Prin. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp,
To ſee thy ſonne and heire more early downe.
Mount. Dread ſouereigne, my wife is dead to night,
And yong *Benuolio* is deceaſed too :
What further miſchiefe can there yet be found ?
Prin. Firſt come and ſee, then ſpeake.
Mount. O thou vntaught, what manners is in this
To preſſe before thy father to a graue.

Prin.

Prin. Come ſeale your mouthes of outrage for a while,
And let vs ſeeke to finde the authors out
Of ſuch a hainous and feld ſeene miſchaunce.
Bring forth the parties in ſuſpicion.
Fr. I am the greateſt able to doo leaſt.
Moſt worthie prince, heare me but ſpeake the truth,
And Ile informe you how theſe things fell out.
Juliet here ſlaine was married to that *Romeo*,
Without her fathers or her mothers grant:
The nurſe was priuie to the marriage.
The balefull day of this vnhappie marriage,
Was *Tybalts* doomeſday: for which *Romeo*
Was baniſhed from hence to *Mantua*.
He gone, her father ſought by foule conſtraint
To marrie her to *Paris*: but her ſoule
(Loathing a ſecond contract) did refuſe
To giue conſent; and therefore did ſhe vrge me
Either to finde a meanes ſhe might auoyd
What ſo her father ſought to force her too:
Or els all deſperately ſhe threatned
Euen in my preſence to diſpatch her ſelfe.
Then did I giue her, (tutord by mine arte)
A potion that ſhould make her ſeeme as dead:
And told her that I would with all poſt ſpeed
Send hence to *Mantua* for her *Romeo*,
That he might come and take her from the toombe.
But he that had my letters (frier *John*)
Seeking a brother to aſſociate him,
Whereas the ſicke infection remaind,
Was ſtayed by the ſearchers of the towne,
But *Romeo* vnderſtanding by his man,
That *Iuliet* was deceaſde, returnde in poſt
Vnto *Verona* for to ſee his loue.

What

What after happened touching *Paris* death,
Or *Romeos* is to me vnknowne at all.
But when I came to take the lady hence,
I found them dead, and ſhe awakt from ſleep:
Whom faine I would haue taken from the tombe,
Which ſhe refuſed ſeeing *Romeo* dead.
Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
What after happened I am ignorant of.
And if in this ought haue miſcaried.
By me, or by my meanes let my olde life
Be ſacrificd ſome houre before his time.
To the moſt ſtrickeſt rigor of the law.

Pry. We ſtill haue knowne thee for a holy man,
Wheres *Romeos* man, what can he ſay in this?

Balth. I brought my maiſter word that ſhee was dead,
And then he poaſted ſtraight from *Mantua*,
Vnto this toombe. Theſe letters he deliuered me,
Charging me early giue them to his father.

Prin. Lets ſee the letters, I will read them ouer.
Where is the counties boy that calld the watch?

Boy. I brought my maſter vnto *Iuliets* graue,
But one approaching, ſtraight I calld my maſter.
At laſt they fought, I ran to call the watch.
And this is all that I can ſay or know.

Prin. Theſe letters doo make good the fryers wordes,
Come *Capolet*, and come olde *Mountagewe*.
Where are theſe enemies? ſee what hate hath done,

Cap. Come brother *Mountague* giue me thy hand,
There is my daughters dowry: for now no more
Can I beſtowe on her, thats all I haue.

Moun. But I will giue them more, I will erect
Her ſtatue of pure golde:
That while *Verona* by that name is knowne.

There

There ſhall no ſtatue of ſuch price be ſet,
As that of *Romeos* loued *Iuliet*.
Cap. As rich ſhall *Romeo* by his lady lie,
Poore ſacrifices to our enmitie.
Prin. A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.
Come, let vs hence,
To haue more talke of theſe ſad things.
Some ſhall be pardoned and ſome puniſhed:
For nere was heard a ſtorie of more woe,
Than this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

FINIS.

The moſt Excellent and Lamentable

TRAGEDIE,

OF

ROMEO and JULIET.

As it hath beene ſundrie Times publiquely acted,

By the Kings Maieſties Seruants at the Globe.

Newly corrected, augmented, and amended.

LONDON.

Printed for IOHN SMETHWICK, and are to be ſold at his Shop in Saint Dunſtanes Church-yard, in Fleeteſtreete vnder the Dyall. 1609.

THE

PROLOGUE.

CHORUS.

TWO houſholds both alike in dignity,
(In faire *Verona*, where we lay our ſcene)
From auncient grudge breake to new mutinie,
Where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes,
A paire of ſtarre-croſt louers take their life:
Whoſe miſaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes,
Doth with their death bury their parents ſtrife.
The feareful paſſage of their death-markt loue,
And the continuance of their parents rage,
Which but their childrens end nought could remoue:
Is now the two houres traficque of our ſtage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here ſhal miſſe, our toile, ſhall ſtriue to mend.

The Moſt Excellent and Lamentable

TRAGEDIE

OF

ROMEO and IVLIET.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregorie, *with ſwords and bucklers, of the houſe of* Capulet.

Sampſon.

GREGORIE, on my word weele not carry coles.

Greg. No, for then we ſhould be collyers.

Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, weele draw.

Greg. I while you liue, draw your necke out of *choller* :*

Samp. I ſtrike quickly being moued.

Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to ſtrike.

Samp. A dog of the houſe of *Mountague* moues me.

Greg. To moue is to ſtirre, and to be valiant, is to ſtand. Therefore if thou art moued thou runſt away.

Samp. A dog of that houſe ſhall moue me to ſtand. I will take the wall of any man or maide of *Mountagues.*

* *the collar.*

Greg. That ſhewes thee a weake ſlaue, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Samp. Tis true, and therefore women being the weaker veſſels are euer thruſt to the wall: therefore I will puſh *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thruſt his maides to the wall.

Gre. The quarrell is betweene our maſters, and vs their men.

Samp. Tis all one I will ſhew my ſelfe a tyrant, when I haue fought with the men, I will be *ciuill*† with the maides, I will cut off their heads.

Grego. The heades of the maids.

Samp. I the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads, take it in what ſence thou wilt.

Grego. They muſt take *it* * ſenſe, that feele it.

Samp. Me they ſhall feele while I am able to ſtand, and tis knowne I am a pretty peece of fleſh.

Grego. Tis well thou art not fiſh, if thou hadſt, thou hadſt been poore *Iohn*: draw thy toole here comes of the houſe of *Mountagues*.

Enter two other ſeruingmen.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarrell, I will back thee.

Gre. How, turne thy backe and runne;

Samp. Feare me not.

Gre. No marrie, I feare thee.

Samp. Let vs take the law of our ſides, let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I paſſe by, and let them take it as they liſt.

Samp. Nay as they dare, I wil bite my thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them if they beare it.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at vs ſir?

Samp. I doe bite my thumb ſir.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at vs ſir?

† *cruel.* † *it in.*

Samp.

Samp. Is the law of our ſide if I ſay I?

Gre. No.

Samp. No ſir, I doe not bite my thumbe at you ſir, but I bite my thumbe ſir.

Gre. Doe you quarrell ſir?

Abra. Quarrell ſir, no ſir.

Sa. But if you doe ſir, I am for you, I ſerue as good a mā as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well ſir.

Enter Benuolio.

Gre. Say better, here comes one of my maiſters kinsmen.

Samp. Yes better ſir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregorie*, remember thy *waſhing* ‡ blowe.

They fight.

Benu. Part fooles, put vp your ſwords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. What art thou drawne among theſe hartleſſe hinds turne thee *Benuolio*, look vpon thy death.

Ben. I doe but keepe the peace, put vp thy ſword,
or mannage it to part theſe men with me.

Tib. What drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word, as I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee:
Haue at the coward.

Enter three or foure citizens with clubs or partyſons.

Offi. Clubs, billes and partiſons, ſtrike, beate them downe
Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Mountagues*.

‡ *ſwaſhing.*

Enter old Capulet *in his gowne, and his wife.*

Capu. What noyſe is this ? giue me my long ſword hoe,
Wife. A crowch, a crowch, why call you for a ſword ?
Cap. My ſword I ſay, old *Mountague* is come,
And floriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Enter olde Mountague *and his wife.*

Moun. Thou villaine *Capulet*, hold me not, let me go.
M. wife. 2. Thou ſhalt not ſtir one foote to ſeeke a foe.

Enter prince Eſkales, *with his traine.*

Prince. Rebellious ſubiects enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-ſtained ſteele,
Will they not heare ? what ho, you men, you beaſts :
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountaines iſſuing from your veines :
On paine of torture from thoſe bloudy hands,
Throw your miſtempered weapons to the ground,
And heare the ſentence of your moued prince.
Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice diſturbde the quiet of our ſtreets,
And made *Veronas* auncient citizens,
Caſt by their graue beſeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate,
If euer you diſturbe our ſtreets againe,
Your liues ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the reſt depart away :
You *Capulet* ſhall goe along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,

To

To know our *fathers* † pleſure in this caſe:
To old *Free-towne* our common iudgment place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart. *Exeunt.*

Moun. Who ſet this auncient quarrell new abroach?
Speake nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the ſeruants of your aduerſarie
And yours cloſe fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the inſtant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his ſword prepard,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He ſwong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hiſt him in ſcorne:
While we were enterchanging thruſts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

Wife. O where is *Romeo*, ſaw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an houre before the worſhipt ſun,
Peerde forth the golden window of the eaſt,
A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of ſyramour,
That weſtward rooteth from this city ſide:
So early walking did I ſee your ſonne,
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And ſtole into the couert of the wood,
I meaſuring his affections by my owne,
Which then moſt ſought, where moſt might not be found:
Being one too many by my weary ſelfe,
Purſued my *honour* ‡, not purſuing his,
And gladly ſhunned, who gladly fled from me.

Mount. Many a morning hath he there beene ſeene,
With teares augmenting the freſh mornings deaw,

† *further.* ‡ *humour.*

Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe ſighes,
But all ſo ſoone as the all cheering ſunne,
Should in the fartheſt eaſt begin to draw,
The ſhadie curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light ſteales home my heauy ſonne,
And priuate in his chamber pennes himſelfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himſelfe an artificiall night,
Blacke and portendous muſt this humor proue,
Vnleſſe good counſell may the cauſe remoue.

Ben. My noble vncle doe you know the cauſe?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.

Ben. Haue you importunde him by any meanes?

Moun. Both by my ſelfe and many other friends,
But he his own affections counſeller,
Is to himſelfe (I will not ſay how true)
But to himſelfe ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So farre from ſounding and diſcouery,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the ſame.
Could we but learne from whence his ſorrowes grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Benu. See where he comes, ſo pleaſe you ſtep aſide,
Ile know his greeuance or be much denide.

Moun. I would thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay,
To heare true ſhrift, come madam lets away. *Exeunt.*

Benuol. Good morrow couſin.

Romeo. Is the day ſo young?

Ben. But new ſtrooke nine.

Romeo. Ay me ſad houres ſeeme long:
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?

Ben.

Ben. It was : what ſadnes lengthens *Romeos* houres ?
Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them ſhort.
Ben. In loue.
Romeo. Out.
Ben. Of loue.
Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.
Ben. Alas that loue ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proofe.
Romeo. Alas that loue, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes, ſee pathwaies to his will :
Where ſhall we dine ? O me, what fray was here ?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all :
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue.
Why then O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O any thing of nothing firſt created :
O heauie lightneſſe, ſerious vanity,
Miſhapen *Chaos* of welſeeing formes,
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fier, ſicke health,
Still waking ſleepe, that is not what it is.
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,
Doeſt thou not laugh ?
Ben. No coze, I rather weepe.
Rom. Good heart at what ?
Ben. At thy good harts oppreſſion.
Romeo. Why ſuch is loues tranſgreſſion.
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breaſt,
Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preaſt,
With more of thine, this loue that thou haſt ſhowne,
Doth ad more griefe, to too much of mine owne.
Loue is a ſmoke made with the fume of ſighes,
Being purgd, a fire ſparkling in louers eyes,
Being vext, a ſea nouriſht with louing teares,
What is it elſe ? A madneſſe, moſt diſcreet,

A choking gall, and a preſeruing ſweet:
Farewell my coze.
Ben. Soft I will goe along.
And if you leaue me ſo, you doe me wrong.
Rom. Tut I haue loſt my ſelfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hees ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſſe, who is that you loue?
Rom. What ſhall I grone and tell thee?
Ben. Grone, why no: but ſadly tell me who.
Rom. *A** ſicke man in ſadneſſe *makes* † his will:
A word ill vrgd to one that is ſo ill:
In ſadneſſe cozin, I do loue a woman.
Ben. I aymd ſo neare, when I ſuppoſde you lou'd.
Rom. A right good marke man, and ſhee's faire I loue.
Ben. A right faire marke faire coze is ſooneſt hit.
Romeo. Well in that hit you miſſe, ſheel not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, ſhe hath *Dians* wit:
And in ſtrong proofe of chaſtitie well armd,
From loues weake childiſh bow ſhe liues vncharmd.
Shee will not ſtay the ſiege of louing tearmes,
Nor bide th' incounter of aſſailing eyes.
Nor ope her lap to ſainct-ſeducing gold,
O ſhe is rich in beautie, onely poore,
That when ſhe dies, with beautie dies her ſtore.
Ben. Then ſhe hath ſworne, that ſhe will ſtill liue chaſt?
Rom. She hath, and in that ſparing, make huge waſt:
For beauty ſteru'd with her ſeuerity,
Cuts beauty off from all poſteritie.
She is too faire, too wiſe, wiſely too faire,
To merit bliſſe by making me diſpaire:
She hath forſworne to loue, and in that vow,
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.
Ben. Be rulde by me, forget to thinke of her.
Rom. O teach me how I ſhould forget to thinke.

* *Bid a.* † *make.* *Ro.*

Ro. By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties.
Ro. Tis the way to call hers (exquiſit) in queſtion more,
Theſe happy maſkes that kiſſe faire ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is ſtrooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt,
Shew me a miſtreſſe that is paſſing faire,
What doth her beauty ſerue but as a note,
Where I may read who paſt that paſſing faire:
Farewell thou canſt not teach me to forget,
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, *countie* Paris, *and the* Clowne.

Cap. Monntague † is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men ſo old as wee to keepe the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis you liu'd at ods ſo long:
But now my lord, what ſay you to my ſute?
Capu. But ſaying ore what I haue ſaid before,
My child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
Shee hath not ſeene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more ſummers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.
Pari. Younger then ſhe, are happy mothers made.
Capu. And too ſoone mard are thoſe ſo early made:
Earth hath ſwallowed all my hopes but ſhe,
Shees * the hopefull lady of my earth,
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her conſent, is but a part,

† *And Mountague.* * *She is.*

And

And ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choiſe
Lyes my conſent, and faire according voice:
This night I hold, an old accuſtomd feaſt,
Whereto I haue inuited many a gueſt,
Such as I loue, and you among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome makes my number more:
At my poore houſe, looke to behold this night,
Earth treading ſtarres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as do luſty young men feele,
When well appareld *Aprill* on the heele
Of limping winter treads, euen ſuch delight
Among freſh fennell buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe, heare all, all ſee:
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Which *one* † more veiw of many, mine being one,
May ſtand in number though in reckning none.
Come goe with me, goe ſirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there, and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome, on their pleaſure ſtay, *Exit.*

Ser. Find them out whoſe names are written. Here it is written, that the ſhoo-maker ſhould meddle with his yard, and the tayler with his laſt, the fiſher with his penſill, and the painter with his nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe perſons whoſe names are here writ, and can neuer find what names the writing perſon hath here writ, (I muſt to the learned) in good time

Enter Benuolio, *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut man one fire burnes out an others burning,
One paine is leſned by an others anguiſh:
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One deſperate greefe, cures with an others languiſh:

† *on*

Take

Take thou ſome new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyſon of the old wil die.

Romeo. Your plantan leafe is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee?

Romeo. For your broken ſhin.

Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in priſon, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented: and godden good fellow,

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray ſir can you read?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miſerie.

Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you ſee?

Rom. I if I know the letters and the language.

Ser. Ye ſay honeſtly, reſt you merry.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reades the letter.

Seigneur Martino, *and his wife and daughters: county* Anſelme *and his beautious ſiſters: the ladie widdow of* Vtruuio, *ſeigneur* Placentio, *and his louely neeces:* Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine: *mine vncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters: my faire neece* Roſaline, Liuia, *ſeigneur* Valentio, *and his coſen* Tybalt: Lucio *and the liuely* Helena.
A faire aſſembly, whither ſhould they come?

Ser. Vp.

Ro. Whither to ſupper.

Ser. To our houſe.

Ro. Whoſe houſe?

Ser. My maiſters.

Ro. Indeede I ſhould haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My maiſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the houſe of *Mountagues*,

tagues, I pray come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merry.

Ben. At this ſame auncient feaſt of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Roſaline* whom thou ſo *loues* : †
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhew,
And I will make the thinke thy ſwan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines ſuch falſhood, then turne teares to fier:
And theſe who often drownd, could neuer die,
Tranſparent hereticques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue? the all ſeeing ſun
Nere ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

Ben. Tut you ſaw her faire none elſe being by,
Her ſelfe poyſde with her ſelfe in either eye:
But in that chriſtall ſcales let there be waid,
Your ladies loue againſt ſome other maid,
That I will ſhew you ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe ſhall ſcant ſhew well, that now ſhewes beſt.

Ro. Ile goe along no ſuch ſight to be ſhowne,
But to reioyce in ſplendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets *wife and* Nurſe.

Wife. Nurſe wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurſe. Now by my maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I *bad* * her come, what lamb, what ladi-bird, God forbid, Wheres this girle? what *Iuliet*.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls?

Nur. Your mother.

† *loueſt* * *bad.*

Iuli

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is your will ?

Wife. This is the matter. Nurſe giue leaue a while, wee muſt talke in ſecret. Nurſe come backe againe, I haue remembred me, thou'ſe heare our counſell. Thou knoweſt my daughters of a prety age.

Nurſe. Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.

Wife. Shees not fourteene.

Nurſe. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it ſpoken, I haue but foure, ſhees not fourteene. How long is it now to *Lammas-tide ?*

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurſe. Euen or odd, of all daies in the yeare come *Lammas* eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene. *Suſan* and ſhe, God reſt all chriſtian ſouls, were of an age. Well *Suſan* is with God ſhee was to good for mee. But as I ſaid on *Lammas* eue at night ſhall ſhee bee fourteene, *that* * ſhall ſhee marrie, I remember it well. Tis ſince the earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and ſhe was weand I neuer ſhall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day : for I had then laid wormewood to my dug ſitting in the ſunne vnder the douehouſe wall. My lord and you were then at *Mantua*, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I ſaide, when it did taſt the wormewood on the nipple of my dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to ſee it teachie and fall out with the dugge, Shake quoth the doue-houſe, twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge : and ſince that time it is a leuen yeares, for then ſhe could ſtand a lone, nay bi'th roode ſhe could haue runne and wadled all about : for euen the day before ſhe broke her brow, and then my huſband, God bee with his ſoule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth hee, doeſt thou fall vpon thy face ? thou wilt fall backeward when thou haſt more wit, wilt thou not *Iule ?* and by my holydam, the pretty wretch left crying, and ſaid I : to ſee now how a ieſt ſhall come

* *then.*

about.

about. I warrant, and I ſhall liue a thouſand yeares, I neuer ſhould forget it: wilt thou not *Iule* quoth he: and pretty foole it ſtinted, and ſaid I.

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurſe. Yes madam, yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to thinke it ſhould leaue crying and ſay I: and yet I warrant it had *vpon* * it brow, a bompe as big as a yong cockrels ſtone? a perilous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my huſband, fallſt vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commeſt to age: wilt thou not *Iule?* It ſtinted, and ſaid I.

Iuli. And ſtint thou too, I pray thee nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou waſt the prettieſt babe that ere I nurſt, and I might liue to ſee thee married once. I haue my wiſh.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſitions to be married?

Iuli. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurſe. An houre, were not I thine onely nurſe, I would ſay thou hadſt *ſuckt* ‖ wiſedome from thy teat.

Old La. Well think of marriage now, yonger then you
Here in *Verona*, ladies of eſteeme,
Are made already mothers by my count.
I was your mother, much vpon theſe yeares
That you are now a maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* ſeekes you for his loue.

Nurſe. A man young lady, lady, ſuch a man as all the world,
Why hees a man of waxe.

Old La. *Veronas* ſummer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe. Nay hees a flower, in faith a very flower.

Old La. What ſay you, can you loue the gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our feaſt,
Read ore the volume of young *Paris* face,

* *one* ‖ *ſuck'd thy*

And

And find delight, writ there with beauties pen,
Examine euery ſeuerall liniament,
And ſee how one an other lends content :
And what obſcurde in this faire volume lies,
Find written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious booke of loue, this vnbound louer,
To beautifie him, onely lacks a couer.
The fiſh liues in the ſea, and tis much pride
For faire without, the faire within to hide :
That booke in *manies* * eyes doth ſhare the glorie,
That in gold claſpes, locks in the golden ſtorie :
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſſe,
By hauing him, making your ſelfe no leſſe.

Nurſe. No leſſe nay bigger women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly can you like of *Paris* loue ?

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye
Then your conſent giues ſtrength to make fly.

Enter ſeruing.

Seruing. Maddam, the gueſts are come, ſupper ſeru'd vp, you cald, my young lady aſkt for, the nurſe curſt in the pantrie, and euery thing in extremitie : I muſt hence to wait, I beſeech you follow ſtraight.

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet* the countie ſtaies.

Nurſe. Goe gyrle, ſeeke happie nights to happie dayes.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, *with fiue or ſixe other maſkers, torch bearers.*

Romeo. What ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe ?
Or ſhall we on without apologie ?

* *many.*

Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hud winckt with a ſkarfe,
Bearing a *Tartars* painted bow of lath,
Skaring the ladies like a crow-keeper.
But let them meaſure vs by what they will,
Weele meaſure them a meaſure and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a torch, I am not for this ambling,
Being but heauy I will beare the light.

Mercu. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we muſt haue you dance.

Ro. Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing ſhooes
With nimble ſoles, I haue a ſoule of lead
So ſtakes me to the ground I cannot moue.

Mer. You are a louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And ſore with them aboue a common bound.

Romeo. I am too ſore enpearced with his ſhaft,
To ſoare with his light fethers, and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I ſinke.

Horatio. And to ſinke in it ſhould you burthen loue,
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.

Romeo. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boyſterous, and it pricks like thorne.

Mer. If loue be rough with you be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,
Giue me a caſe to put my viſage in,
A viſor for a viſor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes ſhall bluſh for me.

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no ſooner in,
But euery man *betakes* * him to his legs,

Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the ſenceleſſe ruſhes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a graunſire phraſe,

* betake.

Ile

Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere ſo faire, and I am dun.

Mer. Tut, duns the mouſe, the conſtables owne word
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or ſaue you reuerence loue, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.

Rom. Nay * thats not ſo.

Mer. I meane ſir in delay
We waſt our lights in vaine, lights lights by day :
Take our good meaning, for our iudgement ſits
Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we meane well in going to this maſke,
But tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why may one aſke ?

Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night.

Mer. And ſo did I.

Rom. Well what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

Ro. In bed a ſleepe while they doe dreame things true.

Mer. O then I ſee queene *Mab* hath beene with you :
She is the fairies midwife, and ſhee comes in ſhape no bigger thē an agat ſtone, on the foreſinger of an alderman, drawne with a teeme of little atomies, ouer mens noſes as they lie aſleepe : her waggon ſpokes made of long ſpinners legs : the couer of the wings of graſhoppers, her traces of the ſmalleſt *ſpider* ‡ web, her collers of the moonſhines watry beames, her whip of crickets bone, the laſh of philome, her waggoner, a ſmall gray coated gnat, not halfe ſo bigge as a round little worme, prickt from the lazie finger of a man. Her chariot is an emptie haſel nut, made by the ioyner ſquirrel or old grub, time out *a* † mind, the faries coachmakers : and in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night, throgh louers brains, and then they

* *Nay* omitted. ‡ *ſpiders.* † *of*

dream of loue. On courtiers knees, that dreame on curſies ſtrait, ore lawyers fingers who ſtrait dreame on fees, ore ladies lips who ſtraight on kiſſes dreame, which oft the angry *Mab* with bliſters plagues, becauſe their breath with ſweete meats tainted are. Sometime ſhe gallops ore a courtiers noſe, and then *dreame* * he of ſmelling out a ſute : and ſometime comes ſhee with a tithpigs tale, tickling a parſõs noſe as a lies a ſleepe, thẽ he dreams of another benefice. Somtime ſhe driueth ore a ſouldiers neck, and then dreames he of cutting forraine throats, of breaches, ambuſcados, *Spaniſh* blades : of healths fiue fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eare, at which he ſtartes and wakes, and being thus frighted, ſweares a prayer or two and ſleepes againe : this is that very *Mab* that plats the manes of horſes in the night : and bakes the *elklocks* ‡ in foule ſluttiſh haires, which once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.

This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,
That preſſes them, and learnes them firſt to beare,
Making them women of good carriage :
This is ſhe.

Romeo. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkſt of nothing.

Merc. True, I talke of dreames :
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantaſie :
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the ayre,
And more inconſtant then the wind, who wooes
Euen now the frozen boſome of the north :
And being angerd puffes away from thence,
Turning his ſide to the dew dropping ſouth.

Ben. This wind you talke of, blowes vs from ourſelues,
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.

Ro. I feare too early, for my mind miſgiues,

* *dreames.* ‡ *elflocks.*

Some

Some conſequence yet hanging in the ſtarres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a deſpiſed life cloſde in my breſt :
By ſome vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the *ſtirrage* † of my courſe,
Direct my ſute ; on luſtie gentlemen.

Ben. Strike drum.

They march about the ſtage, and ſeruingmen come forth with napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Wheres *Potpan* that he helpes not to take away ?
He ſhift a trencher, he ſcrape a trencher ?

1. When good manners ſhall lie all in one or two mens hands, and they vnwaſht too, tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the ioynſtooles, remoue the court cubbert, looke to the plate, good thou, ſaue mee a peece of marchpane, and as thou loues mee, let the porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone*, and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.

2. I boy readie.

Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, aſkt for, and ſought for in the great chamber.

3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,
Be briſk a while, and the longer liuer take all. *Exeunt.*

Enter all the gueſts and gentlewomen to the maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome gentlemen, ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagued with cornes, will walke about with you :
Ah my miſtreſſes, which of you all
Will now deny to dance, ſhe that makes dainty,

† *ſteerage.*

She Ile ſweare hath cornes: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome gentlemen, I haue ſeene the day
That I haue worne a viſor and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a faire ladies eare:
Such as would pleaſe: tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome gentlemen, come muſitians play:

Muſicke plaies, and they dance.

A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it girles,
More light you knaues, and turne the tables vp:
And quench the fier, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah ſirrah, this vnlookt for ſport comes well:
Nay ſit, nay ſit, good cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dauncing daies:
How long iſt now ſince laſt your ſelfe and I
Were in a maſke?

2. *Capu.* Berlady thirty yeares.

1 *Capu.* What man tis not ſo much, tis not ſo much,
Tis ſince the nuptiall of *Lucientio*,
Come Pentycoſt as quickly as it will.
Some fiue and twenty yeares, and then we maſkt.

2 *Capu.* Tis more, tis more, his ſonne is elder ſir:
His ſonne is thirty.

1 *Capu.* Will you tell me that?
His ſonne was but a ward two yeares agoe.

Ro. What ladie is that which doth in rich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Ser. I know not ſir.

Ro. O ſhe doth teach the torches to burne bright:
It ſeemes ſhe hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
As a rich iewel in an *Æthiops* eare,
Beauty too rich for vſe, for earth too deare:
So ſhewes a ſnowie doue trooping with crowes,
As yonder lady ore her fellowes ſhowes:

The meaſure done, Ile watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers, make bleſſed my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now, forſweare it ſight,
For I nere ſaw true beauty till this night.

Tib. This by his voice, ſhould be a *Mountague.*
Fetch me my rapier boy, what dares the ſlaue
Come hether couerd with an antique face,
To ſleere and ſcorne at our ſolemnitie ?
Now by the ſtocke and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.

Capu. Why how now kinſman wherefore ſtorme you ſo ?

Tib. Vncle this is a *Mountague* our foe :
A villaine that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorne at our ſolemnitie this night.

Capu. Young *Romeo* is it.

Tib. Tis he, that villaine *Romeo.*

Capu. Content thee gentle coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly gentleman :
And to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouernd youth,
I would not for the welth of all this towne,
Here in my houſe doe him diſparagement :
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.

Tib. It fits when ſuch a villaine is a gueſt,
Ile not endure him.

Capu. He ſhall be endured.
What goodman boy, I ſay he ſhall, go too,
Am I the maiſter here or you ? go too,
Youle not endure him, God ſhall mend my ſoule,
Youle make a mutinie among my gueſts:
You will ſet cock a hoope, youle be the man.

Ti. Why vncle, tis a ſhame.

Capu. Go too, go too,
You are a ſawcy boy, iſt ſo indeed?
This tricke may chance to ſcath you I know what,
You muſt contrary me, marry tis time,
Well ſaid my hearts, you are a princox, goe,
Be quiet, or *more light, more light for ſhame,* *
Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.

Ti. Patience perforce, with willfull choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw but this intruſion ſhal
Now ſeeming ſweete, conuert to bitter gall. *Exit.*

Ro. If I prophane with my vnworthieſt hand,
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſin is this,
My lips two bluſhing pylgrims *did* ‡ ready ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough touch with a tender kiſſe.

Iu. Good pilgrime you do wrong your hand too much
Which mannerly deuotion ſhewes in this,
For ſaints haue hands, that pilgrims hands doe tuch,
And palme to palme is holy palmers kiſſe.

Ro. Haue not ſaints lips and holy palmers too?

Iuli. I pilgrim, lips that they muſt vſe in prayer.

Rom. O then deare ſaint, let lips doe what hands doe,
They pray (grant thou) leaſt faith turne to diſpaire.

Iu. Saints doe not moue, though grant for prayers ſake.

Ro. Then moue not while my prayers effect I take,
Thus from my lips, by thine my ſin is purgd.

Iu. Then haue my lips the ſin that they haue tooke.

Ro. Sin from my lips, O treſpas ſweetly vrgd:
Giue me my ſin againe.

Iuli. You kiſſe bith booke.

Nur. Madam your mother craues a word with you.

* *more light*, &c. in a parentheſis. ‡ *did* omitted.

Rom.

Rom. What is her mother ?
Nurſ. Marrie batcheler,
Her mother is the lady of the houſe,
And a good ladie, and a wife and vertuous,
I nurſt her daughter that you talkt withall :
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet ?*
O deare account ! my life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. I ſo I feare, the more is my vnreſt.
Capu. Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling fooliſh banquet towards :
Is it ene ſo ? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honeſt gentlemen, good night :
More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah ſirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my reſt.
Iuli. Come hither nurſe, what is yond gentleman ?
Nurſ. The ſonne and heire of old *Tyberio.*
Iuli. Whats he that now is going out *of* † doore ?
Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio.*
Iuli. Whats he that follows here that would not dance ?
Nurſ. I know not.
Iuli. Go aſke his name, if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurſ. His name is *Romeo,* and a *Mountague,*
The onely ſonne of your great enemie.
Iul. My onely loue ſprung from my onely hate,
Too early ſeene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I muſt loue a loathed enemie.
Nurſ. Whats tis ? whats tis ?

† *of the.*

Iuli.

Iu. A rime I leart euen now
Of one I danſt withall.

One cals within Iuliet.

Nurſ. Anon, anon :
Come lets away, the ſtrangers all are gone, *Exeunt.*

Chorus.

Now old deſire doth in his deathbed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his heire,
That faire for which loue gron'de *for* * and would die,
With tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes :
But to his foe ſuppoſde he muſt complaine,
And ſhe ſteale loues ſweet bait from fearefull hookes :
Being held a foe, he may not haue acceſſe
To breath ſuch vowes as louers vſe to ſweare,
And ſhe as much in loue, her meanes much leſſe,
To meete her new beloued any where :
But paſſion lends them power, time meanes to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreame ſweete.

Enter Romeo *alone.*

Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here,
Turne backe dull earth and find thy center out.

Enter Benuolio, *with* Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my cozen *Romeo*, *Romeo.*

Mer. He is wiſe, and on my life hath ſtolne him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way and leapt this orchard wall.

* *for* omitted.

Call

Call good *Mercutio* :
Nay Ile coniure too.
Mer. *Romeo*, humours, madman, paſſion louer,
Appeare thou in the likeneſſe of a ſigh,
Speake but one rime and I am ſatisfied :
Cry but ay me, prouaunt, but loue and *day*, *
Speake to my goſhip *Venus* one faire word,
One nickname *for* † her purblind ſonne and *her* §,
Young *Abraham* : *Cupid* he that ſhot ſo true,
When king *Cophetua* lou'd the begger maid.
He heareth not, he *ſtriueth* ‡ not, he moueth not,
The ape is dead, and I muſt coniure him,
I coniure the by *Roſalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her ſcarlet lip,
By her fine foote, ſtraight leg, and quiuering thigh,
And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,
That in thy likeneſſe thou appeare to vs.
Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him, t'would anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſſe circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
Till ſhe had laide it, and coniured it downe,
That were ſome ſpight.
My inuocation is faire and honeſt, and in his miſtreſſe name,
I coniure onely but to raiſe vp him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelfe among theſe trees
To be conſorted with the humerous night :
Blind is his loue, and beſt befits the darke.
Mer. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he ſit vnder a medler tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſſe were that kinde of fruite,
As maides call medlers when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that ſhe were, O that ſhe were

* *dye.* † *to.* § *heire.* ‡ *ſtirreth.*

An

An open, *or thou** a poprin peare.
Romeo goodnight Ile to my truckle bed,
This field-bed is to cold for me to ſleepe,
Come ſhall we goe?
Ben. Go then, for tis in vaine to ſeeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exit.*
Ro. He ieaſts at ſcarres that neuer felt a wound,
But ſoft, what light through yonder windowe breaks?
It is the eaſt, and *Iuliet* is the ſunne.
Ariſe faire ſun and kill the enuious moone,
Who is already ſicke and pale with griefe,
That thou her maid art far more faire then ſhe:
Be not her maid ſince ſhe is enuious,
Her veſtal liuery is but ſicke and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, caſt it off:
It is my lady, O it is my loue, O that ſhe knew ſhe were,
She ſpeakes yet ſhe ſayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwere it:
I am too bold tis not to me ſhe ſpeakes:
Two of the faireſt ſtarres in all the heauen,
Hauing ſome buſines do entreat her eyes,
To twinckle in their ſpheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightneſſe of her cheeke would ſhame thoſe ſtarres,
As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie region ſtreame ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and thinke it were not night:
See how ſhe leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.
Juli. Ay me
Rom. She ſpeakes.
Oh ſpeake againe bright angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,

* *and cætera, and thou.*

As

As is a winged meſſenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes,
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazie puffing cloudes,
And ſailes vpon the boſome of the ayre.

Iuli. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo?*
Denie thy father and refuſe thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworne my loue,
And Ile no longer be a *Capulet.*

Rom. Shall I heare more, or ſhall I ſpeake at this?

Iuli. Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thy ſelfe, though not a *Mountague*,
Whats *Mountague?* it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme nor face, O be ſome other name
Belonging to a man.
What's in a name that which we call a roſe,
By any other word would ſmell as ſweete,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title, *Romeo* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelfe.

Ro. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Hence forth I neuer will be *Romeo.*

Iuli. What man art thou, that thus beſcreend in night
So ſtumbleſt on my counſell?

Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare ſaint, is hatefull to my ſelfe,
Becauſe it is an enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague?*

Rom.

Rom. Neither faire maide, if either thee diſlike.

Iu. How cameſt thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, conſidering who thou art
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.

Ro. With loues light wings did I oreperch theſe walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.

Iu. If they do ſee thee, they will murther thee.

Ro. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twenty of their ſwords, looke thou but ſweete,
And I am proofe againſt their enmity.

Iu. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.

Rom. I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes.
And but thou loue me, let them find me here
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.

Iuli. By whoſe direction foundſt thou out this place?

Ro. By loue that firſt did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counſell, and I lent him eyes:
I am no pylot, yet wert thou as far
As that vaſt ſhore waſhet with the fartheſt ſea,
I ſhould aduenture for ſuch marchandiſe.

Iuli. Thou knoweſt the maske of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue ſpoke, but farewell complement.
Doeſt thou loue me? I know thou wilt ſay I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou ſwearſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe, at louers periuries
They ſay *Ioue* laughs, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt loue pronounce it faithfully:

Or

Or if thou thinkeſt I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but elſe not for the world.
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maieſt thinke my behauiour light,
But truſt me gentleman, Ile proue more true,
Then thoſe that *haue* * coying to be ſtrange,
I ſhould haue beene more ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouer heardſt ere I was ware
My true *loue* † paſſion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moone I vow,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe fruite tree tops.

Iu. O ſweare not by the moone th'inconſtant moone,
That monethly changes in her circled orbe,
Leaſt that thy loue proue likewiſe variable.

Rom. What ſhall I ſweare by?

Iuli. Do not ſweare at all:
Or if thou wilt ſweare by thy gratious ſelfe,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And Ile beleeue thee.

Ro. If my hearts deare loue.

Iu. Well doe not ſweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too raſh, too vnaduiſde, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning which doth ceaſe to bee,
Ere, one can ſay, it lightens, ſweete good night:
This bud of loue by ſummers ripening breath,
May proue a beautious flower when next we meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as ſweete repoſe and reſt,
Come to thy heart, as that within my breſt.

Ro. O wilt thou leaue me ſo vnſatisfied?

* *haue more.* † *loues.*

Iu.

Iu. What ſatisfaction canſt thou haue to night?
Ro. Th' exchange of thy loues faithfull vow for mine.
Iu. I gaue thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Ro. Wouldſt thou withdraw it, for what purpoſe loue?
Iu. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I haue,
My bounty is as boundleſſe as the ſea,
My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I heare ſome noyſe within, deare loue adue:
Anon good nurſe, ſweete *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Ro. O bleſſed bleſſed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering ſweet to be ſubſtantiall.
Iu. Three words deare *Romeo*, and good night indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honorable,
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to morrow,
By one that Ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the *right*, *
And all my fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my *L* § throughout the world.
Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meaneſt not well,
Madam.
I doe beſeech thee (by and by I come)
To ceaſe thy *ſtrife* † and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I ſend.
Ro. So thriue my ſoule.
Iu. A thouſand times good night.
Ro. A thouſand times the worſe to want thy *light* ‡
Loue goes toward loue as ſchoole boyes from their bookes.
But loue from loue, toward ſchoole with heauy lookes.

* *rites.* § *loue.* † *ſuit.* ‡ *ſight.*

Enter

Enter Iuliet *againe.*

Iu. Hiſt *Romeo* hiſt, O for a falkners voice,
To lure this taſſel gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeake aloude,
Elſe would I teare the caue where eccho lies,
And make her ayry tongue more hoarſe, *then* *
With repetition of my *Romeo.*

Ro. It is my *ſoule* ‡ that calls vpon my name.
How ſiluer ſweet, ſound louers tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſicke to attending eares.

Iu. Romeo.

Rom. My *neece.* §

Iul. What a clock to morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?

Ro. By the houre of nine.

Iuli. I will not faile, tis twenty yeares till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

Ro. Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.

Iuli. I ſhall forget, to haue the ſtill ſtand there,
Remembring how I loue thy company.

Ro. And Ile ſtill ſtay, to haue thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Iuli. Tis almoſt morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no farther then a wantons bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore priſoner in his twiſted giues.
And with a ſilken thred plucks it backe againe,
So louing iealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Iu. Sweet ſo would I,
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing:
Good night, good night.

* *than mine.* ‡ *loue.* § *deere.*

† *Ro.* Parting is ſuch ſweete ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay goodnight, till it be morrow.
* *Iu.* Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt.
Rom. Would I were ſleepe and peace ſo ſweete to reſt
The gray eyde morne ſmiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the eaſterne clouds with ſtreakes of light,
And darkneſſe fleckeld like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway, made by Titans *wheeles,*
Hence will I to my ghoſtly friers cloſe cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell. *Exit.*

Enter Frier *alone with a basket.*

Fri. The grey eyde morne ſmiles on the frowning night
Checkring the eaſterne cloudes with ſtreaks of light :
And fleckeld darkneſſe like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles :
Now ere the ſun aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I muſt vpfill this oſier cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious iuiced flowers,
The earth that's natures mother *is* ‡ her tombe,
What is her burying graue, that is her wombe :
And from her wombe children of diuers kind
We ſucking on her naturall boſome find :
Many for many vertues excellent :
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In plants, hearbs, ſtones, and their true qualities :
For nought ſo vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth ſome ſpecial good doth giue :

† Theſe two lines, in the edition of 1637, are added to the foregoing ſpeech.
* This line is likewiſe added to the following ſpeech, into which four lines of the frier's have crept, through a blunder of the printer, and are diſtinguiſhed by italicks.
‡ *in.*

Nor

Nor ought ſo good, but ſtraind from that faire vſe,
Reuolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.
Vertue it ſelfe turnes vice being miſapplied,
And vice ſometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rinde of this weake flower
Poyſon hath reſidence, and medicine power:
For this being ſmelt with that part, cheares each part,
Being taſted ſlayes all *ſence* * with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed kings encampe them ſtill,
In man as well as hearbes, grace and rude will:
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoone the canker death eates vp that plant.

Ro. Good morrow father.

Fr. Benedicite.
What early tongue ſo ſweete ſaluteth me?
Young ſonne, it argues a diſtempered hed,
So ſoone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed:
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where care lodges, ſleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbruſed youth with vnſtuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there golden ſleepe doth raign,
Therefore thy earlineſſe doth me aſſure,
Thou art vprouſd with ſome diſtemprature:
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not beene in bed to night.

Ro. That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.

Fri. God pardon ſin, waſt thou with *Roſaline?*

Rom. With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. Thats my good ſon, but where haſt thou beene then?

Ro. Ile tell thee ere thou aſke it me agen:

* *ſenſes.*

I haue beene feaſting with mine enemie,
Wher on a ſudden one hath wounded me :
Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phiſicke lies :
I beare no hatred bleſſed man : for loe
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good ſonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confeſſion, findes but ridling ſhrift.

Rom. Then plainely know my harts deare loue is ſet
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet :*
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine
And all combind, ſaue what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage : when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow :
Ile tell thee as we paſſe, but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy S. *Francis* what a change is here ?
Is *Roſaline* that thou didſt loue ſo deare,
So ſoone forſaken ? young mens loue then lies
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Ieſu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheekes for *Roſaline ?*
How much ſalt water throwne away in waſt,
To ſeaſon loue that of it doth not taſt.
The ſun not yet thy ſighes, from heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet *ringing* * in *my* † auncient eares :
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the ſtaine doth ſit,
Of an old teare that is not waſht off yet.
If ere thou waſt thy ſelfe, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes, were all for *Roſaline.*
And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this ſentence then,
Women may fall, when thers no ſtrength in men.

* *ring.* † *mine.*

Ro. Thou chidſt me oft for louing *Roſaline.*

Fri. For doting, not for lôuing pupill mine.

Ro. And badſt me bury loue.

Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in, an other out to haue.

Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue alow:
The other did not ſo.

Fri. O ſhe knew well,
Thy loue did read by rote, that could not ſpell:
But come young wauerer, *come* * goe with me,
In one reſpect Ile thy aſſiſtant be:
For this alliance may ſo happy proue,
To turne your houſholds rancor to pure loue.

Rom. O let vs hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſt.

Fri. Wiſely and ſlow, they ſtumble that run faſt.

Exeunt.

Enter Benuolio *and* Mercutio.

Merc. Where the deu'le ſhould this *Romeo* be? came hee not home to night?

Ben. Not to his fathers, I ſpoke with his man.

Mer. Why that ſame pale hard hearted wench, that *Roſaline* torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.

Ben. Tibalt, the kinſman to old *Capulet,* hath ſent a letter to his fathers houſe.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. Romeo will anſwere it.

Mer. Any man that can write may anſwere a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will anſwere the letters maiſter how he dares being dared.

Mer. Alas poore *Romeo,* hee is already dead, ſtab'd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a loue

* *come and.*

ſong, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde bowe-boyes but-ſhaft, and is hee a man to encounter *Tibalt?*

Rom. Why what is *Tibalt?*

Mer. More then prince of cats. Oh hees the couragious captaine of complements: he fights as you ſing prickſong, keeps time diſtance and proportion, he reſts his minum reſts, one two and the third in your boſome: the very butcher of a ſilke button a dualiſt a dualiſt, a gentleman of the very firſt houſe of the firſt and ſecond cauſe, ah the immortall paſſado, the punto reuerſo, the hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of ſuch antique liſping affecting phantacies, theſe new tuners of *accent* *: by *Ieſu* a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing *grandſir*, † that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies: theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe *pardon* ‡ mees, who ſtand ſo much on the new forme, that they can not ſit at eaſe on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo.*

Mer. Without his roe, like a dryed herring, O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? now is he for the nūbers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie ſhe had a better loue to berime her: *Dido* a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a gipſie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thiſbie* a grey eie or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo bon ieur*, theres a *French* ſalutation to your *French* ſlop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairely laſt night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The ſlip ſir, the ſlip, can you not conceiue?

* *accents.* † *grand-ſire.* ‡ *pardona-.*

Romeo.

Romeo. Pardon good *Mercutio,* my buſineſſe was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtraine curteſie.

Mer. That as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Romeo. Meaning to curſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt curteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pincke of curteſie :

Romeo. Pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this ieaſt, now till thou haſt worne out thy pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worne, the ieaſt may remaine after the wearing, ſoly ſingular.

Ro. O ſingle ſolde ieaſt, ſoly ſingular for the ſingleneſſe,

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio,* my *wits* * faints.

Ro. Swits and ſpurs, ſwits and ſpurs, or Ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild gooſe chaſe, I am done : for thou haſt more of the wild gooſe in one of thy wits, then I am ſure I haue in my whole fiue. Was I with you there for the gooſe ?

Ro. Thou waſt neuer with mee for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieaſt.

Ro. Nay good gooſe bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweting, it is a moſt ſharp ſawce.

Ro. And is it not well ſeru'd in to a ſweet gooſe ?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of cheuerell, that ſtretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Ro. I ſtretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the gooſe, proues thee farre and wide, a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groning for loue,

* *wit.*

now art thou ſociable, now art thou *Romeo:* now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature, for this driueling loue is like a great naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the haire.

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Enter Nurſe *and her man.*

Ro. Heres goodly geare.
A ſayle, a ſayle.

Mer. Two, two, a ſhirt and a ſmocke.

Nur. Peter:

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My fan *Peter.*

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face.

Nurſ. God ye good morrow gentlemen.

Mer. God ye gooden faire gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it good den?

Mer. Tis no leſſe I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dyall is now vpon the pricke of noone.

Nur. Out vpon you, what a man are you?

Ro. One gentlewomā, that God hath made, himſelfe to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is well ſaid, for himſelfe to mar quath a: gētlemē cā any of you tel me wher I may find the yong *Romeo?*

Ro. I can tell you, but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nur.

Nur. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea is the worſt wel, very wel took, ifaith, wiſely, wiſely.

Nur. If *you* * be he ſir, I deſire ſome confidence with you.

Ben. She will endite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Ro. What haſt thou found ?

Mer. No hare ſir, vnleſſe a hare ſir in a lenten pie, that is ſomething ſtale and hoare ere it be ſpent.

An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meat in lent.

But a hare that is *hore* † is too much for a ſcore, when it *hores* ‡ ere it be ſpent,

Romeo will you come to your fathers? weele to dinner thither.

Ro. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient lady, farewell lady, lady, lady.

Exeunt.

Nur. I pray you ſir, what ſawcie merchant was this that was ſo full of his roperie ?

Romeo. A gentleman nurſe, that loues to heare himſelfe talke, and will ſpeake more in a minute, then he will ſtand to in a moneth.

Nur. And a ſpeake any thing againſt me, Ile take him down, and a were luſtier then he is, and twentie ſuch *Iacks :* and if I cannot, Ile finde thoſe that ſhall: ſcuruie knaue, I am none of his flurt gils, I am none of his ſkaines mates, and thou muſt ſtand by too and ſuffer euery knaue to vſe mee at his pleaſure.

Pet. I ſaw no man vſe you at his pleaſure : if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly haue been out, I warrant you, I dare draw aſſoone as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrell, and the law on my ſide.

Nur. Now afore God, I am ſo vext, that euery part about me quiuers, ſkuruy knaue : pray you ſir a word : and as I

* *thou.* † *boar.* ‡ *boares.*

told

told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out, what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keepe to my ſelfe: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould leade her in a fooles paradiſe, as they ſay it were a very groſſe kind of behauiour as they ſay: for the gentlewoman is yong: and therefore, if you ſhould deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Rom. Nurſe commend me to thy lady and miſtriſſe, I proteſt vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much: lord, lord ſhe will bee a ioyfull woman.

Ro. What wilt thou tell her nurſe? thou doeſt not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her ſir, that you doe proteſt, which as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her deuiſe ſome meanes to come to ſhrift this afternoone,
And there ſhe ſhall at frier *Lawrence* cell
Be ſhriued and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly ſir not a penny.

Rom. Go too, I ſay you ſhall.

Nur. This afternoone ſir, well ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay good nurſe behind the abbey wall,
Within this houre my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a *tackled** ſtaire,
Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,
Muſt be my conuoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell be truſtie and Ile quite thy paines:
Farewell, commend me to thy miſtreſſe.

Nurſe. Now God in heauen bleſſe thee, harke you ſir.

Ro. What ſaiſt thou my deare nurſe?

Nurſe. Is your man ſecret, did you nere here ſay, two may keepe counſell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as ſteele.

* *tackling.*

Ro.

Nur. Well ſir, my miſtreſſe is the ſweeteſt lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a little prating thing O there is a noble man in towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboord: but ſhe good ſoule had as leeue ſee a tode, a very tode as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but Ile warant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhee lookes as pale as any clout in the verſall world, doth not roſemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter.

Ro. I nurſe, what of that? Both with an R.

Nur. A mocker that the dogs name. R is for the no, I know it begins with ſome other letter, and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and roſemary, that it would do you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nur. I a thouſand times. *Peter?*

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace. *Exit.*

Enter Iuliet.

Iu. The clocke ſtrooke nine when I did ſend the nurſe,
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſed to returne,
Perchance ſhe cannot meete him, thats not ſo:
Oh ſhe is lame, loues heraulds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glides then the ſunnes beames,
Driuing back ſhadowes ouer lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble pinioned doues draw loue,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the ſun vpon the highmoſt hill
Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is three long houres, yet ſhe is not come,
Had ſhe affections and warme youthfull bloud,
She would be as ſwift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my ſweete loue.

M. And

M. And his to me, but old folkes, many faine as they were dead,
Vnwieldie, ſlow, heauy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurſe.

O God ſhe comes, O hony nurſe what newes?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.
Nur. Peter ſtay at the gate.
Iu. Now good ſweet nurſe, O Lord, why lookeſt thou ſad?
Though newes, be ſad, yet tell them merily.
If good thou ſhameſt the muſicke of ſweete newes,
By playing it to me, with ſo ſower a face.
Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue a while,
Fie how my bones ake, what a *iaunce* * haue I had?
Iu. I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee ſpeake, good good nurſe ſpeake.
Nur. Ieſu what haſt, can you not ſtay awhile?
Do you not ſee that I am out of breath?
Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou doſt excuſe,
Is thy newes good or bad? anſwere to that,
Say either and Ile ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, iſt good or bad?
Nur. Wel, you haue made a ſimple choice, you know not how to chuſe a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face bee better then any mans, yet his leg excels all mens, and for a hand and a foote and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are paſt compare: he is not the flower of curteſie, but Ile warrant him as gentle as a lamme: go thy waies wench, ſerue God. What haue you dinde at home?

* *iaunt.*

Iu,

Iu. No no, but all this did I know before
What ſaies he of our marriage, what of that ?
Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I :
It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.
My backe a tother ſide, a my backe, my backe :
Beſhrew your heart for ſending me about
To catch my death with *iaunſing* * vp and downe.
Iu. I faith I am ſorrie that thou art not well.
Sweete ſweete, ſweete nurſe, tell me what ſayes my loue ?
Nur. Your loue ſaies like an honeſt gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome,
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother ?
Iu. Where is my mother, why ſhe is within, where ſhould ſhe be ?
How odly thou replieſt :
Your loue ſaies like an honeſt gentleman,
Where is your mother ?
Nur. O Gods lady deare,
Are you ſo hot, marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones :
Henceforward do your meſſages your ſelfe.
Iuli. Heres ſuch a coile, come what ſaies *Romeo ?*
Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to ſhrift to day ?
Iu. I haue.
Nur. Then high you hence to frier *Lawrence* cell,
There ſtaies a huſband to make you a wife :
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Thei'le be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any newes :
Hie you to church, I muſt an other way,
To fetch a ladder by the which your loue
Muſt climde a birds neaſt ſoone when it is darke
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight :

* *iaunting.*

But

But you ſhall beare the burthen ſoone at night.
Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the cell.
Iu. Hie to high fortune, honeſt nurſe farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier *and* Romeo.

Fri. So ſmile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with ſorrow chide vs not.
Ro. Amen, amen, but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy
That one ſhort minute giues me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then loue-deuouring death doe what he dare,
It is inough I may but call her mine.
Fri. Theſe violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph die like fire and powder;
Which as they kiſſe conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is *loathſome* * in his owne deliciouſneſſe,
And in the taſte confoundes the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth ſo,
Too ſwift arriues as tardie as too ſlow.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the lady, oh ſo light a foot
Will nere weare out the euerlaſting flint,
A louer may beſtride the goſſamours,
That ydles in the wanton ſommer ayre,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanitie.
Iu. Good euen to my ghoſtly confeſſor.
Fri. Romeo ſhall thanke thee daughter for vs both.

* *lothſomneſs.*

Iu.

Iu. As much to him, elſe *is* * his thanks too much.

Ro. Ah *Iuliet*, if the meaſure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blaſon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich *muſicke* † tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happines that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.

Iu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament,
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true loue is growne to ſuch exceſſe,
I cannot ſum vp *ſum* ‡ of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort worke,
For by your leaues, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, *and men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* § abroad:
And if we meet, we ſhall not ſcape a brawle, for now theſe hot dayes, is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of theſe fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a tauerne, claps me his ſword vpon the table, and ſayes God ſend me no need of thee: and by the operation of the ſecond cup, drawes him on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Iacke* in thy moode, as any in *Italie*: and aſſoone moued to be moodie, and aſſoone moodie to be moued.

* *in.* † *muſickes.* ‡ *ſome.* § *Capulets.*

Ben.

Ben. And what too ?

Mer. Nay and there were two ſuch, wee ſhould haue none ſhortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire leſſe in his beard, then thou haſt: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking nuts, hauing no other reaſon, but becauſe thou haſt haſel eyes: what eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpie out ſuch a quarrel ? thy head is as ful of quarrels, as an egge is ful of meat, and yet thy head hath bin beaten as addle as an egge for quarrelling: thou haſt quareld with a man for coffing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath wakened thy dog that hath laine aſleepe in the ſun. Didſt thou not fall out with a tailor, for wearing his new doublet before *Eaſter*: with another, for tying his new ſhoes with old riband, and yet thou wilt tutor mee from quarrelling ?

Ben. And I were ſo apt to quarel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life, for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple, O ſimple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tybalt. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeake to them. Gentlemen, good den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs ? couple it with ſomthing, make it a word and a blow.

Ti. You ſhall find me apt inough to that ſir, and you wil giue me occaſion.

Mercut. Could you not take ſome occaſion, without giuing ?

Ti. Mercutio thou conſorteſt with *Romeo.*

Mer. Conſort, what doſt thou make vs minſtrels ? and thou make minſtrels of vs, looke to heare nothing but diſcords,

heeres

heeres my fiddleſticke, heeres that ſhall make you daunce: zounds conſort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto ſome priuate place,
Or reaſon coldly of your greuances:
Or elſe depart, here all eies gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleaſure I.

Enter Romeo.

Ti. Well peace be with you ſir, here comes my man:

Mer. But Ile be hangd ſir if he weare your liuery:
Marry go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
No better terme then this: thou art a villaine.

Ro. Tibalt, the reaſon that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting: villaine am I none.
Therefore farewell I ſee thou knoweſt me not.

Ti. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the iniuries
That thou haſt done me therefore turne and draw.

Ro. I do proteſt I neuer iniured thee,
But loue thee better then thou canſt deuiſe:
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my loue,
And ſo good *Capulet,* which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calme, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion:
Alla ſtucatho carries it away,
Tibalt, you ratcatcher, will you walke?

Ti. What woulds thou haue with me?

M. Good king of cats, no thing but one of your nine liues,

that I meane to make bold withall, and as you ſhall vſe me hereafter dry beate the reſt of the eight. Will you pluck your ſword out of his pilcher by the eares ? make haſt, leaſt mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Ti. I am for you.

Ro. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier vp.

Mer. Come ſir your paſſado.

Ro. Draw *Benuolio*, beat downe their weapons,
Gentlemen, for ſhame forbeare this outrage,
Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the prince expreſly hath
Forbid bandying in *Verona* ſtreetes,
Hold *Tibalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Away Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both houſes, I am ſped,
Is he gone and hath nothing ?

Ben. What art thou hurt ?

Mer. I, I, a ſcratch, a ſcratch, marry tis inough,
Where is my page ? goe villaine fetch a ſurgeon.

Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No tis not ſo deepe as a well, nor ſo wide as a church doore, but tis inough, twill ſerue : aſke for me to morrow, and you ſhall find me a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this world, a plague a both your houſes, ſounds a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat to ſcratch a man to death, a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the booke of arithmetick, why the deu'le came you betweene vs ? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Ro. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Helpe me into ſome houſe *Benuolio*,
Or I ſhall faint, a plague a both your houſes.

They

They haue made wormes meat of me,
I haue it, and ſoundly to your houſes.—— *Exit.*

Ro. This gentleman the princes neare alie,
My very friend hath gott his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation ſtaind
With *Tibalts* ſlaunder, *Tibalt* that an houre
Hath beene my cozin, O ſweet *Iuliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned valours ſteele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio* is dead.
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the cloudes,
Which too vntimely here did ſcorne the earth.

Ro. This daies blacke fate, on mo daies doth depend,
This but begins, the wo others muſt end.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.

Ro. He gon in triumph and *Mercutio* ſlaine,
Away to heauen reſpectiue lenitie,
And fier and fury, be my conduct now,
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine back againe,
That late thou gaueſt me, for *Mercutios* ſoule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, muſt goe with him.

Ti. Thou wretched boy that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Ro. This ſhall determine that.

They fight. Tibalt *falles.*

Ben. Romeo, away be gone:
The citizens are vp, and *Tibalt* ſlaine,

Stand not amazed, the prince will doome thee death,
If thou art taken, hence be gone away.

Ro. O I am fortunes foole.

Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay ? *Exit* Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio ?*
Tibalt that murtherer, which way ran he ?

Benu. There lies that *Tibalt.*

Citi. Vp ſir go with me :
I charge thee in the princes name obey.

Enter prince, old Mountague, Capulet, *their wiues and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray ?

Ben. O noble prince, I can diſcouer all :
The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall,
There lies the man ſlaine by young *Romeo,*
That ſlew thy kinſman braue *Mercutio.*

Capu. Wi. Tibalt my cozin, O my brothers child,
O prince, O cozin, huſband, O the bloud is ſpild
Of my deare kinſman, prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, ſhead bloud of *Mountague.*
O cozin, cozin.

Prin. Benuolio, who began this fray ?

Ben. Tibalt here ſlaine, whom *Romeos* hand did ſlay,
Romeo that ſpoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was, and vrg'd withall
Your high diſpleaſure all this vttered.
With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the vnruly ſpleene
Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With peircing ſteele at bold *Mercutios* breaſt,

Who

Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a martiall ſcorne, with one hand beates
Cold death a ſide, and with the other ſends
It back to *Tibalt*, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it, *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold friends, friends part, and ſwifter then his tongue,
His *aged** arme beats downe their fatall points,
And twixt them ruſhes, vnderneth whoſe arme,
An enuious thruſt from *Tibalt*, hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tibalt* fled,
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertained reuenge,
And toote they goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tibalt* ſlaine :
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.

Ca. Wi. He is a kinſman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeakes not true :
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for iuſtice which thou prince muſt giue :
Romeo ſlew *Tibalt*, *Romeo* muſt not liue.

Prin. *Romeo* ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.

Cap. Not *Romeo* prince, he was *Mercutios* friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tibalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence :
I haue an intereſt in your hearts proceeding.
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſſe of mine.

* *agill.*

It * will be deafe to pleading and excuſes,
Nor teares, nor prayers ſhall purchaſe out abuſes.
Therefore vſe none, let *Romeo* hence in haſt,
Elſe when he is found, that houre is *his* † laſt.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercy but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill. *Exit.*

Enter Iuliet *alone.*

Gallop apace, you fiery footed ſteedes,
Towards *Phœbus* lodging, ſuch a wagoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in clowdie night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtaine loue-performing night,
That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to theſe armes, vntalkt of and vnſeene,
Louers can ſee to doe their amorous rights,
And ‡ by their owne beauties, or *if loue be* § blind,
It beſt agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou ſober ſuted matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to looſe a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of ſtainleſſe *maidenhoods* ‖,
Hood my vnmand blood bayting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till ſtrange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted ſimple modeſtie:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night,
Whiter then *new* ** ſnow vpon a rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing blackbrowd night.
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when *I* †† ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtarres,
And he will make the face of heauen ſo fine,
That all the world *will* ‡‡ be in loue with night,

* *I.* † *the.* ‡ *And* omitted. § *of loue too.* ‖ *maiden heads.* ** *new* omitted.
†† *be.* ‡‡ *ſhall.*

And

And pay no worſhip to the gariſh ſun.
O I haue bought the manſion of a loue,
But not poſſeſt it, and though I am ſold,
Not yet enioy'd, ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtiuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my nurſe.

Enter Nurſe *with cords.*

And ſhe bring newes, and euery tongue that ſpeaks
But *Romeos* name, ſpeakes heauenly eloquence :
Now nurſe, what newes ? what haſt thou there,
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch ?

Nur. I, I, the cords.

Iuliet. Ay me, what newes ? why doſt thou wring thy hands :

Nur. A weladay, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,
We are vndone lady, we are vndone.
A lacke the day, hees is gone, hees kild, hees dead.

Iu. Can heauen be ſo enuious.

Nur. Romeo can.
Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo, Romeo,*
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo.*

Iu. What diuell art thou, that doſt torment me thus ?
This torture ſhould be rored in diſmall hell,
Hath *Romeo* ſlaine himſelfe ? ſay thou but I
And that bare vowell I ſhall poyſon more
Then the death-darting eye of cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be ſuch an I.
Or thoſe eyes ſhot, that makes thee anſwere I :
If he be ſlaine ſay I, or if not, no.
Briefe, ſounds, determine my weale or wo.

Nur. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
God ſaue the marke, here on his manly breſt,

A piteous coarſe, a bloody piteous coarſe,
Pale, pale as aſhes, all *bedawbde* * in blood,
All in gore blood, I *ſounded* † at the ſight.
Iu. O breake my heart, poore bankrout breake at once,
To priſon eyes, nere looke on libertie.
Vile earth to earth reſigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſſe on heauie beare.
Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt friend I had,
O curteous *Tybalt* honeſt gentleman,
That euer I ſhould liue to ſee thee dead.
Iu. What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie ?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred ? and is *Tybalt* dead ?
My deareſt cozen, and my dearer lord,
Then dreadfull trumpet ſound the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if thoſe two are gone ?
Nur. *Tybalt* is gone, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that kild him he is baniſhed.
Iuliet. O God, did *Romeos* hand ſhed *Tybalts* blood ?
‡ It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
Nur. O ſerpent heart, hid with a flowring face.
Iu. Did euer dragon keepe ſo faire a caue ?
Beautifull tyrant, fiend angelicall :
Rauenous douefeatherd rauen, woluiſh-rauening lambe,
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of diuineſt ſhow :
Iuſt oppoſite to what thou iuſtly ſeem'ſt,
A *dimme* § ſaint, an honourable villaine :
O nature, what hadſt thou to doe in hell,
When thou didſt *bower* ‖ the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortall paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh ?
Was euer booke containing ſuch vile matter

* *bedeawd.* † *ſwowned.*

‡ This line is giuen to the nurſe, and the following one begins *Juliet*'s ſpeech in the edition of 1637.

§ *damned.* ‖ *poure.*

So

So fairely bound? O that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous pallace.

Nur. Theres no truſt, no faith, no honeſtie in men,
All periurde, all forſworne, all naught, all diſſemblers,
Ah wheres my man? giue me ſome aqua-vitæ?
Theſe griefes, theſe woes, theſe ſorrowes make me old,
Shame come to *Romeo*.

Iu. Bliſtered be thy tongue
For ſuch a wiſh, he was not borne to ſhame:
Vpon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For tis a throane where honour may be crownd
Sole monarch of the vniuerſall earth
O what a beaſt was I to chide at him?

Nur. Will you ſpeake well of him that kild your cozin?

Iu. Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my huſband?
Ah poore my lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it?
But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill my cozin?
That villaine cozin would haue kild my huſband:
Backe fooliſh teares, backe to your natiue ſpring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
Which you miſtaking offer vp to ioy,
My huſband liues that *Tibalt* would haue ſlaine,
And *Tibalts* dead that would haue ſlaine my huſband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then:
Some words there was worſer then *Tibalts* death
That murdred me, I would forget it faine,
But oh it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to ſinners minds,
Tibalt is dead and *Romeo* baniſhed:
That baniſhed, that one word baniſhed,
Hath ſlaine ten thouſand *Tibalts*: *Tibalts* death
Was woe inough if it had ended there:

Or

Or if ſower woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be wranckt with other griefes,
Why followed not when ſhe ſaid *Tibalts* dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue moued,
But with a rearewards following *Tibalts* death,
Romeo is baniſhed to ſpeake that word,
Is father, mother, *Tibalt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,
All ſlaine, all dead: *Romeo* is baniſhed,
There is no end, no limit, meaſure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe ſound.
Where is my father and my mother nurſe?

Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer *Tibalts* courſe,
Will you go to them: I will bring you thither.

Iu. Waſh they his wounds with teares: mine ſhall be ſpent
When theirs are drie, for *Romeos* baniſhment.
Take vp thoſe cordes, poore ropes you are beguild,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a maide, die maiden widowed.
Come cord, come nurſe, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death, not *Romeo*, take my maiden head.

Nur. Hie to your chamber, Ile find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be heare at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* cell.

Iu. O find him, giue this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come, to take his laſt farewell. *Exit.*

Enter Frier *and* Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.

Ro.

Ro. Father what newes? what is the princes doome?
What ſorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare ſonne with ſuch ſowre company?
I bring thee tidings of the princes doome.
Ro. What leſſe then doomeſday is the princes doome?
Fri. A gentler iudgement vaniſht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies baniſhment.
Ro. Ha, baniſhment? be mercifull, ſay death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, do not ſay baniſhment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Ro. There is no world without *Verona* walles,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it ſelfe:
Hence baniſhed, is baniſht from the world.
And worlds exile is death. Then baniſhed
Is death, miſtearmd, calling death baniſhed,
Thou cutſt my head off with a golden axe,
And ſmileſt vpon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly ſin, O rude vnthankefulneſſe,
Thy falt our law calles death, but the kind prince
Taking thy part, hath ruſht aſide the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to baniſhment.
This is deare mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Ro. Tis torture and not mercy, heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues and euery cat and dog,
And little mouſe, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in heauen and may looke on her.
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip liues
In carrion flies, then *Romeo:* they may ſeaze

On

On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,
And ſteale immortall bleſſing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and veſtall modeſtie
Still bluſh, as thinking their owne kiſſes ſin.
This may flies doe, when I from this muſt flie,
And ſaiſt thou yet that exile is not death ?
But *Romeo* may not, hee is baniſhed.
Flies may doe this, but I from this muſt flie :
They are freemen, but I am baniſhed.
Hadſt thou no poyſon mixt no ſharp ground knife,
No ſudden meane of death, though nere ſo meane,
But baniſhed to kill me : baniſhed ?
O frier, the damned vſe that word in hell :
Howling attends it, how haſt thou the heart
Being a diuine, a ghoſtly confeſſor,
A ſin obſoluer, and my friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word baniſhed ?
Fri. Then fond mad man, here me a little ſpeake.
Ro. O thou wilt ſpeake againe of baniſhment.
Fri. Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word,
Aduerſities ſweete milke, philoſophie,
To comfort thee though thou art baniſhed.
Ro. Yet baniſhed ? hang vp philoſophie,
Vnleſſe philoſophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Diſplant a towne, reuerſe a princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fri. O then I ſee, that mad men haue no eares.
Ro. How ſhould they, when wiſe men haue no eyes.
Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Ro. Thou canſt not ſpeake of that thou doſt not feele,
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An hour but married, *Tibalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,

Then

Then mighteſt thou ſpeake,
Then mighteſt thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an vnmade graue.

Enter * Nurſe, *and* * *knockes.*

Fri. Ariſe one knocks, good *Romeo* hide thy ſelfe,
Ro. Not I, vnleſſe the breath of hartſicke grones
Miſt-like infold me from the ſearch of eyes.

They knocke.

Fri. Harke how they knocke (whoſe there) *Romeo* ariſe,
Thou wilt be taken, (ſtay a while) ſtand vp,

Slud knocke. †

Run to my ſtudy *by and by* ‡, Gods will
What ſimpleneſſe is this : I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knocks ſo hard ? whence come you ? whats your will ?

Enter Nurſe.

Nur. Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errant :
I come from lady *Iuliet.*
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy frier, O tell me holy frier,
Wheres my ladies lord, wheres *Romeo,*
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O he is euen in my miſtreſſe caſe,
Iuſt in her caſe. O wofull ſimpathy :

* *Enter, and,* omitted. † *knock againe.* ‡ *(by and by)*

Pitious

Pitious predicament, euen ſo lies ſhe,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, ſtand vp, ſtand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand:
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deepe an O:
Rom. Nurſe.
Nur. Ah ſir, ah ſir, *deaths* * the end of all.
Ro. Spakeſt thou of *Iuliet?* how *is it* † with her?
Doth not ſhe thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I haue ſtaind the *childhood* ‡ of our ioy,
With blood remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? and what ſayes
My conceald lady to our canceld loue?
Nur. O ſhe ſayes nothing ſir, but weeps and weeps,
And now fals on her bed, and then ſtarts vp,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Ro. As if that name ſhot from the deadly leuell of a gun,
Did murther her, as that names curſed hand
Murdred her kinſman. Oh tell me frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may ſacke
The hatefull manſion.
Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womaniſh, thy wild acts deuote
The vnreaſonable furie of a beaſt.
Vnſeemely woman in a ſeeming man,
And ill beſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both,
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temperd.
Haſt thou ſlaine *Tybalt?* wilt thou ſlay thy ſelfe?
And ſlay thy lady, that in thy life lies,

* *death is.* † *iſt.* ‡ *childhead.*

By

By doing damned hate vpon thy ſelfe?
Why rayleſt thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three doe meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldſt looſe.
Fie, fie, thou ſhameſt thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a vſurer aboundſt in all:
And vſeſt none in that true vſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedecke thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy noble ſhape, is but a forme of waxe,
Diſgreſſing from the valour of a man,
Thy deare loue ſworne but hollow periurie
Killing that loue which thou haſt vowd to cheriſh,
Thy wit, that ornament, to ſhape and loue,
Miſhapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a ſkilleſſe ſouldiers flaſke,
Is ſet a fier by thine owne ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence.
What rowſe thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead.
There art thou happy, *Tibalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſleweſt *Tibalt*, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turne it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe of bleſſing light vpon thy backe,
Happineſſe courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a *miſhaued* * and ſullen wench,
Thou *puts vp* † thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heede, take heede, for ſuch die miſerable.
Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt liue till wee can find a time

* *misbehaved.* † *poutſt upon.* ‡ *the*

To

To blaze your marriage reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of *thy* ‡ prince and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thouſand times more ioy
Then thou wentſt forth in lamentation.
Goe before nurſe, commend me to thy lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heauy ſorrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue ſtaid here all the night,
To heare good counſell, oh what learning is:
My lord, Ile tell my lady you will come.

Ro. Do ſo, and bid my ſweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Here ſir, a ring ſhe bid me giue you ſir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it growes very late.

Ro. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

Fri. Go hence, goodnight, and here ſtands all your ſtate:
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the breake of day diſguiſd from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, Ile find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces here:
Giue me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Ro. But that a ioy paſt ioy calls out on me,
It were a griefe, ſo briefe to part with thee:
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Capulet, *his wife and* Paris.

Ca. Things haue falne out ſir ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,
Looke you, ſhe lou'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearely,
And ſo did I. Well we were borne to die.
'Tis very late, ſheele not come downe to night:

* the

I promiſe

I promiſe you, but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.
Paris. Theſe times of wo, affoord no times to wooe;
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.
La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night ſhe is mewed vp to her heauines.
Ca. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my childes loue: I thinke ſhe will be rulde
In all reſpects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed:
Acquaint her *hereof* *, my ſonne *Paris* loue,
And bid her, marke you me, on Wendſday next,
But ſoft, what day is this?
Paris. Monday my lord.
Ca. Monday, ha ha, well Wendſday is too ſoone,
A Thurſday let it be, a Thurſday tell her,
She ſhall be married to this noble earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this haſte?
Weele keepe no great adoe, a friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being ſlaine ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly,
Being our kinſman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue ſome halfe a dozen friends,
And there an end, but what ſay you to Thurſday?
Paris. My lord, I would that Thurſday were to morrow.
Ca. Well, get you gone, a Thurſday, be it then:
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, againſt this wedding day.
Farewell my lord, light to my chamber ho,
Afore me, it is ſo very late, that me may call it early by and by,
Goodnight. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo *and* Iuliet *aloft.*

Iu. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day:

* *herewith.*

It was the nightingale, and not the larke,
That pierſt the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the nightingale.

Ro. It was the larke the herauld of the morne,
No nightingale, looke loue what enuious ſtreakes
Do lace the ſeuering cloudes in yonder eaſt:
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond day
Stands tipto on the myſtie mountaines tops,
I muſt be gone and liue, or ſtay and die.

Iu. Yond light is not day light, I know it I:
It is ſome meteor that the ſun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua.*
Therefore ſtay yet, thou needſt not to be gone.

Ro. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, ſo thou wilt haue it ſo.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the mornings eye,
Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthias* brow.
Nor that is not the larke whoſe noates doe beate
The vaulty heauen ſo high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to ſtay then will to go:
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wills it ſo.
How iſt my ſoule, lets talke it is not day.

Iu. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the larke that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh diſcords, and vnpleaſing ſharpes.
Some ſay the larke makes ſweete diuiſion.
This doth not ſo: for ſhe deuideth vs.
Some ſay the larke and loathed toad change eyes,
O now I would they had changde voyces too:
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with huntſup to the day,
O now be gone, more light and light it growes.

Romeo. More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.

Enter

Enter madame and Nurſe.

Nur. Madam.

Iu. Nurſe.

Nur. Your lady mother is cumming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Iu. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Ro. Farewell, farewell, one kiſſe and Ile deſcend.

Iu. Art thou gone ſo, loue, lord, ay huſband, friend,
I muſt heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many daies,
O by this count I ſhall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo.*

Ro. Farewell:
I will omit no oportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.

Iu. O thinkeſt thou we ſhall euer meete againe?

Ro. I doubt it not, and all theſe woes ſhall ſerue
For ſweete diſcourſes in our time to come.

Ro. O God I haue an ill diuining ſoule,
Me thinkes I ſee thee now, thou art ſo lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,
Either my eye-ſight failes, or thou lookeſt pale.

Rom. And truſt me loue, in my eye ſo doe you:
Drie ſorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue. *Exit.*

Iu. O fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renowmd for faith? be fickle fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But ſend him backe.

Enter mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you vp?

Iu. Who iſt that calls? it is my lady mother.

Is ſhe not downe ſo late or vp ſo early ?
What vnaccuſtomd cauſe procures her *either** ?
La. Why how now *Iuliet*.
Iu. Madam I am not well.
La. Euermore weeping for your cozins death ?
What wilt thou waſh him from his graue with teares ?
And if thou couldſt, thou couldſt not make him liue :
Therefore haue done, ſome griefe ſhewes much of loue,
But much of griefe, ſhewes ſtill ſome want of wit.
Iu. Yet let me weepe, for ſuch a feeling loſſe,
La. So ſhall you feele the loſſe, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.
Iu. Feeling ſo the loſſe,
I cannot chuſe but euer weepe the friend.
La. Well girle, thou weepſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the villaine liues which ſlaughtered him.
Iu. What villaine madam ?
La. That ſame villaine *Romeo*.
Iu. Villaine and he be many miles a ſunder :
God pardon, I doe withall my heart :
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.
La. That is becauſe the traitor liues.
Iu. I madam from the reach of theſe my hands :
Would none but I might venge my cozins death.
La. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile ſend to one in *Mantua*,
Where that ſame baniſht runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him ſuch an vnaccuſtomd dram,
That he ſhall ſoone keepe *Tibalt* company :
And then I hope thou wilt be ſatisfied.
Iu. Indeede I neuer ſhall be ſatisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart ſo for a kinſman vext :
Madam if you could find out but a man

* *Either.*

To

To beare a poyſon, I would temper it :
That *Romeo* ſhould vpon receit thereof,
Soone ſleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him namde and cannot come to him,
To wreake the loue I bore my cozin,
Vpon his body that hath ſlaughtered him.

Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find ſuch a man,
But now Ile tell thee ioyfull tidings gyrle.

Iu. And ioy comes well in ſuch a needy time,
What are *they* *, beſeech your ladyſhip ?

M. Well, well, thou haſt a carefull father child.
One who to put thee from thy heauines,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.

Iu. Madam in happy time, what day is that ?

M. Marry my child, early next Thurſday morne,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The countie *Paris* at ſaint *Peters* church,
Shall happly make thee there a ioyfull bride.

Iu. Now by ſaint *Peters* church, and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a ioyfull bride.
I wonder at this haſt, that I muſt wed
Ere he that *ſhould* † be huſband comes to wooe :
I pray you tell my lord and father madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I ſweare
It ſhall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*, theſe are newes indeede.

M. Here comes your father, tell him ſo your ſelfe:
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet *and* Nurſe.

Ca. When the ſun ſets, the earth doth driſle deaw,
But for the ſunſet of my brothers ſonne,
It raines downright. How now a conduit girle, what ſtill in teares.

* *they*, *I.* † *muſt.*

Euermore ſhowring in one little body ?
Thou counterfaits. A barke, a ſea, a wind :
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Doe ebbe and flow with teares, the barke thy body is :
Sayling in this ſalt floud, the windes thy ſighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
Without a ſudden calme will ouer ſet
Thy tempeſt toſſed body. How now wife,
Haue you deliuered to her our decree ?

La. I ſir, but ſhe will none, ſhe giues you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue.

Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,
How will ſhee none ? doth ſhe not giue vs thanks ?
Is ſhe not proud ? doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Vnworthy as ſhe is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroome ?

Iu. Not proud you haue, but thankfull that you haue :
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate, *that is meant** loue.

Ca. How now, how now, chopt lodgick, what is this ?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud miſtriſſe minion you ?
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine ioints gainſt Thurſday next,
To go with *Paris* to ſaint *Peters* church :
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out you greene ſickneſſe carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.

La. Fie, fie, what are you mad ?

Iu. Good father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience, but to ſpeake a word.

Fa. Hang thee young baggage, diſobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to church a Thurſday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.

* *thats meant in.*

Speake

Speake not, replie not, do not-anſwere me.
My fingers itch, wife, we ſcarce thought vs bleſt,
That God had lent vs but this onely child,
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curſe in hauing her :
Out on her hilding.
Nur. God in heauen bleſſe her :
You are too blame my lord to rate her ſo.
Fa. And why my lady wiſdom, hold your tongue,
Good prudence, ſmatter with your goſſips, go.
Nur. I ſpeake no treaſon,
* Father, O godigeden,
May not one ſpeake ?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a goſſips bowle,
For here we need it not.
Wi. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad,
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, ſtill my care hath bin
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly allied,
Stuft *as they ſay* † with honourable parts,
Proportioned as ones thought would wiſh a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To anſwere, Ile not wed, I cannot loue :
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But and you will not wed, Ile pardon you,
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me:
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vſe to ieſt.

* This line is given to the father, and the following one to the nurſe.
† *(as they ſay.)*

Thurſday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduiſe,
And you be mine, Ile giue you to my friend,
And you be not, hang, beg, ſtarue, dye in the ſtreets,
For by my ſoule, Ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall neuer doe thee good:
Truſt too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forſworne. *Exit.*

Iuliet. Is there no pitie ſitting in the cloudes,
That ſees into the bottome of my griefe?
O ſweet my mother caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the bridall bed
In that dim monument where *Tibalt* lies,

Mo. Talke not to me, for Ile not ſpeake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*

Iuliet. O God. O nurſe, how ſhall this be preuented?
My huſband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How ſhall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnleſſe that huſband ſend it me from heauen,
By leauing earth? comfort me, counſaile me:
Alacke, alacke, that heauen ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Vpon ſo ſoft a ſubiect as my ſelfe.
What ſaiſt thou, haſt thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort nurſe.

Nur. Faith here it is, *Romeo* is baniſhed, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I thinke it beſt you married with the countie,
O hees a louely gentleman:
Romeos a diſhclout to him, an eagle madam
Hath not ſo greene, ſo quicke, ſo faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, beſhrow my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this ſecond match,

For

For it excels your firſt, or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead, or twere as good he were,
As liuing here and you no vſe of him.
Iu. Speakeſt thou from thy heart ?
Nur. And from my ſoule too, or elſe beſhrew them both.
Iu. Amen.
Nur. What ?
Iu. Well thou haſt comforted me maruailous much,
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Hauing diſpleaſde my father, to *Lawrence* cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolu'd.
Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wiſely done.
Iu. Auncient damnation, O moſt wicked fiend,
Is it more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworne,
Or to diſpraiſe my lord with that ſame tongue,
Which ſhe hath praiſde him with aboue compare,
So many thouſand times ? Goe counſellor,
Thou and my boſome henceforth ſhall be twaine:
Ile to the frier to know his remedie,
If all elſe faile, my ſelfe haue power to die. *Exit.*

Enter Frier *and countie* Paris.

Fri. On Thurſday ſir, the time is very ſhort.
Pa. My father *Capulet* will haue it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlacke his haſt.
Fri. You ſay you doe not know the ladies minde ?
Vneuen is the courſe, I like it not.
Pa. Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tibalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares,
Now ſir, her father counts it dangerous
That ſhe doth giue her ſorrow ſo much ſway:
And in his wiſedome haſts our mariage,

To

To ſtop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her ſelfe alone,
May be put from her by ſocietie.
Now doe you know the reaſon of this haſt?
Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlowed.
Looke ſir here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Iuliet.

Par. Happily met my lady and my wife.
Iu. That may be ſir, when I may be a wife.
Pa. That may be, muſt be loue, on Thurſday next.
Iu. What muſt be ſhall be.
Fri. Thats a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this father?
Iu. To anſwere that, I ſhould confeſſe to you.
Pa. Do not denie to him, that you loue me.
Iu. I will confeſſe to you that I loue him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure that you loue me.
Iu. If I do ſo, it will be of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your backe, then to your face.
Par. Poore ſoule thy face is much abuſd with teares.
Iu. The teares haue got ſmall victorie by that,
For it was bad inough before their ſpight.
Pa. Thou wrongſt it more then teares with that report.
Iu. That is no ſlaunder ſir, which is a truth,
And what I ſpake, I ſpake it to my face.
Pa. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlaundred it.
Iu. It may be ſo, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leiſure, holy father now,
Or ſhall I come to you at euening maſſe?
Fri. My leiſure ſerues me penſiue daughter now,
My lord we muſt intreat the time alone.
Pa. Godſhield, I ſhould diſturbe deuotion,

Iuliet,

Iuliet, on Thurſday early will I rowſe yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kiſſe. *Exit.*
Iu. O ſhut the doore, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weepe with me, paſt hope, paſt care, paſt helpe.
Fri. O *Iuliet*, I already know thy griefe,
It ſtraines me paſt the compaſſe of my wits,
I heare thou muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thurſday next be married to this countie.
Iu. Tell me not frier that thou heareſt of this,
Vnleſſe thou tell me how I may preuent it:
If in thy wiſedome thou canſt giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife, Ile helpe it preſently,
God ioynd my heart, and *Romeos*, thou our hands
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeos* ſeald:
Shall be the labell to another deede,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experienſt time,
Giue me ſome preſent counſell, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloudy knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commiſſion of thy yeares and art,
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring:
Be not ſo long to ſpeake, I long to die,
If what thou ſpeakſt, ſpeake not of remedy.
Fri. Hold daughter, I doe ſpie a kind of hope,
Which craues as deſperat an execution.
As that is deſperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie countie *Paris*
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſlay thy ſelfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,

That

That coapſt with death himſelfe, to ſcape from it.
And if thou dareſt, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iu. Oh bid me leape, rather then marry *Paris*,
From of the battlements of any tower,
Or walke in theeuiſh waies, or bid me lurke
Where ſerpēts are: chaine me with roaring beares
Or hide me nightly in a charnell houſe,
Orecouered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie ſhankes and yealow *chappels* * ſculls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in *his* †
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnſtaind wife to my ſweet loue.
Fri. Hold then, goe home, be merrie, giue conſent,
To marrie *Paris*: Wenſday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurſe lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this violl being then in bed,
And this diſtilling liquor drinke thou off,
When preſently through all thy veines ſhall run,
A cold and drowſie humour: for no pulſe
Shall keepe his natiue progreſſe but ſurceaſe
No warmth, no breath ſhall teſtifie thou liueſt,
The roſes in thy lips and cheekes ſhall fade
Too many ‡ aſhes, *the* § eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he ſhuts vp the day of life
Each part depriu'd of ſupple gouernment,
Shall ſtiffe and ſtarke, and cold appeare like death;
And in this borrowed likeneſſe of ſhrunke death
Thou ſhalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake as from a pleaſant ſleepe.

* *chapleſſe.* † *his ſhroud.* ‡ *to paly.* § *thy.*

Now

Now when the bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy beſt robes vncouered on the beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame,
If no inconſtant *toy* * nor womaniſh feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Iu. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of feare.

Fri. Hold get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this reſolue, Ile ſend a frier with ſpeed
To *Mantua* with my letters to thy lord.

Iu. Loue giue me ſtrength, and ſtrength ſhall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father. *Exit.*

Enter father Capulet, *mother*, Nurſe, *and ſeruing men, two or three.*

Ca. So many gueſts inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cookes,

Ser. You ſhall haue none ill ſir, for Ile trie if they can licke their fingers.

Ca. How canſt thou trie them ſo?

Ser. Marrie ſir, tis an ill cooke that cānot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers goes not with me.

* *ioy.*

Ca.

Ca. Go be gone, we ſhall be much vnfurniſht for this time:
What is my daughter gone to frier *Lawrence?*

Nur. I forſooth.

Ca. Well he may chance to do ſome good on her,
A peeuiſh ſelfe wilde harlotry it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Nur. See where ſhe comes from ſhrift with merrie looke.

Ca. How now my headſtrong, where haue you bin gadding?

Iu. Where I haue learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition,
To you and your beheſts, and am enioynd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall proſtrate here,
To beg your pardon, pardon I beſeech you,
Henceforward I am euer ruld by you.

Ca. Send for the countie, goe tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.

Iuli. I met the youthfull lord at *Lawrence* cell,
And gaue him what *becomd** loue I might,
Not ſtepping ore the bounds of modeſtie.

Ca. Why I am glad ont, this is well, ſtand vp,
This is aſt ſhould be, let me ſee the county:
I marrie go I ſay and fetch him hether.
Now afore God, this reuerend holy frier,
All our whole citie is much bound to him.

Iu. Nurſe, will you goe with me into my cloſet,
To helpe me ſort ſuch needful ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furniſh me to morrow?

Mo. No not till Thurſday, there is time inough.

Fa. Go nurſe, go with her, weele to church to morrow.

Exeunt.

Mo. We ſhall be ſhort in our prouiſion,
Tis now neare night.

* *becommed.*

Fa.

Fa. Tuſh, I will ſtirre about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huſwife for this once, what ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my ſelfe
To countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him
Againſt to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this ſame wayward gyrle is ſo reclaimed. *Exit.*

Enter Iuliet *and* Nurſe.

Iu. I thoſe attires are beſt, but gentle nurſe
I pray thee leaue me to my ſelfe to night:
For I haue need of many oryſons,
To moue the heauens to ſmile vpon my ſtate,
Which wel thou knoweſt, is croſſe and ful of ſin.

Enter mother.

Mo. What are you buſie ho? need you my help?
Iu. No madam, we haue culd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoofefull for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurſe this night ſit vp with you,
For I am ſure, you haue your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſſe.
Mo. Good night.
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need.
Exeunt.
Iu. Farewell, God knowes when we ſhall meete againe.
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almoſt freezes vp the heate of life:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurſe, what ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmall ſceane I needs muſt act alone.

Come

Come viall, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it, lie thou there,
What if it be a poyſon which the frier
Subtilly hath miniſtred, to haue me dead,
Leaſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonourd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo?*
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill beene tried a holy man.
How if when I am laid into the tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me, theres a fearefull point:
Shall I not then be ſtiffled in the vault?
To whoſe foule mouth no healthſome ayre breaths in,
And there die ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a vaulte, an ancient receptacle,
Where for theſe many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried aunceſtors are packt,
Where bloody *Tybalt* yet but greene in earth,
Lies feſtring in his ſhrowd, where as they ſay,
At ſome houres in the night, ſpirits reſort:
Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmels,
And ſhrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them run mad,
Or if I walke, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
Inuironed with all theſe hidious feares,
And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?
And plucke the mangled *Tybalt* from his ſhrowde,
And in this rage, with ſome great kinſmans bone,
As with a club daſh out my deſperate braines.

O looke,

O looke, me thinks I ſee my cozins ghoſt,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did ſpit his body
Vpon a rapiers point : ſtay *Tybalt*, ſtay ;
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heres drinke, I drinke to thee.

Enter lady of the houſe and Nurſe.

La. Hold, take theſe keies, and fetch more ſpices nurſe.
Nur. They cáll for dates and quinces in the paſtrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Ca. Come ſtir, ſtir, ſtir, the ſecond cocke hath crowed,
The curphew bell hath roung, tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for coſt.
Nur. Go you cot-queane, go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be ſicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Ca. No not a whit, what ? I haue watcht ere now
All night for leſſe cauſe, and nere beene ſicke.
La. I you haue bin a mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from ſuch watching now.

Exit lady and Nurſe.

Ca. A iealous hood, a iealous hood, now fellow, what is there ?

Enter three or foure with ſpits and logs and baskets.

Fel. Things for the cooke ſir, but I know not what.
Ca. Make haſte, make haſte ſirra, fetch drier logs.
Call *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.
Fel. I haue a head ſir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Ca. Maſſe and well ſaid, a merrie horſon, ha,
Thou ſhalt be loggerhead ; good father tis day.

Play muſicke.

The countie will be here with muſicke ſtraight,
For ſo he ſaid he would, I heare him neere.
Nurſe, wife, what ho, what nurſe I ſay ?

Enter Nurſe.

Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*, hie, make haſte,
Make haſte, the bridegroome, he is come already, make haſte I ſay.

Nur. Miſtris, what miſtris, *Iuliet*, faſt I warrant her ſhe,
Why lambe, why lady, fie you ſluggabed,
Why loue I ſay, madam, ſweet heart, why bride :
What not a word, you take your *peniworths* * now,
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The countie *Paris* hath ſet vp his reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little, God forgiue me.
Marrie and amen : how ſound is ſhe a ſleepe :
I muſt needs wake her : madam, madam, madam,
I, let the countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be ?
What dreſt, and in your clothes, and downe againe ?
I muſt needs wake you, lady, lady, lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my ladyes dead.
Oh weleaday, that euer I was borne,
Some aqua-vitæ ho, my lord, my lady.

Mo. What noiſe is heere ?

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. What is the matter ?

Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day.

Mo. O me, O me, my child, my onely life :

* *penniworth.*

Reuiue,

Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For ſhame bring *Iuliet* forth, her lord is come:
Nur. Shees dead: deceaſt, ſhees dead, alacke the day.
M. Alack the day, ſhees dead, ſhees dead, ſhees dead.
Fa. Hah let me ſee her, out alas ſhees cold,
Her blood is ſetled and her ioynts are ſtiffe:
Life and theſe lips haue long bene ſeperated,
Death lies on her like an vntimely froſt
Vpon the ſweeteſt flower of all the field.
Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. O wofull time.
Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Ties vp my tongue and will not let me ſpeake.

Enter Frier *and the Countie* *

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Fa. Ready to go, but neuer to returne.
O ſonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife, there ſhe lies
Flower as ſhe was, deflowred by him,
Death is my ſonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.
Paris. Haue I thought long to ſee this mornings face,
And doth it giue me ſuch a ſight as this?
Mo. Accurſt, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,
Moſt miſerable houre that ere time ſaw
In laſting labour of his pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and louing child,

* *Countie with muſicians.*

But one thing to reioyce and ſolace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my ſight.
Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Moſt lamentable day, moſt wofull day,
That euer, euer, I did yet behold,
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was ſeene ſo blacke a day as this,
O wofull day, O wofull day.
Par. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlaine,
Moſt deteſtable death, by thee beguild,
By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne,
O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.
Fat. Deſpiſde, diſtreſſed, hated, martird, kild,
Vncomfortable time, why camſt thou now,
To murther, murther our ſolemnitie ?
O child, O child, my ſoule and not my child,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my ioyes are buried.
Fri. Peace ho for ſhame, confuſions, care liues not
In theſe confuſions, heauen and your ſelfe
Had part in this faire maid, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid :
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keepes his part in eternall life :
The moſt you ſought was her promotion,
For twas your heauen ſhe ſhould be aduanſt,
And weepe ye now, ſeeing ſhe is aduanſt
Aboue the cloudes, as high as heauen it ſelfe.
O in this loue, you loue your child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well :
Shees not well married, that liues married long,
But ſhees beſt married, that dies married yong.
Drie vp your teares, and ſticke your roſemarie
On this faire coarſe, and as the cuſtome is,

And

And in her beſt array beare her to church :
For though ſome nature bids vs all lament,
Yet natures teares are reaſons merriment.
Fa. All things that we ordained feſtiuall,
Turne from their office to blacke funerall :
Our inſtruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheare to a ſad *buriall* * feaſt :
Our ſolemne hymnes to ſullen dyrges change ;
Our bridall flowers ſerue for a buried coarſe :
And all things change them to the contrarie.
Fri. Sir go you in ; and madam, go with him,
And go ſir *Paris*, euery one prepare
To follow this faire coarſe vnto her graue :
The heauens do lowre vpon you for ſome ill :
Moue them no more, by croſſing their high will.

Exeunt manet †.

Muſi. Faith we may put vp our pipes and be gone.
Nur. Honeſt goodfellowes, ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull caſe.
Fid. I by my troath, the caſe may be amended.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Will Kempe ‡.

Peter. Muſitions, oh muſitions, harts eaſe, harts eaſe,
O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts eaſe,
Fidler. Why harts eaſe ?
Peter. O muſitions, becauſe my hart it ſelfe plaies, my hart is *full* §.
O play me ſome merrie dumpe to comfort me.
Minſtrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then ?
Min. No.
Pet. I will then giue it you ſoundly.

* *funeral.* † *manent muſici.* ‡ Peter. § *full of woe.*

Min. What will you giue vs?

Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the minſtrell.

Min. Then will I giue you the ſeruing creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the ſeruing creatures dagger on your pate. I will carie no crochets, Ile re you, Ile fa you, do you note me?

Min. And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs.

2 *M.* Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit. Then haue at you with my wit.

Peter. I will drie-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my yron dagger.
Anſwere me like men.
When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then muſique with her ſiluer ſound.
Why ſiluer ſound, why muſicke with her ſiluer ſound, what ſay you *Simon Catling*.

Min. Mary ſir, becauſe ſiluer hath a ſweet ſound.

Pet. Prateſt *, what ſay you *Hugh Rebick?*

2 *M.* I ſay ſiluer ſound, becauſe muſitions ſound for ſiluer.

Pet. Prateſt * to, what ſay you *Iames Sound poſt?*

3 *M.* Faith I know nót what to ſay.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the ſinger.
I will ſay for you; it is muſicke with her ſiluer ſound,
Becauſe muſitions haue no gold for ſounding:
Then muſicke with her ſiluer ſound with ſpeedy helpe doth lend redreſſe. *Exit.*

Min. What a peſtilent knaue is this ſame?

M. 2. Hang him iacke, come weele in here, tatrie for the mourners, and ſtay dinner. *Exit* †.

Enter Romeo.

Ro. If I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleepe,

* *Pratee.* † *Exeunt.*

My

My dreames preſage ſome ioyfull newes at hand,
My boſomes *L**. ſits lightly *in* † in his throne:
And all this day an vnaccuſtomd ſpirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,
Strange *dreame* ‡ that *giues* § a dead man leaue to thinke,
And breathd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an emperor.
Ah me, how ſweet is loue it ſelfe poſſeſt,
When but loues ſhadowes are ſo rich in ioy.

Enter Romeos *man* ‖.

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer?*
Doſt thou not bring me letters from the frier?
How doth my lady, is my father well?
How doth my lady *Iuliet?* that I aſke againe,
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.

Man. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body ſleepes in *Capels* monument,
And her immortall part with angells liues,
I ſaw her laid low in her kindreds vault,
And preſently tooke poſte to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office ſir.

Ro. Is it euen ſo? then I denie you ſtarres.
Thou knoweſt my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire poſt horſes, I will hence to night.

Man. I do beſeech you ſir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import
Some miſaduenture.

Ro. Tuſh thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Haſt thou no letters to me from the frier?

* *lord.* † *on.* ‡ *dreams.* § *give.* ‖ *man* Balthazar.

Man. No my good lord. *Exit.*

Ro. No matter, get thee gone,
And hyre thoſe horſes, Ile be with thee ſtraight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets ſee for meanes, O miſchiefe thou art ſwift
To enter in the thoughts of deſperate men:
I do remember an appothecarie,
And here abouts *a* * dwels, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of ſimples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miſerie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie ſhop a tortoys hung,
An allegater ſtuft, and other ſkins
Of ill ſhapte fiſhes, and about his ſhelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders and muſtie ſeedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of roſes
Were thinly ſcattered, to make vp a ſhew.
Noting this penury, to myſelfe I ſaid,
An † if a man did need a poyſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a caitiffe wretch would ſell it him.
O this ſame thought did but forerun my need,
And this ſame needie man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe,
Being holy day the beggers ſhop is ſhut.
What ho appothecarie:

Appo. Who calls ſo lowd?

Rom. Come hither man, I ſee that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyſon, ſuch ſoone ſpeeding geare,
As will diſperſe it ſelfe through all the veines,

* *be.* † *And.*

That

That the life-wearie taker may fall dead,
And that the trunke may be diſchargd of breath,
As violently, as haſtie powder fierd
Doth hurry from the fatall canons wombe.
Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* law
Is death to any he that vtters them.
Ro. Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſſe,
And feareſt to die, famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppreſſion ſtarueth in *thy* * eyes,
Contempt and beggery *hangs* † vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,
The world affoords no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.
Po. My pouerty, but not my will conſents.
Ro I pray thy pouerty and not thy will.
Po. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.
Ro. There is thy gold, worſe poyſon to mens ſoules,
Doing more *murther* ‡ in this loathſome world,
Then theſe poore compounds that thou maieſt not ſell,
I ſell thee poyſon, thou haſt ſold me none,
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy ſelfe in fleſh.
Come cordiall and not poyſon, go with me
To *Iuliets* graue, for there muſt I vſe thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter frier Iohn *to frier* Lawrence.

Ioh. Holy *Franciſcan* frier, brother, ho.

Enter Lawrence.

Law. This ſame ſhould be the voice of frier *Iohn,*
Welcome from *Mantua,* what ſayes *Romeo?*
Or if his mind be writ, giue me his letter.

* *thine.* † *hang.* ‡ *murders.*

Io.

Ioh. Going to find a barefoote brother out,
One of our order to aſſociate me,
Here in this citie viſiting the ſicke,
And finding him, the ſearchers of the towne
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe,
Where the infectious peſtilence did raigne,
Seald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.

Law. Who bare my letter then to *Romeo?*

Iohn. I could not ſend it, here it is againe,
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.

Law. Vnhappie fortune, by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it,
May do much danger: frier *Iohn* go hence,
Get me an iron crow and bring it ſtraight
Vnto my cell.

Iohn. Brother Ile go and bring it thee. *(Exit.*

Law. Now muſt I to the monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beſhrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,
And keepe her at my cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing coarſe, cloſde in a dead mans tombe. *(Exit.*

Enter Paris *and his page.*

Par. Giue me thy torch boy, hence and ſtand aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeene:
Vnder yond young trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare cloſe to the hollow ground,
So ſhall no foot vpon the churchyard tread,
Being looſe, vnfirme with digging vp of graues,

But

But thou ſhalt heare it, whiſtle then to me,
As ſignall that thou heareſt ſome thing approach,
Giue me thoſe flowers, do as I bid thee, go.
Pag. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the church-yard, yet I will aduenture.
Par. Sweet flower with flowers thy bridall bed I ſtrew,
O woe, thy canapie is duſt and ſtones,
Which with ſweet water nightly I will *dewe* *,
Or wanting that, with teares diſtild by mones;
The obſequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly ſhall be, to ſtrew thy graue and weepe.

Whiſtle boy.

The boy giues warning, ſomething doth approach,
What curſed foot wanders this way to night,
To croſſe my obſequies and true loues right?
What with a torch? muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo *and* Peter.

Ro. Giue me the mattocke and the wrenching iron.
Hold take this letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my lord and father,
Giue me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou heareſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious ring: a ring that I muſt vſe,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou iealous doſt returne to prie
In what I farther ſhall intend to do,

* *new.*

By

By heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And ſtrew this hungry church-yard with thy lims:
The time and my intents are ſauage wilde,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie tygers, or the roaring ſea.

Pet. I will be gone ſir, and not trouble you.

Ro. So ſhalt thou ſhew me friendſhip, take thou that,
Liue and be proſperous, and farewell good fellow.

Pet. For all this ſame, Ile hide me here about.
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt,

Ro. Thou deteſtable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to open,
And in deſpight Ile cram thee with more food.

Pa. This is that baniſht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murdred my loues couzin; with which griefe,
It is ſuppoſed the faire creature died,
And here is come to do ſome villanous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle, vile *Mountague:*
Can vengeance be purſued further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou muſt die.

Rom. I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſperate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon theſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee youth,
Put not an other ſin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie, O be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my ſelfe,
For I come hither armde againſt my ſelfe:
Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter ſay,
A mad mans mercy *bid** thee run away.

* *bade*

Par.

Par. I do defie thy commiſſeration,
And apprehend thee for a fellon here.
Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee boy.
*O lord * they fight, I will go call the watch.*
Par. O I am ſlaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
Rom. In faith I will, let me peruſe this face,
Mercutius kinſman, noble countie *Paris*,
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* ſhould haue married *Iuliet*.
Said he not ſo? or did I dreame it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was ſo? O giue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in ſowre misfortunes booke.
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A graue; O no, a lanthorne; ſlaughtred youth:
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her beautie makes
This vault a feaſting preſence full of light.
Death lie thou there by a dead man interd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they beene merrie? which their keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my loue, my wife,
Death that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy beautie:
Thou art not conquerd, beauties enſigne yet
Is crymſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tybalt lyeſt thou there in thy bloudy ſheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To ſunder his that was thine enemie?

* *Page.* O Lord, *&c.*

Forgiue

Forgiue me couzen. Ah deare *Iuliet*,
Why art thou yet ſo faire ? I will beleeue,
Shall I beliue, that vnſubſtantiall death is amorous
And that the leane abhorred monſter keepes
Thee here in darke to be his paramour ?
For feare of that, I ſtill will ſtay with thee,
And neuer from this pallace of dym night
Depart againe, *come lie thou in my arme,*
Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumbleſt in.*
O true appothecarie !
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I die.
Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,
With wormes that are thy chambermaides : O here
Will I ſet vp my euerlaſting reſt :
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtarres
From this world-wearied fleſh, eyes looke your laſt :
Armes take your laſt embrace : and lips, O you
The doores of breath, ſeale with a righteous kiſſe
A dateleſſe bargaine to ingroſſing death :
Come bitter conduct, come vnfauory guide,
Thou deſperate pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rocks, thy ſea-ſicke weary barke :
Heer's to my loue. O true appothecary ;
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I die.

Enter Frier *with lanthorne, crow and ſpade.*

Fri. St. *Francis* be my ſpeed, how oft to night
Haue my old feet ſtumbled at graues ? Whoes there ?
Man. Heres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.
Fri. Bliſſe be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainely lends his light.

* This line and a half is wanting in the edition of 1637, and ſeveral of thoſe that follow are tranſpoſed.

To

To grubs and eyelesse sculles as I discerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.

Man. It doth so holy sir, and theres my master, one that you loue.

Fri. Who is it?

Man. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an houre.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Man. I dare not sir,
My master knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to looke on his entents.

Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feare comes vpon me.
O much I feare some ill vnluckie thing.

Man. As I did sleepe under this young tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo.
Alacke alacke, what bloud is this which staines
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What meane these masterlesse and goarie swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who else, what *Paris* too?
And steept in blood? ah what an vnkind houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The lady stirs.

Iuli. O comfortable frier, where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo?*

Fri. I heare some noyse lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe;
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,

Thy

Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too, come Ile dispose of thee,
Among a sisterhood of holy nunnes:
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming,
Come, go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer stay. *Exit.*

Iuli. Go get thee hence, for I will not away,
Whats here? a cup closd in my true loues hand?
Poyson I see hath bin his timeless end:
O churle, drinke all, and *left* * no friendly drop
To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happlie some poyson yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restoratiue.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy *and* Watch.

Watch. Leade boy, which way?

Iuli. Yea noise? then Ile be briefe. O happie dagger.
This is thy sheath, there rust and let me die.

Watch boy. This is the place, there where the torch doth burne.

Watch. The ground is bloody, search about the churchyard.
Go some of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull sight, here lies the countie slaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme, and newly dead:
Who here hath laine these two dayes buried,
Go tell the prince, runne to the *Capulets*.
Raise vp the *Mountagues*, some others search,
We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

* *leaue.*

Enter

Enter Romeos *man.*

Watch. Heres *Romeos* man, we found him in the church-yard.

Chiefe Watch. Hold him in ſafetie, till the prince come hither.

Enter Frier, *and another Watchman.*

3 *Watch.* Here is a frier that trembles, ſighes, and weepes,
We tooke this mattocke and this ſpade from him,
As he was comming from this church-yard ſide.

Chief. Watch. A great ſuſpition, ſtay the frier too, too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What miſaduenture is ſo early vp,
That calls our perſon from our morning reſt?

Enter Capels *.

Ca. What ſhould it be that they ſo ſhrike abroad?

Wife. O the people in the ſtreete crie *Romeo*,
Some *Iuliet*, and ſome *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our monument.

Pr. What feare is this which ſtartles in your eares?

Watch. Soueraigne, here lies the countie *Paris* ſlaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warm and new kild.

Prin. Search, ſeeke and know how this foule murder comes.

Wat. Here is a frier, and ſlaughterd *Romeos* man,
With inſtruments vpon them fit to open
Theſe dead mens tombes.

Enter Capulet *and his wife* †.

Ca. O heauen! O wife looke how our daughter bleedes!
This dagger hath miſtane, for loe his houſe

* *Capulet and his wife.* † *Enter &c.* omitted.

Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is misheath'd in my daughters bosome.
Wi. O me, this sight of death, is as a bell
That warnes my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Pri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy sonne and heire, now early downe.
Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my sonnes exile hath stopt her breath.
What further woe conspires against my age?
Prin. Looke and thou shalt see.
Moun. O thou vntaught, what manners is in this,
To presse before thy father to a graue?
Pri. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head their true descent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And lead you euen to death, meane time forbeare,
And let mischance be slaue to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspition.
Fri. I am the greatest able to doe least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direfull murther:
And heare I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excusde.
Prin. Then say at once what thou dost know in this?
Frier. I will bee briefe for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And she there dead, *thats* Romeos* faithfull wife:
I married them, and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doomesday, whose vntimely death

* *that*

Banisht

Baniſht the new-made bridegroome from this citie,
For whom, and not for *Tibalt*, *Iuliet* pin'd.
You, to remoue that ſiege of griefe from her
Betroth'd and would haue married her perforce
To county *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And with wild lookes bid me deuiſe ſome meanes
To rid her from this ſecond marriage:
Or in my cell there would ſhe kill her ſelfe.
Then gaue I her (ſo tuterd by my art)
A ſleeping potion, which ſo tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death, meane time I writ to *Romeo*
That he ſhould hither come as this dire night
To help to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the potions force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, frier *Iohn*,
Was ſtayed by accident, and yeſternight
Returned my letter back, then all alone
At the prefixed hower of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindreds vault,
Meaning to keepe her cloſely at my cell,
Till I conueniently could ſend to *Romeo*.
But when I came ſome minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here vntimely lay,
The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth
And beare this worke of heauen with patience:
But then a noiſe did ſcare me from the tombe,
And ſhe too deſperate would not goe with me:
But as it ſeemes, did violence on her ſelfe.
All this I know, and to the marriage her nurſe is priuie:
And if ought in this miſcaried by my fault,
Let my old life be ſacrific'd ſome houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of ſeuereſt law.

Prin. We ſtill haue knowne thee for a holy man,
Whers *Romeos* man? what can he ſay to this?
Balth. I brought my maſter newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in poſt he came from *Mantua*,
To this ſame place. To this ſame monument
This letter he early bid me giue his father,
And threatned me with death, going into the vault,
If I departed not, and leaft him there.
Prin. Giue me the letter I will looke on it.
Where is the counties page that raiſd the watch?
Sirrah what made your maſter in this place?
Boy. He came with flowers to ſtrew his ladies graue,
And bid me ſtand aloofe, and ſo I did,
Anon comes one with light to ope the tombe
And by and by my maiſter drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the watch.
Prin. This letter doth make good the friers words,
Their courſe of loue the tidings of her death,
And here he writes that he did buy a poyſon
Of a poore pothecarie, and there withall,
Came to this vault, to die and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be theſe enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague?*
See what a ſcourge is laide vpon your hate?
That heauen finds means to kil your ioyes with loue,
And I for winking at your diſcords too,
Haue loſt a braſe of kinſmen, all are puniſht.
Cap. O brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
This is my daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demaund.
Moun. But I can giue thee more,
For I will *raie* * her ſtatue in pure gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,

* *raiſe.*

There

There ſhall no figure at that rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithfull *Iuliet*.
Cap. As rich ſhall *Romeos* by his ladies lie,
Poore ſacrifices of our enmitie.
Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The ſun for ſorrow will not ſhew his head:
Go hence to haue more talke of theſe ſad things,
Some ſhall be pardoned, and ſome puniſhed.
For neuer was a ſtorie of more woe,
Then this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

FINIS.

☞ This Play has been collated with another Copy printed in 1637; *R. Young*, for *Iohn Smethwicke*.

THE TRAGICALL HISTORIE OF HAMLET PRINCE of DENMARKE.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Newly imprinted, and enlarged to almoſt as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie.

At LONDON:

Printed for *Iohn Smethwicke*, and are ſold at his ſhoppe in Saint *Dunſtons* Church yeard in Fleetſtreet, under the Dial 1611.

☞ This Copy has been collated with the following Editions.

1605. *I. R.* for *N. L.*

1637. *R. Young*, for *Iohn Smethwicke.*

No date. *W. S.* for *Iohn Smethwicke.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET Prince *of* Denmarke.

Enter Bernardo, *and* Franciſco, *two centinels.*

Bar.

WHOSE * there?

Fran. Nay anſwer me, Stand and vnfold you ſelfe.

Bar. Long liue the king,

Fran. Barnardo.

Bar. Hee.

Fran. You come moſt carefully vpon your houre.

Bar. Tis now ſtrooke twelue, get thee to bed *Franciſco.*

Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,
And I am ſick at heart.

Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouſe ſtirring.

Bar. Well, good night:
If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus*
The riuals of my watch, bid them make haſt.

* *who's*

Enter

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them, ſtand ho, who is there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And leegemen to the *Dane.*
Fran. Giue you good night.
Mar. O, farewell honeſt ſouldiers, who hath relieu'd you?
Fran. *Bernardo* hath my place; giue you good night.
Exit Fran.
Mar. Holla, *Barnardo.*
Bar. Say what is *Horatio* there?
Hora. A peece of him.
Bar. Welcome *Horatio,* welcome good *Marcellus,*
Hora What ha's this thing appeard againe to night?
Bar. I haue ſeene nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* ſayes tis but *a* * fantaſie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight twice ſeene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
Hee may approue our eyes and ſpeake to it.
Hora. Tuſh, tuſh, twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe awhile,
And let vs once againe aſſaile your eares,
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What wee haue two nights ſeene.
Hor. Well ſit wee downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* ſpeake of this.
Bar. Laſt night of all,
When yond ſame ſtarre thats weſtward from the pole;
Had made his courſe *t'illume* † that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my ſelfe
The bell then beating one.

* *our.* † *t'illumine.*

Enter

Enter Ghoſt.

Mar. Peace, breake thee off looke where it comes againe,
Bar. In the ſame figure like the king thats dead.
Mar. Thou art a ſcholler ſpeake to it *Horatio.*
Hora. Moſt like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.
Bar. It would be ſpoke to.
Mar. Speake to it *Horatio.*
Hora. What art thou that vſurpſt this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the maieſty of buried *Denmarke*
Did ſometimes march: by heauen I charge the ſpeake.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See it ſtaukes away.
Hora. Stay, ſpeake, ſpeake I charge thee ſpeake.
Exit Ghoſt.
Ma. Tis gone and will not anſwere.
Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke paie,
Is not this ſomething more then phantaſie?
What thinke you *of it* *?
Hora. Before my God I might not this beleeue,
Without the ſencible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hora. As thou art to thy ſelfe:
Such was the very armor hee had on,
When hee the ambitious *Norway* combated,
So frownde hee once when in an angry parle
Hee ſmote the ſleaded pollax on the ice.
Tis ſtrange.
Mar. Thus twice before and iump at this *dead*† houre,
With martiall ſtauke hath hee gone by our watch.
Hora. In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,

* *ont.* † *ſame.*

But

But in the groſſe and ſcope of mine opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our ſtate.
Mar. Good now ſit downe, and tell me hee that knowes,
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſeruant watch
So nightly toyles the ſubiect of the land,
And with ſuch dayly coſt of brazen cannon
And forraine marte for implements of warre,
Why ſuch impreſſe of ſhip-wrights, whoſe ſore taſke
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might bee toward, that this ſweaty haſt
Doth make the night ioynt *labourer* * with the day,
Who iſt that can informe mee?
Hora. That can I.
At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo, our laſt king,
Whoſe image euen but now appea'd to vs,
Was as you know by *Fortinbraſſe* of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulate pride
Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our knowne world eſteemd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbraſſe*, who by a ſeald compact
Well ratified by law and heraldry
Did forfait (with his life) all theſe his lands
Which he ſtood ſeaz'd of, to the conquerour.
Againſt the which a moity competent
Was gaged by our king, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbraſſe*,
Had hee beene *vanquiſher* †; as by the ſame comart,
And carriage of the articles deſeigne,
His fell to *Hamlet*; now ſir, young *Fortinbraſſe*
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the ſkirts of *Norway* heere and there
Sharkt vp a liſt of lawleſſe reſolutes
For food and diet to ſome enterpriſe

* *labour.* † *vanquiſh'd.*

That

That hath a ſtomake in't, *which* * no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our ſtate
But to recouer of vs by ſtrong hand
And tearmes compulſatory, thoſe foreſaid lands
So by his father loſt; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The ſource of this our watch, and the cheefe head
Of this poſt-haſt and romeage in the land.
Bar. I thinke it be no other but *euen ſo* † ;
Well may it ſort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch ſo like the king
That was and is the queſtion of theſe warres.
Hora. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye :
In the moſt high and palmy ſtate of *Rome*,
A little ere the mightieſt *Iulius* fell
The graues ſtood tennantleſſe, *and* ‡ the ſheeted dead
Did ſqueake and gibber in the *Romane* ſtreets
As ſtarres with traines of fire, and dewes of bloud
Diſaſters in the ſunne; and the moiſt ſtarre,
Vpon whoſe influence *Neptunes* empier ſtands,
Was ſick almoſt to doomeſday with eclipſe.
And euen the like precurſe of *fearce* ‖ euents
As harbingers preceading ſtill the fates
And prologue to the omen comming on
Haue heauen and earth together demonſtrated
Vnto our climatures and contrimen.

Enter Ghoſt.

But ſoft, behold, lo where it comes againe
Ile croſſe it though it blaſt mee : ſtay illuſion,
It ſpreads his armes.
If thou haſt any ſound or vſe of voice,
Speake to mee, if there be any good thing to bee done

* *which is.* † *enſo.* ‡ *and* omitted. ‖ *ſcar.*

That

That may to thee doe eaſe and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.
If thou art priuy to thy contryes fate
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd,
O ſpeake :
Or if thou haſt vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treaſure in the wombe of earth,
For which they ſay your ſpirits oft walke in death.
The cock crowes.
Speake of it, ſtay and ſpeake, ſtop it *Marcellus.*
Mar. Shall I ſtrike it with my partizan ?
Hor. Doe if it will not ſtand.
Bar. Tis heere.
Hor. Tis heere.
Mar. Tis gone,
We doe it wrong being ſo maieſticall
To offer it the ſhowe of violence,
For it is as the ayre invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.
Bar. It was about to ſpeake when the cock crew :
Hor. And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull ſummons ; I haue heard,
The cock that is the trumpet to the morne
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill ſounding throate
Awake the god of day, and at his warning
Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or ayre,
Th'extrauagant and erring ſpirit hyes
To his confine and of the truth heerein
This preſent obiect made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some ſay that euer gainſt that ſeaſon comes,
Wherein our Sauiours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning ſingeth all night long,

And

And then they ſay no ſpirit *dare* * ſturre abroade
The nights are wholſome, then no plannets ſtrike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme
So hallowed and ſo gratious is that time.
Hor. So haue I heard and doe in part beleeue it,
But looke the morne in ruſſet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dew of yon high eaſtward hill:
Breake wee our watch vp and by my aduiſe
Let vs impart what wee haue ſeen to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*, for vpon my life
This ſpirit dumb to vs, will ſpeake to him:
Doe you conſent wee ſhall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues fitting our duety.
Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know
Where wee ſhall find him moſt conuenient. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter Claudius, *king of* Denmarke, Gertrad *the queene, counſaile: as* Polonius, *and his ſonne* Laertes, Hamlet *cum aliis.*

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death
The memory bee greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe and our whole kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe,
Yet ſo farre hath diſcretion fought with nature,
That wee with wiſeſt ſorrow thinke on him
Together with remembrance of ourſelues:
Therefore our ſometime ſiſter, now our queene
Th'imperiall ioyntreſſe to this warlike ſtate
Haue wee as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auſpitious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in mariage
In equall ſcale waighing delight and dole

* *dares.*

Taken

Taken to wife: nor haue wee herein bard
Your better wiſdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now followes that you know yong *Fortinbraſſe*,
Holding a weake ſuppoſall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our ſtate to bee diſioynt, and out of frame
Colegued with this dreame of his aduantage
Hee hath not faild to peſter vs with meſſage
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe lands
Loſt by his father, with all bands of law
To our moſt valiant brother, ſo much for him.
Now for our ſelfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the buſines is, we haue here writ
To *Norway* vncle of young *Fortenbraſſe*
Who impotent and bedred ſcarcely heares
Of this his nephewes purpoſe; to ſuppreſſe
His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
The liſts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his *ſubiect* * and we heere diſpatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
For † bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giuing to you no further perſonall power
To buſines with the king, more then the ſcope
Of theſe delated articles allow:
Farwell, and let your haſt commend your duty.

Cor. Vo. In that and all things will we ſhow our duty.

Kin. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.
And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you?
You told vs of ſome ſute, what iſt *Laertes?*
You cannot ſpeake of reaſon to the *Dane*
And loſe your voyce; what would'ſt thou begge *Laertes?*

* *Subiects.* † *Our.*

That

That ſhall not be my offer, not thy aſking,
The head is not more natiue to the heart
The hand more inſtrumentall to the mouth
Then is the throne of *Denmarke* to thy father,
What would'ſt thou haue *Laertes ?*

Lar. My dread lord.
Your leaue and fauour to returne to *France,*
From whence though willingly I came to *Denmarke,*
To ſhow my duty in your coronation;
Yet now I muſt confeſſe, that duty done
My thoughts and wiſhes bend againe toward *France.*
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what ſaies *Polonius ?*

Polo. He hath my lord wrung from me my ſlow leaue
By labourſome petition, and at laſt
Vpon his will I ſeald my hard conſent,
I doe beſeech you giue him leaue to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes,* time be thine,
And thy beſt graces ſpend it at thy will:
But now my coſin *Hamlet,* and my ſonne.

Ham. A little more then kin, and leſſe then kinde.

King. How is it that the clowdes ſtill hang on you.

Ham. Not ſo much my lord, I am too much in the ſonne.

Queene. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke,*
Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids,
Seeke for thy noble father in the duſt,
Thou know'ſt tis common all that liues muſt dye,
Paſſing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Maddam, it is common.

Quee. If it bee
Why ſeemes it ſo perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seemes maddam, nay it is, I know not ſeemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake *could ſmother* *,

* *coold mother.*

Nor cuſtomary ſutes of ſolemne black,
Nor windie ſuſpiration of forſt breath,
No, nor the fruitfull riuer in the eye,
Nor the deiected hauior of the viſage,
Together with all formes, moodes, *ſhapes* * of griefe
That can *deuote* † me truely, theſe indeed ſeeme,
For they are actions that a man might play,
But I haue that within which paſſes ſhowe,
Theſe but the trappings and the ſuites of woe.

King. Tis ſweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To giue theſe mourning duties to your father,
But you muſt know your father loſt a father,
That father loſt, loſt his, and the ſuruiuer bound
In filliall obligation for ſome tearme
To doe obſequious ſorrowes, but to perſeuer
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubborneſſe, tis vnmanly griefe,
It ſhowes a will moſt incorrect to heauen,
A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient.
An vnderſtanding ſimple and vnſchoold,
For what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſence,
Why ſhould we in our peeuiſh oppoſition
Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theame
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cryed
From the firſt *courſe* ‡, till he that dyed to day
This muſt be ſo: we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the moſt imediate to our throne,

* *chapes.* † *deucute, denote.* ‡ *coarſe.*

In

And with no leſſe nobility of loue
Then that which deareſt father beares his ſonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent,
In going back to ſchoole to *Wittenberg*,
It is moſt *retrogard** to our deſire,
And we beſeech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeſt courtier, coſin, and our ſonne.

Quee. Let not thy mother looſe her prayers *Hamlet*,
I pray thee ſtay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obay you madam.

King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our ſelfe in *Denmarke*, madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No iocond health that *Denmarke* drinkes to day,
But the great cannon to the clowdes ſhall tell.
And the kings rowſe the heauen ſhall brute againe,
Reſpeaking earthly thunder; come away.

Floriſh. Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too too ſallied fleſh would melt,
Thaw and reſolue it ſelfe into a dew,
Or that the euerlaſting had not fixt
His cannon gainſt *ſeale* † ſlaughter, ô God, God,
How wary, ſtale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vſes of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden,
That growes to ſeed, things ranck and groſe in nature,
Poſſeſſe it meerely that it ſhould come thus
But two months dead, nay not ſo much, not two,
So excellent a king, that was to this
Hyperion to a ſatire, ſo louing to my mother,
That he might not *beteeme* § the winds of heauen

* *retrograde.* † *ſelf.* § *let e'en,*

Viſit her face too roughly : heauen and earth
Muſt I remember, why ſhe ſhould hang on him
As if increaſe of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't ; frailty thy name is woman
A little month. On ere thoſe ſhooes were old
With which ſhe followed my poore fathers body
Like *Niobe* all teares, why ſhe
O God ! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my vncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to *Hercules*, within a month,
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt vnrighteous teares
Had left the fluſhing in her gauled eyes
She married oh ! moſt wicked ſpeed ; to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtious ſheetes,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my heart for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus *and* Bernardo.

Hora. Haile to your lordſhippe.
Ham. I am glad to ſee you well ; *Horatio,* or I do forget my ſelfe.
Hora. The ſame my lord, and your poore ſeruant euer.
Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
And what make you from *Wittenberg Horatio?*
Marcellus.
Mar. My good lord.
Ham. I am very glad to ſee you, (good euen ſir)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg?*
Hora. A truant diſpoſition good my lord.
Ham. I would not heare your enemie ſay ſo,
Nor ſhall you do my eare that violence

To

To make it truſter of your owne report
Againſt your ſelfe, I know you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in *Elſonoure?*
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.
Hora. My lord, I came to ſee your fathers funerall.
Ham. I prethee doe not mocke me fellow ſtudent,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.
Hora. Indeed my lord it followed hard vpon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my deareſt foe in heauen
Or euer I had ſeene that day *Horatio.*
My father me thinkes I ſee my father.
Hora. Where my lord?
Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio.*
Hora. I ſaw him once, a was a goodly king.
Ham. A was a man take him for all in all
I ſhall not looke vpon his like againe.
Hora. My lord I thinke I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw, who?
Hora. My lord the king your father.
Ham. The king my father?
Hora. Seaſon your admiration for a while
With an *attentiue* * eare till I may deliuer
Vpon the witneſſe of theſe gentlemen
This maruaile to you.
Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?
Hora. Two nights together had theſe gentlemen
Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their watch,
In the dead *waſt* † and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father
Armed at poynt, exactly *Cap apea*
Appeares before them, and with ſolemne march,

* *attent.* † *vaſt.*

Goes ſlowe and ſtately by them; thrice he walkt
By their oppreſt and feare ſurpriſed eyes,
Within *this* ‡ tronchions length, whilſt they diſtil'd
Almoſt to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and ſpeake not to him; this to me,
In dreadfull ſecrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time,
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father,
Theſe hands are not more like,

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord vpon the platforme where wee watcht,

Ham. Did you not ſpeake to it?

Nora. My lord I did,
But anſwer made it none, yet once mee thought
It lifted vp *it* * head and did addreſſe
It ſelfe to motion, like as it would ſpeake:
But euen then the morning cock crew loude,
And at the ſound it ſhruncke in haſt away
And vaniſht from our ſight.

Ham. Tis very ſtrange.

Hora. As I doe liue my honor'd lord tis true
And wee did thinke it writ downe in our duety
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeede ſirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?

All. Wee doe my lord.

Ham. Arm'd ſay you?

All. Arm'd my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord from head to foote.

Ham. Then ſaw you not his face?

‡ *his.* * *its.*

Hora.

Hora. O yes my lord, hee wore his beauer vp.
Ham. What look't hee frowningly?
Hora. A countenance more in ſorrow then in anger.
Ham. Pale or red?
Hora. Nay very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?
Hora. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would I had beene there.
Hora. It would haue much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like: ſtaid it long?
Hora. While one with moderate haſt might tell a hundreth.
Both. Longer, longer.
Hora. Not when I ſaw't.
Ham. His beard was griſs'ld, no.
Hora. It was as I haue ſeene it in his life,
A ſable ſiluer'd.
Ham. I will watch to night
Perchance twill walke againe.
Hora. I warn't it will.
Ham. If it aſſume my noble fathers perſon,
Ile ſpeake to it though hell it ſelfe ſhould gape
And bid mee hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceald this ſight
Let it be tenable in your ſilence ſtill,
And whatſoeuer els ſhall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderſtanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, ſo fare you well:
Vpon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelue.
Ile viſit you.
All. Our duety to your homor. *Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loues as mine to you, farewell.
My fathers ſpirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt ſome foule play, would the night were come,

Till then ſit ſtill my ſoule, *foule* * deedes will riſe
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes, *Exit.*

Enter Laertes *and* Ophelia *his ſiſter.*

Laer. My neceſſaries are inbarckt, farewell,
And ſiſter as the winds giue benefit
And conuay, in aſſiſtant, do not ſleepe
But let me heare from you.
Ophe. Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet* and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a faſhion, and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of *primy* † nature,
Forward, not permanent, ſweet, not laſting.
The perfume and ſuppliance of a minute
No more.
Ophe. No more but ſo.
Laer. Thinke it no more.
For nature creſſant does not grow alone,
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward ſeruice of the mind and ſoule
Growes wide withall, perhaps hee loues you now,
And now no ſoyle nor cautell doth beſmerch
The vertue of his will, but you muſt feare,
His greatnes waid, his will is not his owne,
He may not as vnualewed perſons doe,
Craue ‡ for himſelfe, for on his choiſe depends
The ſafety and health of this whole ſtate,
And therefore muſt his choiſe be circumſcrib'd,
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body,
Whereof he is the head, then if he ſaies he loues you,
It fits your wiſdome ſo farre to beleeue it
As he in his particuler act and place

* *fond.* † *prime.* ‡ *carue.*

May

May giue his ſaying deede, which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then way what loſſe your honor may ſuſtaine,
If with too credent eare you liſt his ſongs
Or looſe your heart, or your chaſt treaſure open,
To his vnmaſtred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare ſiſter,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire,
" The charieſt maide is prodigall enough
If ſhe vnmaſke her beauty to the moone
" Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes
" The canker gaules the infant of the ſpring
Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd,
And in the morne and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt iminent,
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in feare,
Youth to it ſelfe rebels though none elſe neare.

Ophe. I ſhall the effect of this good leſſon keepe,
As *watchmen* * to my heart: but good my brother
Doe not as ſome vngracious paſtors doe,
Show me the *ſteepe* † and thorny way *to* ‡ heauen
Whiles a puft, and reckles libertine,
Himſelfe the primroſe path of dalience treads.
And reakes not his owne reed.

Enter Polonius.

Laer. O feare me not,
I ſtay too long, but heere my father comes
A double bleſſing, is a double grace,
Occaſion ſmiles vpon a ſecond leaue.

Pol. Yet here *Laertes ?* a bord, a bord for ſhame,

* *watchman.* † *ſtep.* ‡ *of.*

The

The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſaile,
And you are ſtaied for, there my bleſſing with thee,
And theſe few precepts in thy memory
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familier, but by no meanes vulgar,
Thoſe friends thou haſt and their adoption tried,
Grapple them vnto thy ſoule with hoopes of ſteele,
But do not dull thy palme with entertainement
Of each new hatcht vnfledgd courage; beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but beeing in,
Bear't that th' *oppoſer* * may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thy eare, but few thy voyce,
Take each man's cenſure, but reſerue thy iudgement.
Coſtly thy habite as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſt in fancy; rich not gaudy,
For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man:
And they in *France* of the beſt ranck and ſtation,
Ar † of a moſt ſelect and generous, cheefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For loue oft looſes both it ſelfe, and friend,
And borrowing *dulleth* ‡ *the* § edge of huſbandry:
This aboue all, to thine owne ſelfe be true
And it muſt follow as the night *the* ‖ day
Thou canſt not then bee falſe to any man:
Farewell, my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee.

Laer. Moſt humbly do I take my leaue my lord.

Pol. The time inueſts you, goe, your ſeruants tend.

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue ſaid to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt
And you your ſelfe ſhall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. *Exit* Laertes.

* *oppoſed.* † *Or.* ‡ *dulls.* § *the* omitted. ‖ *to.*

Pol.

Pol. What iſt *Ophelia* hee hath ſaid to you ?

Ophe. So pleaſe yòu, ſomething touching the lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry well bethought
'Tis told me hee hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you, and you your ſelfe
Haue of your audience beene moſt free and bountious,
If it be ſo, as ſo tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I muſt tell you,
You doe not vnderſtand your ſelfe ſo cleerely
As it behooues my daughter and your honor,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth.

Ophe. He hath my lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection, puh, you ſpeake like a greene girle,
Vnſifted in ſuch perrilous circumſtance,
Doe you belieue his tenders, as you call them ?

Ophe. I doe not know my lord what I ſhould thinke.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your ſelfe a babie,
That you haue tane theſe tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling : tender your ſelfe more dearely
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phraſe)
Wrong it thus*, youle tender me a foole.

Ophe. My lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable faſhion.

Pol. I, faſhion you may call it, go to, go to.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his ſpeech
My lord, with almoſt all the holy vowes of heauen.

Pol. I, ſpringes to catch wood cocks, I doe know
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the ſoule
Lends the tongue vowes, theſe blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promiſe, as it is a making
You muſt not *tak't* † for fire : from this time

* The parentheſis in the firſt edition takes in as far as, *thus*)
† *take*.

Be

Be ſome-thing ſcanter of your maiden preſence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a command to *parle* ‖ ; for lord *Hamlet*,
Belieue ſo much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger teder may he walke
Then may be giuen you : in few *Ophelia*,
Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inueſtments ſhow
But meere implorators of vnholy ſuites,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds
The better to *beguile* † : this is for all,
I would not in plaine termes from this time foorth
Haue you ſo ſlaunder any moments leaſure
As to giue words or talke with the lord *Hamlet*,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.

Ophe. I ſhall obey my lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, *and* Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites ſhroudly, it is very colde.

Hora. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelue.

Mar. No, it is ſtrooke.

Hor. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the ſeaſon
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walke.

A floriſh of trumpets and 2 *peeces goes off.*

Ham. The king doth *walke* ‡ to night and takes his rowſe.
Keepes waſſell and the ſwaggring vp-ſpring reeles :
And as he draines his drafts of *Renniſh* downe,
The kettle drumme and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a cuſtome ?

‖ *parley.* † *beguide.* ‡ *wake.*

Ham.

Ham. I marry iſt,
But to my mind, though I am natiue heere
And to the manner borne, it is a cuſtome
More honourd in the breach, then the obſeruance.
This heauy-headed reuelle eaſt and weſt
Makes vs traduc'd and taxed of other nations,
They clip vs drunkards and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soyle our addition, and indeed it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marow of our attribute,
So oft it chances in particuler men,
That for ſome vitious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot chooſe his origen)
By their ore-grow'th of ſome complexion
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reaſon,
Or by ſome habite that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plauſiue manners, that theſe men
Carrying I ſay the ſtamp of one defect
Being natures liuery, or fortunes ſtarre,
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinit as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault : the dram of *eaſe* *
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of a doubt
To his own ſcandall.

Enter Ghoſt.

Hora. Looke my lord it comes.
Ham. Angels and miniſters of grace defend vs !
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,

* *ale.*

Thou

Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, father, royall *Dane*, ò anſwere mee,
Let mee not burſt in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearſed in death
Haue burſt their cerements? why the ſepulcher,
Wherein wee ſaw thee quietly interr'd
Hath opt his ponderous and marble iawes,
To caſt thee vp againe? what may this meane
That thou dead corſe, againe in compleat ſteele
Reuiſites thus the glimſes of the moone,
Making night hideous, and wee fooles of nature
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughtes beyond the reaches of our ſoules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what ſhould we doe?

Beckons.

Hora. It beckons you to goe away with it
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.
Mar. Looke with what curteous action
It waues you to a more remooued ground,
But doe not goe with it.
Hora. No, by no meanes.
Ham. It will not ſpeake, then I will follow it.
Hora. Doe not my lord.
Ham. Why? what ſhould bee the feare,
I doe not ſet my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my ſoule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall *as* * it ſelfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile follow it.
Hora. What if it tempt you towards the flood my lord,
Or to the dreadfull ſomnet of the cleefe
That bettels ore his baſe into the ſea,

* *like.*

And

And there aſſume ſome other horrible forme
Which might depriue your ſoueraignty of reaſon,
And drawe you into madneſſe, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of deſperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine
That lookes ſo many fadoms to the ſea
And heares it rore beneath.
Ham. It waues me ſtill,
Goe on, Ile follow thee.
Mar. You ſhall not goe my lord.
Ham. Hold of your hands.
Hora. Be rul'd, you ſhall not goe.
Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each petty *artyre** in this body
As hardy as the *Nemean* lyons nerue ;
Still am I cald, vnhand me gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a ghoſt of him that lets me,
I ſay away, goe *one* †, Ile follow thee.

Exit Ghoſt *and* Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes deſperate with imagination.
Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hora. Haue after, to what iſſue will this come ?
Mar. Something is rotten in the ſtate of *Denmarke*.
Hora. Heauen will direct it.
Mar. Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghoſt *and* Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, ſpeake, Ile goe no further.
Ghoſt. Marke me.
Ham. I will.
Ghoſt. My houre is almoſt come
When I to ſulphrous and tormenting flames
Muſt render vp my ſelfe.
Ham. Alaſſe poore ghoſt.

* *attire, artery.* † *on.*

Ghoſt.

Ghoſt. Pitty me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall vnfold.

Ham. Speake I am bound to here.

Ghoſt. So art thou to reuenge, when thou ſhalt heare.

Ham. What ?

Ghoſt. I am thy fathers ſpirit,
Doomd for a certaine tearme to walke the night
And for the day confind to faſt in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my daies of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away : but that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale vnfolde whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow vp thy ſoule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like ſtars ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to ſtand an end,
Like quils vpon the fearefull porpentine :
But this eternall blazon muſt not be
To eares of fleſh and blood, liſt, liſt, O liſt,
If thou did'ſt euer thy deare father loue.

Ham. O God.

Ghoſt. Reuenge his *foule* *, and moſt vnnaturall murther.

Ham. Murther.

Ghoſt. Murther moſt foule, as in the beſt it is,
But this moſt foule, ſtrange and vnnaturall.

Ham. Haſt me to know't, that I with wings as ſwift,
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
May ſweepe to my reuenge.

Ghoſt. I find thee apt,
And duller ſhouldeſt thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it ſelfe in eaſe on *Lethe* wharffe,
Would'ſt thou not ſturre in this ; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis giuen out, that ſleeping in my orchard,

* *ſoule*

A ſerpent.

A ſerpent ſtung me, ſo the whole eare of *Denmarke*.
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death
Ranckely abuſed: but know thou noble youth,
The ſerpent that did ſting thy fathers life
Now weares his crowne.
Ham. O my prophetike ſoule! my vncle:
Ghoſt. I that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power
So to ſeduce; wonne to his ſhamfull luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous queene;
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
From me whoſe loue was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vpon a wretch whoſe naturall gifts were poore,
To thoſe of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be moued,
Though lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of heauen
So but though to a radiant angle linckt.
Will ſort it ſelfe in a celeſtiall bed
And pray on garbage.
But ſoft, me thinkes I ſcent the morning ayre,
Briefe let me be; ſleeping within my orchard,
My cuſtome alwayes of the afternoone,
Vpon my ſecure houre, thy vncle ſtole
With iuyce of curſed *Hebona* in a viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure,
The leaprous diſtilment, whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as quickſiluer it courſes through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a ſodaine vigour it doth poſſeſſe,
And curde like eager droppings into milke.
The thin and wholſome blood; ſo did it mine,

And a moſt inſtant tetter barkt about
Moſt *lazerlike* * with vile and lothſome cruſt
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I ſleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of crowne, of queene at once diſpatcht,
Cut off euen in the bloſſomes of my ſinne,
Vnnuzled, diſappointed, vn-anueld,
No reckning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, O horrible, moſt horrible.
If thou haſt nature in thee beare it not,
Let not the royall bed of *Denmarke* be
A couch for luxury and damned inceſt.
But howſomeuer thou *purſues* † this act,
Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy ſoule contriue
Againſt thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
And to thoſe thornes that in her boſome lodge
To pricke and ſting her : fare thee well at once,
The gloworme ſhewes the matine to be neere
And gins to pale his vneffectuall fire,
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you hoſt of heauen ! O earth ! what elſe,
And ſhall I couple hell, O fie ! *hold* ‡, my heart,
And you my ſinnowes ; grow not inſtant old,
But beare me ſwiftly vp ; remember thee,
I thou poore ghoſt whiles memory holds a ſeate
In this diſtracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
All *ſawe* § of bookes, all formes, all preſſures paſt
That youth and obſeruation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone ſhall liue,
Within the booke and volume of my braine

* *lazar-like.* † *purſueſt.* ‡ *hold, Lold.* § *ſawes.*

Vnmixt

Vnmixt with baſer matter, yes by heauen.
O moſt prenicious woman.
O villaine, villaine, ſmiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I ſet it downe
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villaine,
At leaſt I am ſure it may be ſo in *Denmarke*.
So vncle, there you are, now to my word.
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue ſworn't.

Enter Horatio, *and* Marcellus.

Hora. My lord, my lord.
Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.
Hora. Heauens ſecure him.
Ham. So be it.
Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.
Mar. How i'ſt my noble lord ? *
Hora †. O, wonderfull !
Hor. Good my lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reueale it.
Hora. Not I my lord by heauen.
Mar. Nor I my lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would hart of man once thinke it.
But you'le be ſecret.
Both. I by heauen.
Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all *Denmarke*
But hee's an arrant knaue.
Hora. There needs no ghoſt my lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.
Ham. Why right, you are in the right,

* *Hora. What newes my lord ?*
This line is added from the firſt edition.
† *Ham.*

And ſo without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands and part,
You, as your buſineſſe and deſire ſhall point you,
For euery man hath buſineſſe and deſire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.

Hora. Theſe are but wilde and whurling words my lord.

Ham. I am ſorry they offend you heartily,
Yes faith heartily.

Hora. There's no offence my lord.

Ham. Yes by ſaint *Patrick* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence to, touching this viſion heere,
It is an honeſt ghoſt, that let me tell you,
For your deſire to know what is betweene vs,
Ore-maiſter't as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, ſchollers, and ſouldiers,
Giue me one poore requeſt.

Hora. What i'ſt my lord, we will.

Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue ſeene to night.

Both. My lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but ſwear't.

Hora. In faith my lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my lord in faith.

Ham. Vppon my ſword.

Mar. Wee haue ſworne my lord already.

Ham. Indeed vppon my ſword, indeed.

Ghoſt *cryes vnder the ſtage.*

Ghoſt. Sweare.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo, art thou there true penny?
Come on, you heare this fellow in the ſellerige,
Conſent to ſweare.

Hora. Propoſe the oath my lord.

Ham. Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue ſeene,
Sweare by the ſword.

Ghoſt.

Ghoſt. Sweare.

Ham. Hic, & vbique, then weele ſhift our ground :
Come hether gentlemen
And lay your hands againe vpon my ſword,
Sweare by my ſword
Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue heard.

Ghoſt. Sweare by his ſword.

Ham. Well ſaid old mole, *canſt** worke it'h earth ſo faſt,
A worthy pioner once more remooue good friends.

Hora. O day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange.

Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger giue it welcome,
There are more thinges in heauen and earth *Horatio*
Then are dream't of in your philoſophy : but come
Heere as before, neuer ſo helpe you mercy,
(How ſtrange or odde ſo *mere* † I beare my ſelfe,
As I perchance heereafter ſhall thinke meet,
To put an antike diſpoſition on
That you at ſuch times ſeeing mee, neuer ſhall
With armes incombred thus, or *this head ſhake* ‡,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtfull phraſe,
As, well, well wee know, or wee could and if wee would,
Or if wee liſt to ſpeake, or there be and if they might,
Or ſuch ambiguous giuing out, to note)
That you knowe ought of mee, this do ſweare,
So grace and mercy at your moſt neede helpe you.

Ghoſt. Sweare.

Ham. Reſt, reſt perturbed ſpirit : ſo gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you,
And what ſo poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expreſſe his loue and frending to you
God willing ſhall not lacke : let vs goe in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt. O curſed ſpight !

* *canſt thou.* † *ere.* ‡ *head thus ſhak'd*

That euer I was borne to ſet it right.
Nay come, lets goe together. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Polonius, *with his man or two.*

Pol. Giue him this mony, and theſe *two* * notes *Reynaldo.*
Rey. I will my lord.
Pol. You ſhall do maruelous wiſely good *Reynaldo,*
Before you viſite him, to make inquire,
Of his behauiour.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Mary well ſaid, very well ſaid; looke you ſir,
Enquire me firſt what *Danskers* are in *Paris.*
And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,
What company, at what expence, and finding,
By this encompaſment, and drift of queſtion
That they doe know my ſonne, come you more neerer
Then your perticuler demaunds will tuch it,
Take you as t'were ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo?*
Rey. I, very well my lord.
Pol. And in part him, but you may ſay, not well,
But y'ft be he I meane, hee's very wilde,
Addicted ſo and ſo, and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe, marry none ſo ranck
As may diſhonour him, take heed of that,
But ſir, ſuch wanton, wild, and vſuall ſlips,
As are companions noted and moſt knowne
To youth and libertie.
Rey. As gaming my lord.
Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe ſo farre.

* *two* omitted.

Rey.

Rey. My lord, that would diſhonour him.
Pol. Fayth as you may ſeaſon it in the charge.
You muſt not put another ſcandall on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults ſo quently
That they may ſeeme the taints of liberty,
The flaſh and out-breake of a fiery mind,
A ſauagenes in vnreclamed blood,
Of generall aſſault.
Rey. But my good lord.
Pol. Wherfor ſhould you doe this?
Rey. I my lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marry ſir, heer's my drift,
And I beleeue it is a fetch of wit,
You laying theſe ſlight *fullies* * on my ſonne
As t'were a thing a little ſoyld with working,
Marke you, your party in conuerſe, him you would ſound
Hauing euer ſeene in the prenominat crimes
The youth you breath of guilty, be aſſur'd
He cloſes with you in this coſequence,
Good ſir, (or ſo,) or friend, or gentleman,
According to the phraſe, or the addition
Of man and country.
Rey. Very good my lord.
Pol. And then ſir doos a this, a doos: what was I about to ſay?
By the maſſe I was about to ſay ſomething,
Where did I leaue?
Rey. At cloſes in the conſequence.
Pol. At cloſes in the conſequence, I marry,
He cloſes thus, I know the gentleman
I ſay him yeſterday, or th'other day.
Or then, or then, with ſuch or ſuch, and as you ſay,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowſe,

* *fallies.*

There falling out at tennis, or perchance
I saw him enter such *or* * such a house of sale,
Videlizet, a brothell, or so foorth, see you now,
Your bait of falshood : take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wisdome, and of reach,
With windlesses : and with assaies of bias,
By *indirects* † find directions out,
So by my former lecture and aduise
Shall you my sonne ; you haue me, haue you not ?

Rey. My lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy yee, far yee well.

Rey. Good my lord.

Pol. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Rey. I shall my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musique.

Rey. Well my lord. *Exit* Rey.

Enter Ophelia.

Polo. Farwell. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter ?

Ophe. O my lord, my lord, I haue beene so affrighted,

Polo. With what i'th name of God ?

Ophe. My lord, as I was sowing in my closset,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his stockins fouled,
Vngartred, and downe *gyred* ‡ to his ankle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pittious in purport
As if he had beene loosed out of hell
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

Polo. Mad for thy loue ?

Ophe. My lord I do not know,
But truly I doe feare it.

Polo. What said he ?

* *and* † *indirections.* ‡ *gyred.*

Ophe.

Ophe. He tooke me by the wriſt, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He falls to ſuch peruſall of my face
As a would draw it; long ſtayd he ſo,
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,
He raiſed a ſigh ſo pittious and profound,
As it did ſeeme to ſhatter all his bulke,
And end his being; that done, he lets me go,
And with his head ouer his ſhoulders turn'd
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out a doores he went without their helps,
And to the laſt bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, goe with me, I will goe ſeeke the king,
This is the very extacy of loue,
Whoſe violent property *forgoes* * it ſelfe,
And leads the will to deſperat vndertakings
As oft as any paſſions vnder heauen
That dooes afflict our natures: I am ſorry,
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Ophe. No my good lord, but as you did commaund
I did repell his letters: and denied
His acceſſe to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am ſorry, that with better heede and iudgement
I had not *coted* † him, I fear'd he did but triſle
And meant to wracke thee, but beſhrow my ielouſie
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond our ſelues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion; come, goe we to the king,

* *foredoes.* † *coated.*

This

This muſt be knowne, which beeing kept cloſe, might moue
More griefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,
Come. *Exeunt.*

Floriſh. Enter King *and* Queene, Roſencraus *and* Guyldenſterne.

King. Welcome deere *Roſencraus* and *Guyldenſterne*,
Moreouer, that we much did long to ſee you,
The need we haue to vſe you did prouoke
Our haſty ſending, ſomething haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation, ſo call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was, what it ſhould be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him,
So much from the'vnderſtanding of himſelfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreat you both,
That beeing of ſo young daies brought vp with him,
And ſith ſo neighbored to his youth and hauior,
That you voutſafe your reſt heere in our court
Some little time, ſo by your companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather
So much as from occaſion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs vnknowne afflicts him thus,
That opend lies within our remedy.

Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And ſure I am, two men there *are* * not liuing,
To whome he more adheres, if it will pleaſe you,
To ſhew vs ſo much gentry and good will,
As to *extend*† your time with vs a while,
For the ſupply and profit of our hope,
Your viſitation ſhall receiue ſuch thankes
As fits a kings remembrance.

Roſ. Both your maieſties
Might by the ſoueraigne power you haue of vs,

* *is.* † *expend.*

Put

Put your your dread pleaſures more into commaund
Then to intreaty.
Guyl. But we both obey,
And here giue vp our ſelues in the full bent,
To lay our ſeruice freely at your feete §.
King. Thankes *Roſencraus*, and gentle *Guyldenſterne*,
Quee. Thankes *Guyldenſterne*, and gentle *Roſcencraus*.
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſite
My too much changed ſonne : goe ſome of you
And bring theſe gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
Guyl. Heauens make our preſence and our practices
Pleaſant and helpfull to him.
Quee. I amen. *Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guyld.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'embaſſadors from *Norway* my good lord,
Are ioyfully returnd.
King. Thou ſtill haſt beene the father of good newes.
Pol. Haue I my lord ? I aſſure my good liege
I hold my duty as I hold my ſoule.
Both to my God, and to my gracious king ;
And I doe thinke, or elſe this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie ſo ſure
As it hath vſd to doe, that I haue found
The very cauſe of *Hamlets* lunacy,
King. O ſpeake of that, that do I long to heare.
Polo. Giue firſt admittance to th' embaſſadors,
My newes ſhall be the frute to that great feaſt,
King. Thy ſelfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my *decree* † : *Gertrud* he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſonnes diſtemper.

§ *to be commanded.* This is added from the firſt edition.
† *dear.*

Quee.

Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine,
His fathers death, and our haſty marriage.

Enter embaſſadors.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway ?*

Volte. Moſt faire returne of greetings and deſires;
Vpon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſſe
His nephews leuies, which to him appeared
To be a preparation gainſt the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was againſt your highneſſe, whereat greeu'd
That ſo his ſickneſſe, age, and impotence
Was falſely borne in hand, ſends out arreſts
On *Fortenbraſſe*, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his vncle, neuer more
To giue th'aſſay of armes againſt your maieſty:
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him threeſcore thouſand crownes in anuall fee,
And his commiſſion to imploy thoſe ſouldiers,
So leuied (as before) againſt the *Pollacke*,
With an entreaty herein further ſhone,
That it might pleaſe you to giue quiet paſſe
Through your dominions for this enterpriſe
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance
As therein are ſet downe.

King. It likes vs well,
And at our more conſidered time, wee'le read,
Anſwer, and thinke vpon this buſines:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your reſt, at night weele feaſt together,
Moſt welcome home. *Exeunt embaſſadors.*

Pol. This buſines is well ended,
My liege and maddam, to expoſtulate

What

What maieſty ſhould be, what duety is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſt night, day, and time,
Therefore breuity is the ſoule of wit,
And tediouſnes the limmes and outward floriſhes:
I will be breefe your noble ſonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,
What iſt but to be nothing elſe but mad?
But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with leſſe art.

Pol. Maddam, I ſweare I vſe no art at all,
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pitty,
And pitty tis, tis true, a fooliſh figure,
But farewell it, for I will vſe no art,
Mad let vs grant him then, and now remaines
That we find out the cauſe of this effect,
Or rather ſay the cauſe of this defect
For this effect defectiue comes by cauſe:
Thus it remaines and the remainder thus
Perpend,
I haue a daughter, haue while ſhe is mine,
Who in her duety and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and ſurmiſe,

To the celeſtiall and * *my ſoules idol, the moſt beautified* Ophelia,
that's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe, beautified is a vile phraſe,
but you ſhall heare: thus in her excellent white boſome,
theſe &c.

Quee. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good maddam ſtay awhile, I will be faithfull.

* *and* omitted.

LETTER.

Doubt that the ſtarres are fire,
Doubt that the ſunne doth mooue,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But neuer doubt I loue.

O deere Ophelia, *I am ill at theſe numbers, I haue not art to reckon my groanes, but that I loue thee beſt, oh moſt beſt beleeue it ! adew. Thine euermore moſt deare lady, whilſt this machine is to him.* Hamlet.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter ſhown me,
And more about *hath* * his ſolicitings
As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All giuen to mine eare.
King. But how hath ſhe receiu'd his loue ?
Pol. What doe you thinke of me ?
King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.
Pol. I would faine proue ſo, but what might you thinke
When I had ſeene this hot loue on the wing ?
As I perceiu'd it (I muſt tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deare maieſty your queene heere thinke,
If I had plaid the deſke, or table booke,
Or giuen my heart a working mute and dumbe,
Or lookt vppon this loue with idle ſight,
What might you thinke ? no, I went round to worke,
And my yong miſtreſſe *this* † I did beſpeake,
Lord *Hamlet* is a prince out of thy *ſtarre* ‡
This muſt not bee : and then I *preſcripts* § gaue her
That ſhe ſhould locke her ſelfe from *his* ‖ reſort,

* *haue.* † *thus.* ‡ *ſphere.* § *precepts.* ‖ *her.*

Admit

Admit no meſſengers, receiue no tokens.
Which done ſhe tooke the fruites of my aduiſe,
And hee repel'd. A ſhort tale to make,
Fell into a ſadnes, then into a faſt,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakeneſſe,
Thence *to* § lightnes, and by this declenſion,
Into the madnes wherein now he raues,
And all wee mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke *this* †?

Quee. It may bee very *like* ‡.

Pol. Hath there beene ſuch a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue poſitiuely ſaid, tis ſo,
When it prou'd otherwiſe?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwiſe;
If circumſtances leade mee, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the center.

King. How may wee try it forther?

Pol. You know ſometimes hee walkes foure houres together
Heere in the lobby.

Quee. Soe he does indeede.

Pol. At ſuch a time; Ile looſe my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind *an* ‖ arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And bee not from his reaſon falne thereon
Let me be no aſſiſtant for a ſtate
But keepe a farme and carters.

King. Wee will trye it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where ſadly the poore wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I doe beſeech you both away.

Exit King *and* Quee.

§ *to a*. † *'tis this*. ‡ *likely*. ‖ *the*.

Ile

Ile bord him preſently, oh giue me leaue,
How does my good lord *Hamlet ?*

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you know me my lord ?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a fiſhmonger.

Pol. Not I my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.

Pol. Honeſt my lord.

Ham. I ſir to be honeſt as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thouſand.

Pol. That's very true my lord.

Ham. For if the ſunne breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kiſſing carrion. Haue you a daughter ?

Pol. I haue my lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th ſunne, conception is a bleſing,
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.

Pol. How ſay you by that, ſtill harping on my daughter, yet he knew me not at firſt, a ſayd I was a fiſhmonger, a is farre gone, and truely in my youth, I ſuffred much extremity for loue, very neere this. Ile ſpeake to him againe. What doe you read my lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my lord.

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you read my lord.

Ham. Slanders ſir; for the ſatericall rogue ſaies here, that old men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum, and that they haue a plentifull lacke of wit, together with moſt weake hams, all which ſir though I moſt powerfully and potently belieue, yet I hold it not honeſty to haue it thus ſet downe, for your ſelfe ſir ſhall grow old as I am; if like a crab you could goe backeward.

Pol.

Pol. Though this be madneſſe, yet there is method in't, wil you walke out of the ayre my lord.

Ham. Into my graue.

Pol. Indeede that's out of the ayre; how pregnant ſometimes his replies are, a happines that often madnes hits on, which reaſon and ſanctity could not ſo proſperouſly be deliuered of. I will leaue him and my daughter. My lord, I will take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life.

Enter Guilderſterne, *and* Roſoncraus.

Polo. Fare you well my lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fooles.

Polo. You goe to ſeeke the lord *Hamlet*, there he is.

Roſ. God ſaue you ſir.

Guyl. My honor'd lord.

Roſ. My moſt deere lord.

Ham. My *exelent* § good friends, how doſt thou *Guilderſterne?*
A *Roſencraus*, good lads how doe you both?

Roſ. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guyl. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on fortunes *lap* †.
We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the ſoles of her ſhooe.

Roſ. Neither my lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her waſt, or in the middle of her fauors.

Guyl. Faith her priuates we.

§ *extent.* † *cap.*

Ha. In the ſecret parts of fortune, oh moſt true, ſhe is a ſtrumpet.

What newes ?

Roſ. None my lord, but the worlds growne honeſt.

Ham. Then is doomes day neere, but your newes is not true ;

But in the beaten way of friendſhip, what make you at *Elſonoure?*

Roſ. To viſit you my lord, no other occaſion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I thank you, and ſure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfpeny : were you not ſent for ? is it your owne inclining ? is it a free viſitation ? come, come, deale iuſtly with me, come, come, nay ſpeake.

Guy. What ſhould we ſay my lord ?

Ham. Any thing but to'th purpoſe ; you were ſent for, and there is a kind of confeſſion in your lookes, which your modeſtyes haue not craft enough to cullour, I know the good king and queene haue ſent for you.

Roſ. To what end my lord ?

Ham. That you muſt teach me : but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowſhippe, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preſerued loue ; and by what more deare a better propoſer can *charge* § you withall, bee euen and direct with mee whether you were ſent for or no.

Roſ. What ſay you ?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you, if you loue me hold not off.

Guyl. My lord wee were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why ſo ſhall my anticipation preuent your diſcouery, and your ſecrecie to the king and queene moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, forgon all cuſtome of exerciſes, and indeede it goes ſo heauily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame the

§ *charge.*

earth,

earth, ſeemes to mee a ſterill promontorie, this moſt excellent canopie the ayre, looke you, this braue *ore-hanged* § firmament, this maieſticall roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appearth nothing to me but a foule and peſtilent congregation of vapours. *What* † peece of worke is a man, how noble in reaſon, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expreſſe and admirable in action, how like an angell in apprehenſion, how like a god: the beauty of the world; the parragon of annimales, and yet to mee, what is this quinteſſence of duſt? man delights not mee nor woman neither, though by your ſmiling you ſeeme to ſay ſo.

Roſ. My lord there was no ſuch ſtuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I ſaid man delights not me.

Roſ. To thinke my lord if you delight not in man, what lenton entertainement the players ſhal receiue from you, wee *coted* ‡ them on the way, and hether are *the* ‖ coming to offer you ſeruice.

Ham. He that playes the king ſhal be welcome, his maieſty ſhal haue tribute on mee, the aduenterous knight ſhal vſe his foyle and target, the louer ſhal not *ſing* §§ gratis, the humorous man ſhal end his part in peace and the lady ſhal ſay her mind freely: or the blanke verſe ſhal hault for't. What players are they?

Roſ. Euen thoſe you were wont to take ſuch delight in, the tragedians of the citty.

Ham. How chances it *the* †† trauaile? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Roſ. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouation.

Ham. Do *the* ‡‡ hold the ſame eſtimation they did when I was in the city? are they ſo followed?

§ *ore-hanging.* † *What a.* ‡ *coated.* ‖ *they.* §§ *ſigh.* †† *they* ‡‡ *they.*

Roſ. No indeede are they not.

Ham. It is not very ſtrange, for my vncle is king of *Denmarke* and thoſe that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his picture in little: s'bloud there is ſomething in this more then naturall, if philoſophy could find it out.

A floriſh.

Guyl. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elſonoure*, your hands, come then th apportenance of welcome is faſhion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let my extent to the players, which I tell you muſt ſhowe fayrely outwards, ſhould more appeare like entertainement then yours? you are welcome: but my vncle father, and aunt-mother, are deceaued.

Guyl. In what my deare lord.

Ham. I am but mad north north weſt; when the wind is ſoutherly, I know a hauke from a hand-ſaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you *Guyldenſterne*, and you to, *are* § each eare a hearer, that great baby *as* † you ſee is not yet out of his ſwadling clouts.

Roſ. Happily he is the ſecond time come to them, for they ſay an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy *that* ‡ he comes to tell me of the players; marke it, you ſay right ſir a Monday morning t'was then indeed.

Pol. My lord I haue newes to tell you.

Ham. My lord I haue newes to tell you: when *Roſſius* was an actor in *Rome.*

Pol. The actors are come hether my lord.

§ *at.* † *as* omitted. ‡ *that* omitted.

Ham.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Vppon my honor.

Ham. Then came each actor on his asse.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastorall, pastorall-comicall, historical-pastorall, *seeme* * indeuidable, or poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot bee too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the onely men.

Ham. O *Ieptha* iudge of *Israell*, what a treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he my lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which hee loued passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha* †?

Pol. What followes then my lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the *pious* ‡ chanson will show you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in *Dēmark?* what my young lady and mistris, *by* § lady your ladiship is nerer to heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrant gold, bee not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly faukners, flie at any thing we see, weele haue a speech straite, come giue vs a taste of your quality, come a passionate speech.

* *scene.*

† Here the two following speeches are omitted which are found in the first copy.
Pol. *If you call me* leptha *my lord, I haue a daughter that I loue passing well.*
Ham. *Nay that followes not.*

‡ *pans.* § *my.*

Player. What ſpeech my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeake me a ſpeech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleaſd not the million, t'was caviary to the generall, but it was as I receiued it and others, whoſe iudgments in ſuch matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet downe with as much modeſty as cunning. I remember one ſayd there were no ſallets in the lines, to make the matter ſauory, nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honeſt method, as wholeſome as ſweet, and by very much more handſome then fine: one ſpeech in't I chiefly lou'd, t'was *Æneas* talke to *Dido*, and there about of it eſpecially when he ſpeakes of *Priams* ſlaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me ſee, let me ſee, the rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'*Ircanian* beaſt, tis *not* * it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pirrhus*, hee

whoſe ſable armes,
Blacke as his purpoſe did the night reſemble,
When hee lay couched in th' ominous horſe,
Hath now this dread and black complection ſmeard,
With heraldy more diſmall head to foote,
Now is hee totall gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſonnes,
Bak'd and *emſtfted* † with the parching ſtreetes
That lend a tirranous and a damned light
To their lords murther, roſted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-ciſed with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbunckles, the helliſh *Pyrrhus*
Old grandſire *Priam* ſeekes; ſo proceed you.

Pol. Fore-god my lord well ſpoken, with good accent and good diſcretion.

Play. Anon he finds him
Striking too ſhort at *Greekes*, his anticke ſword

* *not ſo.* † *empaſted.*

Rebellious

Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,
Repugnant to command ; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhus at *Priam* driues, in rage ſtrikes wide,
But with the whiffe and wind of his fell ſword,
Th' vnnerued father falls :
Seeming to feele this blow, with flaming top
Stoopes to his baſe ; and with a hiddious craſh
Takes priſoner *Pirrhus* eare, for lo his ſword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, ſeem'd i'th ayre to ſtick,
So as a painted tirant *Pirrhus* ſtood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing :
But as wee often ſee againſt ſome ſtorme,
A ſilence in the heauens, the racke ſtand ſtill,
The bould winds ſpeechleſſe, and the orbe belowe
As huſh as death, anone the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, ſo after *Pirrhus* pauſe,
A rowſed vengeance ſets him new a worke,
And neuer did the *Cyclops* hammers fall,
On *Marſes* * armor forg'd for proofe eterne,
With leſſe remorſe then *Pirrhus* bleeding ſword
Now falls on *Priam*.
Out, out thou ſtrumpet fortune ! all you gods,
In generall ſinod take away her power,
Breake all the ſpokes, and *folles* † from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Polo. This is too long.

Ha. It ſhal to the barbers with your beard ; prethee ſay on, he's for a iig, or a tale of bawdry, or he ſleepes, ſay on, come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, *a* ‡ woe, had ſeene the mobled queen.

* *Mars his*. † *felloes, follies, fellowes*. ‡ *ah*.

Ham. The mobled queene.

Pol. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatning the flames
With bifon rhume, a clout vpon that head
Where late the diadem ſtood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp.
Who this had ſeene, with tongue in venom ſteept,
Gainſt fortunes ſtate would treaſon haue pronounc'd;
But if the gods themſelues did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pirhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his ſword her huſbands limmes,
The inſtant burſt of clamor that ſhe made,
Vnleſſe things mortall mooue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And paſſion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his collour, and has teares in's eyes prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee ſpeake out the reſt of this ſoone, good my lord will you ſee the players well beſtowed; doe you heare, let them be well vſed, for they are the abſtract and breefe chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a bad epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My lord, I will vſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vſe euery man after his deſert, and who ſhall ſcape whipping, vſe them after your owne honour and dignity, the leſſe they deſerue the more merrit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come firs.

Ha. Follow him friends, weele here a play to morrow; doſt thou heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago?*

Play. I my lord.

Ham.

Ham. Weele *hau't* * to morrow night, you could for need ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome doſen lines, or ſixteene lines, which I would ſet downe and inſert in't: could you not?

Play. I my lord.

Ham. Very well, follow that lord, and looke you mocke him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you till night, you are welcome to *Elſonoure*.

Exeunt Pol. *and players.*

Roſ. Good my lord. *Exit* †.

Ham. I ſo, God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and peſant ſlaue am I!
Is it not monſtrous that this player heere
But in a fixion, in a dreame of paſſion
Could force his ſoule ſo to his owne conceit
That from her working all the viſage wand,
Teares in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
A broken voyce, and his whole function ſuting
With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,
For *Hecuba*.
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
That he ſhould weepe for her? what would he doe
Had he the motiue, and that for paſſion
That I haue? he would drowne the ſtage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid ſpeech,
Make mad the guilty and *appeale* ‡ the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,
A dull and muddy mettled raſkall peake,
Like *Iohn-a-dreames*, vnpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing; no not for a king,
Vpon whoſe property and moſt deare life,
A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,
Who calls me villaine, breakes my pate a croſſe,

* *hate.* † *Exeunt.* ‡ *appale.*

Pluckes

Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Twekes me by the noſe, giues me the lie i'th throate
As deepe as to the lunges : who does me this,
Hah ! s'wounds I ſhould take it : for it cannot be
But I am pidgion liuerd, and lacke gall
To make oppreſſion bitter, or ere this
I ſhould *haue* * fatted all the region kytes
With this ſlaues offall, bloody, baudy villaine,
Remorſeleſſe, treacherous, letcherous, kindleſſe villaine.
Why what an aſſe am I ? this is moſt braue,
That I the ſonne of a deere *father* † murthered,
Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
Muſt like a whore vnpack my heart with words,
And fall a curſing like a very drabbe ; a ſtallion, fie vppont, foh.
About my *braines* ‡, hum, I haue heard,
That guilty creatures ſitting at a play,
Haue by the very cunning of the ſcene,
Beene ſtrooke ſo to the ſoule, that preſently
They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murther though it haue no tongue will ſpeake
With moſt miraculous organ. Ile haue theſe players
Play ſomthing like the murther of my father
Before mine vncle, Ile obſerue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a do blench
I know my courſe. The ſpirit that I haue ſeene
May be a *diuell* §, and the *diuell* § hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape ; yea and perhaps,
Out of my weakeneſſe and my melancholly,
As hee is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,
Abuſes mee to damne mee ; Ile haue grounds
More relatiue then this, the play's the thing
Wherein Ile catch the conſcience of the king. *Exit.*

* *a.* † *father* omitted. ‡ *braues.* § *deale*

Enter

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſencraus, Guyldenſterne, *lords.*

King. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why hee puts on this confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie ?
Roſ He dooes confeſſe he feeles himſelfe diſtracted,
But from what cauſe a will by no meanes ſpeake.
Guyl. Nor do wee find him forward to be ſounded,
But with a crafty madnes keepes aloofe
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion.
Of his true ſtate.
Quee. Did he receiue you well ?
Roſ. Moſt like a gentleman.
Guyl. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.
Roſ. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
Moſt free in his reply.
Quee. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime ?
Roſ. Maddam, it ſo fell out that certaine players
We ore-raught on the way, of theſe we told him,
And there did ſeeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it : they are heere about the court,
And as I thinke, they haue already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis moſt true,
And he beſeecht me to intreat your maieſties
To heare and ſee the matter.
King. With all my heart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him ſo inclin'd.
Good gentlemen giue him a futher edge,
And driue his purpoſe into theſe delights.
Roſ. We ſhall my lord.

Exeunt Roſ. *and* Guyl.

King.

Kin. Sweet *Gertrard*, leaue vs two,
For we haue clofely ſent for *Hamlet* hether,
That he as t'were by accident, may heere
Affront *Ophelia* ; her father and my ſelfe,
Wee'le ſo beſtow our ſelues, that ſeeing vnſeene,
We may of their encounter franckely iudge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
Ift be th' affliction of his loue or no
That thus he ſuffers for.

Quee. I ſhall obey you.
And for my part *Ophelia*, I doe wiſh
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlets* wildnes, ſo ſhall I hope your vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.

Ophe. Maddam, I wiſh it may.

Pol. Ophelia walke you heere: gracious ſo pleaſe you,
We will beſtow our ſelues; reade on this booke,
That ſhow of ſuch an exerciſe may collour
Your lowlineſſe ; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much proou'd, that with deuotions viſage
And pious action, we doe ſugar ore
The diuell himſelfe.

King. O tis too true,
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth giue my conſcience ?
The harlots cheeke beautied with plaſtring art,
Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede to my moſt painted word :
O heauy burthen.

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming, with-draw my lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion,
Whether tis nobler in the minde to ſuffer

The

The ſlings and arrowes of outragious fortune,
Or to take armes againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing, end them: to die to ſleepe
No more: and by a ſleepe, to ſay we end
The hart-ake, and the thouſand naturall ſhocks
That fleſh is heire to; tis a conſumation
Deuoutly to be wiſht to die to ſleepe,
To ſleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that ſleepe of death what dreames may come?
When we haue ſhuffled off this mortall coyle
Muſt giue vs pauſe, there's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life:
For who would beare the whips and ſcornes of time,
Th'oppreſſors wrong, the proude man's contumely,
The pangs of *office, and* * the lawes delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurnés
That patient merrit of th'vnworthy takes,
When himſelfe might his *quietas* † make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
To grunt and ſweat vnder a weary life?
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The vndiſcouer'd country, from whoſe borne
No trauailer returnes, puzzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare thoſe ills we haue,
Then flie to others that wee know not of.
Thus conſcience dooes make cowards,
And thus the natiue hiew of reſolution
Is ſickled ore with the pale caſt of thought.
And enterpriſes of great pitch and moment,
With this regard their currents turne awry,
And looſe the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*, nimph in thy orizons
Be all my ſinnes remembred.

* *deſpiſed loue.* † *quietus.*

Ophe.

Ophe. Good my lord,
How dooes your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you; well.

Ophe. My lord, I haue remembrances of yours
That I haue longed long to re-deliuer,
I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compoſd
As made theſe things more rich: their perfume loſt,
Take theſe againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,
There my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honeſt.

Oph. My lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophe. What meanes your lordſhip?

Ham. That if you be honeſt and faire, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.

Ophe. Could beauty my lord haue better comerce
Then with honeſty?

Ham. I truely, for the power of beauty will ſooner tranſforme honeſty from what it is to a baude, then the force of honeſty can tranſlate beauty *into* * his likeneſſe, this was ſometime a paradox, but now the time giues it proofe, I did loue you once.

Oph. Indeed my lord you made me beleeue ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not haue beleeu'd me, for vertue cannot ſo *euacuat* † our old ſtock, but we ſhall reliſh of it: I loued you not.

Ophe. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee a nunry: why would'ſt thou be a breeder of ſinners? I am myſelfe indifferent honeſt, but yet I could

* *in.* † *evacuat.*

accuſe

accuſe mee of ſuch things, that it were better my mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imaginatiō to giue them ſhape, or time to act them in: what ſhould ſuch fellowes as I do crauling betweene earth and heauen? we are arrant knaues, beleeue none of vs. Go thy waies to a nunry. Wher's your father.

Ophe. At home my lord.

Ham. Let the doers be ſhut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne houſe,
Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him you ſweet heauens.

Ham. If thou dooſt marry, Ile giue thee this *plage* * for thy dowrie, be thou as chaſt as yce, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny get thee to a nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a foole, for wife men know well enough what monſters you make of them: to a nunry goe, and quickly to, farwell.

Ophe. Heauenly powers reſtore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your ſelfes another, you gig and amble, and you liſt you nickname Gods creaturs, and make your wantonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde, I ſay we will haue no mo marriage, thoſe that are married already, all but one ſhal liue, the reſt ſhall keepe as they are: to a nunry go. *Exit.*

Ophe. O what a noble mind is heere othrowne!
The courtiers, ſouldiers, ſchollers, eye, tongue, ſword,
Th' expectation, and roſe of the faire ſtate,
The glaſſe of faſhion, and the mould of forme,
Th' obſerv'd of all obſeruers, quite, quite downe,
And I of ladies moſt deiect and wretched,
That ſuckt the huny of his *muſickt* ‡ vowes;

* *plague.* ‡ *muſick.*

Now

Now ſee what noble and moſt ſoueraigne reaſon
Like ſweete bells iangled out of time, and harſh,
That *vnmatcht* * forme, and ſtature of blowne youth
Blaſted with extacy. O wo is me
T'haue ſeene what I haue ſeene, ſee what I ſee. *Exit.*

Enter King *and* Polonius.

King. Loue: his affections doe not that way tend,
Nor what he ſpake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes; there's ſomething in his ſoule
Ore which his melancholy ſits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the diſcloſe
Will be ſome danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus *ſet* † downe: he ſhall with ſpeed to *England*,
For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
Haply the ſeas, and countries different,
With variable obiects, ſhall expell
This ſomething ſetled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines ſtill beating
Puts him thus from faſhion of himſelfe.
What tinke you on't?

Pol. It ſhall doe well.

But yet doe I beleeue the origen and comencement of *it* ‡
Sprung from neglected loue: how now *Ophelia?*
You neede not tell vs what lord *Hamlet* ſaid,
We heard it all: my lord, doe as you pleaſe,
But if you hold it fit, after the play.
Let his queene-mother all alone intreate him,
To ſhow his griefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (ſo pleaſe you) in the eare
Of all their conference: if ſhe find him not,

* *vnmarch'd.* † *ſet it.* ‡ *his griefe.*

To

To *England* ſend him : or confine him where
Your wiſedome beſt ſhall thinke.

King. It ſhall be ſo,
Madnes in great ones muſt not vnmatcht goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet *and three of the players.*

Ham. Speake the ſpeech I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our players do, I had as liue the towne cryer ſpoke my lines, nor doe not ſaw the aire too much with your hand thus, but vſe all gently, for in the very torrent tempeſt, and as I may ſay whirlwind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it ſmoothneſſe, O it offends me to the ſoule, to heare a robuſtious perwig-patd fellowe tere a paſſion to totters, to very rags, to ſpleet the eares of the groundlings, who for the moſt part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe ſhewes, and noyſe : I would haue ſuch a fellow whipt for ore-dooing *Termagant*, it out *Herods Herod*, pray you auoyde it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne diſcretion bee your tutor, ſute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this ſpeciall obſeruance, that you ore-ſteppe not the modeſty of nature : for any thing ſo ore-doone, is from the purpoſe of playing, whoſe end both at the firſt, and now, was and is, to hold as twere the mirrour vp to nature, to ſhew vertue her feature; ſcorne her own image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and preſſure : now this ouerdone, or come *trady* † off, though it makes the vnſkilfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious greeue, the cenſure of which one, muſt in your allowance ore-weigh a whole theater of others. O there bee players that I haue ſeene play, and

† *tardy.*

heard others prayſd, and that highly, not to ſpeake it prophanely, that neither hauing th' accent of Chriſtians, nor the gate of Chriſtian, *Pagan*, nor man, haue ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I haue thought ſome of natures ionrnemen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ha. O reforme it altogether, and let thoſe that play your clownes ſpeake no more then is ſet downe for them, for there be of them that will themſelues laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barraine ſpectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered: that's villanous, and ſhewes a moſt pittifull ambition in the foole that vſes it: goe make you ready. How now my lord, will the king heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldenſterne, *and* Roſencraus.

Pol. And the queene to, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the plaiers make haſt. Wil you two help to haſten them.

Roſ. I my lord. *Exeunt thoſe two.*

Ham. What how, *Horatio.*

Enter Horatio.

Hora. Heere ſweete lord, at your ſeruice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art een as iuſt a man
As ere my conuerſation copt withall.

Hora. O my deere lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter,
For what aduancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenew haſt but thy good ſpirits
To feede and cloathe thee, why ſhould the poore be flattred?
No, let the candied tongue lick obſurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fauning, dooſt thou heare,

Since

Since my deere ſoule was miſtris of her choyce,
And could of men diſtinguiſh her election
S'hath ſeald thee for her ſelfe, for thou haſt beene
As one in ſuffering all that ſuffers nothing,
A man that fortunes buffets and rewards
Haſt tane with equall thankes ; and bleſt are thoſe
Whoſe bloud and iudgement are ſo well comedled,
That they are not a pipe for fortunes finger
To ſound what ſtoppe ſhee pleaſe: giue me that man
That is not paſſions ſlaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts core, I in my heart of heart
As I do thee. Something too much of this,
There is a play to night before the king,
One ſcene of it comes neere the circumſtance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou ſeeſt that act a foote,
Euen with the very comment of thy ſoule
Obſerue my vncle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not itſelfe vnkennill in one ſpeech,
It is a damned ghoſt that wee haue ſeene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* ſtithy; giue him heedfull note
For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,
And after wee will both our iudgements ioyne
In cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hora. Well my lord,
If a ſteale ought the whilſt this play is playing
And ſcape detected, I will pay the theft.

Enter trumpets and kettle drummes, King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are comming to the play. I muſt be idle,
Get you a place.

King. How fares our couſin *Hamlet ?*

Ham. Excellent yfaith.
Of the camelions diſh, I eate the ayre,
Promiſ-cram'd, you cannot feede capons ſo.
King. I haue nothing with this aunſwer *Hamlet*,
Theſe words are not mine.
Ham. No, nor mine now my lord.
You playd once i'th vniuerſity you ſay,
Pol. That did I my lord, and was accounted a good actor.
Ham. What did you enact?
Pol. I did enact *Iulius Cæſar*, I was kild i'th capitall,
Brutus kild me.
Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill ſo capitall a calf there.
Be the players ready?
Roſ. I my lord, they ſtay vpon your patience.
Ger. Come hether my deare *Hamlet*, ſit by me.
Ham. No good mother heere's mettle more attractiue.
Pol. O, *oh**, doe you marke that.
Ham. Lady ſhall I lie in your lap?
Ophe. No my lord.
Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?
Ophe. I thinke nothing my lord.
Ham That's a faire thought to lye betweene maydes legs.
Ophe. What is my lord?
Ham. Nothing.
Ophe. You are merry my lord.
Ham. Who I?
Oph. I my lord.
Ham. O God! your onely iigge-maker, what ſhould a man do but be merry, for looke you how cheerfully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two howres.
Ophe. Nay, tis twice two months my lord.
Ham. So long, nay then let the diuell weare blacke, for Ile haue a ſute of ſables; O heauens, die two months ago, and

* *ho.*

not

not forgotten yet, then there's hope a great mans memory may out-liue his life halfe a yeare, but her lady a muſt build churches then, or elſe ſhall a ſuffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horſe, whoſe epitaph is, for O, for O, the hobby-horſe is forgot.

The trumpets ſound. Dumbe ſhow followes.

Enter a king and a queene, the queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vppon her necke, he lies him downe vppon a bancke of flowers, ſhe ſeeing him a ſleepe, leaues him: anon comes in an other man, takes off his crowne, kiſſes it, pours poyſon in the ſleepers eares, and leaues him: the queene returnes, finds the king dead, makes paſſionate action, the poyſoner with ſome three or foure comes in againe, ſeeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poiſoner woes the queene with gifts, ſhe ſeemes harſh awile, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. What meanes this my lord?

Ham. Marry, tis munching *Mallico*, it meanes miſchiefe.

Oph. Belike this ſhow imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We ſhall know by this fellow,
The players cannot keepe they'le tell all.

Ophe. Will a tell us what this ſhow meant?

Ham. I or any ſhow that you will ſhow him, be not you aſham'd to ſhow heele not ſhame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our tragedie,
Heere ſtooping to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue or the poſie of a ring?

Ophe. Tis breefe my lord.
Ham. As womans loue,

Enter King *and* Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus* cart gone round
Neptunes ſalt waſh, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirty doſen moones with borrowed ſheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene,
Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall in moſt ſacred bands.
Quee. So many iourneyes may the ſunne and moone
Make vs againe count ore ere loue bee doone,
But woe is me you are ſo ſicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from *your* * former ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you, yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you my lord it nothing muſt.
For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
And womens feare and loue hold quantity,
Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity,
Now what my lord is proofe hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz'ſt, my feare is ſo,
Where loue is great, the litleſt doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.
King. Faith I muſt leaue thee loue, and ſhortly to,
My operant powers their functions leaue to do,
And thou ſhalt liue in this fare world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For huſband ſhalt thou.
Quee. O confound the reſt.
Such loue muſt needes be treaſon in my breſt,
In ſecond huſband let me be accurſt,
None wed the ſecond, but who kild the firſt.
Ham. That's wormwood.

* *eur.*

The

The inſtances that ſecond marriage moue
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of loue,
A ſecond time I kill my huſband dead,
When ſecond huſband kiſſes me in bed.

King. I doe beleeue you thinke what now you ſpeake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpoſe is but the ſlaue to memory,
Of violent birth, but poore validity,
Which now the fruite vnripe ſticks on the tree,
But fall vnſhaken when they mellow bee.
Moſt neceſſary tis that we forget
To pay ourſelues what to ourſelues is debt,
What to ourſelues in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe,
The violence of either, griefe, or ioy,
Their owne ennactures with themſelues deſtroy,
Where ioy moſt reuels, griefe doth moſt lament,
Greefe ioy, ioy griefes, on ſlender accedent,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not ſtrange,
That euen our loues ſhould with our fortunes change,
For tis a queſtion left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or elſe fortune loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,
The poore aduanced makes friends of enemies,
And hethertoo doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needs, ſhall neuer lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his enemie.
But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our willes and fates doe ſo contrary runne,
That our deuices ſtill are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no ſecond huſband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy firſt lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repoſe lock from mee day, and night,
To deſperation turne my truſt and hope,
And anchors cheere in priſon be my ſcope,
Each oppoſite that blanckes the face of ioy,
Meete what I would haue well, and it deſtroy,
Both heere and hence purſue me laſting ſtrife,
If once I bee a widdow, euer I be a wife.

Ham. If ſhe ſhould breake it now.

King. Tis deepely ſworne, ſweet leaue mee heare a while,
My ſpirits grow dull and faine I would beguyle
The tedious day with ſleepe.

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come miſchance betwixt vs twane. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Maddam, how like you this play?

Quee. The lady doth proteſt too much me thinkes.

Ham. O but ſhee'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but ieſt, poyſon in ieſt, no offence i th world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mouſetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the image of a murther done in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the dukes name, his wife *Baptiſta*, you ſhall ſee anone, tis a knauiſh peece of worke, but what of that? your maieſty and we *ſhall** haue free ſoules, it touches vs not, let the gauled iade winch, our withers are vnwrung. This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the king.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus my lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue
If I could ſee the puppits dallying.

* *that.*

Oph.

Oph. You are keene my lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would coſt you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worſe.

Ham. So you miſtake your huſbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the crok-ng rauen doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit and time agreeing,
Conſiderat ſeaſon els no creature ſeeing,
Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weeds collected,
With *Hecats* ban thrice blaſted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholeſome life vſurps immediately.

Ham. A poyſons him i'th garden for his eſtate, his names *Gonzago*, the ſtory is extant and written in very choice *Italian*, you ſhall ſee anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Oph. The king riſes.

Quee. How fares my lord ?

Pol. Giue ore the play.

King. Giue me ſome light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights.

Exeunt, all but Ham. *and* Horatio.

Ham Why let the ſtroken deere go weepe,
The hart vngauled play,
For ſome muſt watch whilſt ſome muſt ſleepe,
Thus runnes the world away. Would not this ſir and a foreſt of feathers, if the reſt of my fortunes turne *Turke* with me, with prouinciall roſes, on my raz'd ſhooes, get me a fellowſhip in a city of players ?

Hora. Halfe a ſhare.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou doſt know oh *Damon* deere
This realme dimantled was
Of *Ioue* himſelfe, and now raignes heere
A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the ghoſts word for a thouſand pound, didſt perceaue ?

Hora. Very well my lord.

Ham. Vppon the talke of the poyſoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah ha, come ſome muſique, com the recorders,
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, ſome muſique.

Enter Roſencraus, Guyldenſterne.

Guyl. Good my lord, voutſafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole hiſtory.

Guy. The king ſir.

Ham. I ſir, what of him ?

Guyl. Is in his retirement meruailous diſtempred.

Ham. With drinke ſir?

Guyl. No my lord, with choller.

Ham. Your wiſedome ſhould ſhew it ſelfe more richer to ſignifie this to the doctor, for, for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Guyl. Good my lord put your diſcourſe into ſome frame,
And ſtare not ſo wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame ſir, pronounce.

Guil. The queene your mother in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay good my lord, this curteſie is not of the right breed,

breed, if it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholſome aunſwer, I will doe your mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne, ſhall be the end of buſines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Roſ. What my lord.

Ham. Make you a wholſome anſwer, my wits diſeaſd, but ſir, ſuch anſwere as I can make, you ſhall commaund, or rather as you ſay, my mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you ſay.

Roſ. Then thus ſhe ſaies, your behauiour hath ſtrooke her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderfull ſonne that can ſo ſtoniſh a mother! but is there no ſequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration? impart.

Roſ. She deſires to ſpeake with you in her cloſet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our mother, haue you any further trade with vs?

Roſ. My lord you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe ſtill by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſ. Good my lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper, you do ſurely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty, if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke aduancement.

Roſ. How can that be when you haue the voyce of the king himſelfe for your ſucceſſion in *Denmarke*.

Enter the players with recorders.

Ham. I ſir, but while the graſſe growes, the prouerbe is ſomething muſty, oh the recorders, let me ſee one, to withdraw with you, why do you goe about to recouer the wind of me, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guyl.

Guyl. O my lord if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not well vnderſtand that: will you play vpon this pipe?

Guyl. My lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I beſeech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my lord.

Ham. It is as eaſie as lying; gouerne theſe ventages with your fingers, and the *thumb** giue it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſique, looke you, theſe are the ſtoppes.

Guyl. But theſe cannot I commaund to an vtrance of harmonie, I haue not the ſkill.

Ham. Why looke you now how vnworthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon me, you would ſeeme to know my ſtops, you would plucke out the hart of my miſterie, you would ſound mee from my loweſt note to my compaſſe, and there is much muſique excellēt voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it ſpeak, s'blood do you thinke I am eaſier to be plaid on then a pipe, call me what inſtrument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God bleſſe you ſir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord the queene would ſpeake with you, and preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee yonder cloud that's almoſt in ſhape of a camel?

Pol. By'th maſſe and tis like a camell indeede.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a wezell.

* *umber.*

Pol.

Pol. It is black like a wezell.

Ham. Or like a whale.

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by and by,
Leaue me friends.
I will, ſay ſo. By and by is eaſily ſaid,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawne, and hell it ſelfe breakes out
Contagion to this world : now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe ſuch buſineſſe as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on : ſoft, now to my mother,
O hart looſe not thy nature ! let not euer,
The ſoule of *Nero* enter this firm boſome !
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will ſpeake dagger to her, but vſe none,
My tongue and ſoule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words ſomeuer ſhe be ſhent,
To giue them ſeales neuer my ſoule conſent. *Exit.*

Enter King, Roſencraus, *and* Guyldenſterne.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with vs
To let his madneſſe range, therefore prepare you,
I your commiſſion will forth-with diſpatch,
And he to *England* ſhall along with you,
The termes of our eſtate may not endure
Hazerd ſo neer's as doth hourely grow,
Out of his browes.

Guyl. We will our ſelues prouide,
Moſt holy and religious feare it is
To keepe thoſe many many bodies ſafe
That liue and feed vpon your maieſty.

Roſ. The ſingle and peculier life is bound,
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind

To

To keepe it ſelfe from noyance, but much more
That ſpirit, vpon whoſe weale depends and reſts
The liues of many, the ceſſe of maieſty
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a maſſie wheele
Fixt on the ſomnet of the higheſt mount,
To whoſe *hugh* * ſpokes, tenn thouſand leſſer things
Are morteiſt and adioynd, which when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, pety conſequence
Attends the boyſtrous raine, neuer alone
Did the king ſigh, but a generall *grownе* †.

King. Arme you I pray you to this ſpeedy voiage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free-footed.

Roſ. We will haſt vs. *Exeunt gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mothers cloſet,
Behind the arras I'le conuay my ſelfe
To here the proſſeſſe, I'le warrant ſhee'le tax him home,
And as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſayd,
Tis meete that ſome more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, ſhould ore-heare
The ſpeech of vantage; fare you well my leige,
I'le call vpon you ere you go to bed.
And tell you what I know. *Exit.*

King. Thankes deere my lord.
O my offence is rancke, it ſmels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeſt curſe vppont,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharp as will,
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtronge *entent* ‡
And like a man to double buſines bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt beginne,

* *bough, huge.* † *grone.* ‡ *intent.*

And

And both neglect : what if this curſed hand
Were thicker then it ſelfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the ſweete heauens
To waſh it white as ſnow ? whereto ſerues mercy
But to confront the viſage of offence ?
And what's in praier but this two-fold force,
To be foreſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I'le looke vp.
My faults is paſt, but oh ! what forme of prayer
Can ſerue my turne ? forgiue me my foule murther;
That cannot be ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe *affects* * for which I did the murther ;
My crowne, mine owne ambition, and my queene ;
May one be pardoned and retaine th' offence ?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences *guided* † hand may ſhow by iuſtice,
And oft tis ſeene the wicked prize it ſelfe
Buyes out the law, but tis not ſo aboue,
There is no ſhufling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our ſelues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To giue in euidence : what then, what reſts ?
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
O wretched ſtate, O boſome blacke as death,
O limed ſoule, that ſtruggling to be free,
Art more ingaged ! helpe angles make aſſay,
Bow ſtubborne knees, and hart with ſtrings of ſteele,
Be ſoft as ſinnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and ſo a goes to heauen,

* *effects.* † *guilded.*

And

And ſo am I reuendge, that would be ſcand
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his ſole ſonne, doe this ſame villaine ſend
To heauen.
Why, this is baſe and ſilly.———not reuendge,
A tooke my father groſely, full of bread,
Withall his crimes broad blowne as fluſh as May,
And how his audit ſtands who knowes ſaue heauen,
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
Tis heauy with him : and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his ſoule,
When he is fit and ſeaſoned for his paſſage ?
No,
Vp ſword, and know thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a ſleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th' inceſtious pleaſure of his bed,
At game, a ſwearing, or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſaluation in't.
Then trip him that his heele mas kick at heauen,
And that his ſoule may be as damnd and blacke
As hell whereto it goes ; my mother ſtaies,
This phiſicke but prolongs thy ſickly daies. *Exit.*

King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine below
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe. *Exit.*

Enter Gertrard *and* Polonius.

Polo. A will come ſtrait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue beene too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath ſcreen'd and ſtood betweene
Much heate and him, Ile ſilence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile waite you, feare me not,
With-draw, I heare him comming.

Ham.

Ham. Now mother, whats the matter ?
Ger. Hamlet, thou haſt thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother you haue my father much offended.
Ger. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Goe goe, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.
Ger. Why how now *Hamlet ?*
Ham. What's the matter now ?
Ger. Haue you forgot me ?
Ham. No by the rood not ſo,
You are the queene, your huſbands brothers wife,
And would it were not ſo, you are my mother.
Ger. Nay then Ile ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeake.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you downe, you ſhall not boudge,
You goe not till I ſet you vp a glaſſe
Where you may ſee the moſt part of you.
Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me ?
Helpe hoe.
Pol. What hoe helpe.
Ham. How now, a rat, dead for a duckat, dead.
Pol. O I am ſlaine.
Ger. O me, what haſt thou done ?
Ham. Nay I know not, is it the king ?
Ger. O what a raſh and bloody deede is this.
Ham. A bloody deede, almoſt as bad good mother
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Ger. As kill a king.
Ham. I lady, it was my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'ſt to bee too buſie is ſome danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace ſit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penetrable ſtuffe,

If damned cuſtome haue nor braſd it ſo,
That it be proofe and bulwark againſt ſence.
Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'ſt wagge thy tongue
In noyſe ſo rude againſt me ?
Ham. Such an act
That blurres the grace and bluſh of modeſty,
Calls vertue hipocrit, takes of the roſe
From the fair forhead of an innocent loue,
And ſets a bliſter there, makes mariage vowes
As falſe as dicers oathes, Oh ſuch a deed !
As from the body of contraction pluckes
The very ſoule : and ſweet religion makes
A rapſody of words ; heauens face dooes glow
Ore this ſolidity and compound maſſe
With heated viſage, as againſt the doome
Is thought-ſick at the act.
Quee. Ay me what act ?
Ham. That roares ſo low'de and thunders in the index,
Looke here vpon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was ſeated on *his* * browe,
Hiperions curles, the front of *Ioue* him-ſelfe,
An eye like *Mars*, to threten and commánd,
A ſtation like the herald *Mercury*,
New lighted on a heaue, a kiſſing hill,
A combination *and* † forme indeede,
Where euery god did ſeeme to ſet his ſeale
To giue the world aſſurance of a man,
This was your huſband, looke you now what followes,
Heere is your huſband like a mildewed eare,
Blaſting his wholeſome brother : haue you eyes ?
Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
And batton on this moore ; ha, haue you eyes ?

* *this.* † *and a.*

You

Yóu cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites vpon the iudgement, and what iudgement
Would ſtep from this to this? ſence ſure you haue
Els could you not haue motion, but ſure that ſence
Is appoplext, for madneſſe would nôt erre
Nor ſenc to extacie was neere ſo thral'd
But it reſeru'd ſome quantity of choyce
To ſerue in ſuch a difference. What diuell waſt
That thus hath coſond you at hodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without ſight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, ſmelling ſance all,
Or but a ſickly part of one true ſence
Could not ſo mope. O ſhame! where is thy bluſh?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canſt mutine in a matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no ſhame
When the compulſiue ardure giues the charge,
Since froſt itſelfe as actiuely doth burne,
And reaſon pardons will.

Ger. O *Hamlet* ſpeake no more,
Thou turn'ſt my very eyes into my ſoule,
And there I ſee ſuch black and greeued ſpots
As will leaue there their tin'ct.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the rancke ſweat of an *inceſtuous* * bed
Stewed in corruption, honying and making loue
Ouer the naſty ſtie.

Ger. O ſpeake to mee no more,
Theſe words like daggers enter in my eares,
No more ſweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,

* *infected.*

A ſlaue that is not twentith part the kyth
Of your precedent lord, a vice of kings,
A cut-purſe of the empire and the rule,
That from a ſhelfe the precious diadem ſtole
And put it in his pocket. *

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. A king of ſhreds and patches,
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
You heauenly gards: what would your gratious figure?
Ger. Alaſſe hee's mad.
Ham. Doe youe not come your tardy ſonne to chide,
That lap'ſt in time and paſſion lets goe by
Th' important acting of your dread command. O ſay!
Ghoſt. Doe not forget: this viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe,
But looke, amazement on thy mother ſits,
O ſtep between her, and her *fighing* † ſoule!
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt workes,
Speake to her *Hamlet*.
Ham. How is it with you lady?
Ger. Alaſſe how i'ſt with you?
That you doe bend your eye on vacancy.
And with th' incorporall ayre doe hold diſcourſe,
Foorth at your eyes your ſpirrits wildly peep,
And as the ſleeping ſouldiers in th' alarme,
Your *beaded* ‡ haire like life in excrements
Starts vp and ſtands an end: O gentle ſonne!
Vpon the heate and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinckle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?
Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cauſe conioyned, preaching to ſtones

* Gert. *No more.* 1ſt edit. † *fighting.* ‡ *bedded.*

Would

Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Leaſt with this pittious action you conuert
My ſtearne effects, then what I haue to doe
Will want true collour, teares perchance for blood.

Ger. To whome doe you ſpeake this ?

Ham. Doe you ſee nothing there ?

Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is *there** I ſee.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare ?

Ger. No nothing but our ſelues.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it ſteales away,
My father in his habit as he liue'd,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall.

Exit Ghoſt.

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodileſſe creation, extacy is very cunning in.

Ham. My pulſe as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull muſicke, it is not madneſſe
That I haue vttred, bring me to the teſt,
And the matter will reword, which madneſſe
Would gambole from. Mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your ſoule
That not your treſpaſſe but my madneſſe ſpeakes,
It will but ſkin and filme the vlcerous place,
Whiles rancke corruption mining all within
Infects vnſeene: confeſſe your ſelfe to heauen,
Repent what's paſt, auoyd what is to come,
And do not ſpread the compoſt on the weedes
To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue,
For in the fatneſſe of theſe purſie times
Vertue it ſelfe of vice muſt pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.

Ger. O *Hamlet*, thou haſt cleft my hart in twaine.

* *there* omitted.

Ham. O throw away the worſer part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my vncles bed,
Aſſume a vertue if you haue it not,
That monſter cuſtome, who all ſence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vſe of actions faire and good,
He likewiſe giues a frocke or liuery
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſines
To the next abſtinence, the next more eaſie :
For vſe almoſt can change the ſtamp of nature,
And *maiſter* * the diuell, or throw him out
With wonderous potency : once more good night,
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
Ile bleſſing beg of you, for this ſame lord
I doe repent ; but heauen hath pleaſ'd it ſo
To puniſh me with this, and this with me,
That I muſt be their ſcourge and miniſter,
I will beſtow him and will anſwer well
The death I gaue him ; ſo againe good night
I muſt be cruell onely to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worſe remaines behind.
One word more good lady.

Ger. What ſhall I doe ?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt king temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his mouſe,
And let him for a paire of reechy kiſſes,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I eſſentially am not in madneſſe,
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him know.

* *either.*

For

For who that's but a queene, faire, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
Such deare concernings hide, who would doe ſo,
No, in diſpight of ſence and ſecrecy,
Vnpeg the baſket on the houſes top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,
To try concluſions in the baſket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.
Ger. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou haſt ſayd to me.
Ham. I muſt to *England*, you know that,
Ger. Alacke I had forgot.
Tis ſo concluded on.
Ham. Ther's letters ſeald, and my two ſchoolefellowes,
Whom I will truſt as I will adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they muſt ſweepe my way
And marſhall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the ſport to haue the enginer
Hoiſt with his owne petar, an't ſhall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blow them at the moone: O tis moſt ſweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete.
This man ſhall ſet me packing,
Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this counſayler
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt graue,
Who was in life a moſt fooliſh prating knaue.
Come ſir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

Enter King, *and* Queene, *with* Roſencraus *and* Gyldenſterne.

King. There's matter in theſe ſighes, theſe profound heaues;
You muſt tranſlate, tis fit we vnderſtand them,
Where is your ſonne?

Gert. Beſtow this place on vs a little while.
Ah mine owne lord, what haue I ſeene to night?
King. What *Gertrad*, how dooes *Hamlet?*
Gert. Mad as the ſea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier in his lawleſſe fit,
Behind the arras hearing ſomething ſtirre,
Whips out his rapier, cryeis a rat, a rat,
And in this brainiſh apprehenſion kills
The vnſeene good old man.
King. O heauy deed!
It had beene ſo with vs had we beene there,
His liberty is full of threates to all,
To you your ſelfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how ſhall this bloody deede be anſwer'd?
It will be layd to vs, whoſe prouidence
Should haue kept ſhort, reſtraind, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but ſo much was our loue,
We would not vnderſtand what was moſt fit,
But like the owner of a ſoule diſeaſe
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?
Gert. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madneſſe like ſome ore
Among a minerall of mettals baſe,
Showes it ſelfe pure, a weepes for what is done.
King. Gertrad, com away,
The ſunne no ſooner ſhall the mountaines touch,
But wee will ſhippe him hence, and this vile deede
Wee muſt with all our maieſty and ſkill

Enter Roſ. *and* Guyld.

Both countenance and excuſe. Ho *Guyldenſterne*,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with ſome further ayde,

Hamlet

Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* ſlaine,
And from his mothers cloſſet hath hee drag'd him,
Goe ſeeke him out ſpeake fayre and bring the body
Into the chappell ; I pray you haſt in this,
Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wiſeſt friends,
And let them know both what wee meane to do
And whats vntimely done,
Whoſe whiſper ore the worlds diameter,
As leuell as the cannon to his blanck,
Tranſports his poyſned ſhot, may miſſe our name,
And hit the woundleſſe ayre, O come away,
My ſoule is full of diſcord and diſmay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Roſencraus *and others.*

Ham. Safely ſtowd, but ſoftly, what noyſe, who calls on *Hamlet* ?
O heere they come.

Roſ. What haue you done my lord with the dead body ?

Ham. Compounded it with duſt whereto it is kin.

Roſ. Tell vs where tis that wee may take it thence,
And beare it to the chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeue it.

Roſ. Beleeue what ?

Ham. That I can keepe your counſaile and not mine owne, beſides to be demaunded of a ſpunge, what replication ſhould be made by the ſonne of a king.

Roſ. Take you me for a ſpunge my lord ?

Ham. I ſir, that ſokes vp the kings countenance, his rewards, his authorities, but ſuch officers do the king beſt ſeruice in the end, he keepes them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, firſt mouth'd to be laſt ſwallowed, when he needs what you haue gleand, it is but ſqueeſing you, and ſpunge you ſhall be dry againe.

Roſ. I vnderſtand you not my lord.

Ham.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauiſh ſpeech ſleepes in a fooliſh eare.

Roſ. My lord, you muſt tell vs where the body is, and go with vs to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing.

Guyl. A thing my lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, *and two or three.*

King. I haue ſent to ſeeke him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes looſe,
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes,
And where tis ſo, th' offenders ſcourge is wayed
But neuer the offence : to beare all ſmooth and euen,
This ſuddaine ſending him away muſt ſeeme
Deliberate pauſe, diſeaſes deſperate growne,
By deſperate applyance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Roſencraus *and all the reſt.*

King. How now, what hath befalne ?

Roſ. Where the dead body is beſtowd my lord
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Roſ. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Roſ. Hoe, bring in the lord.

They enter.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius ?*

Ham. At ſupper.

King. At ſupper where?

Ham.

Ham. Not where he eates, but where *a* * is eaten, a certaine conuocation of politique wormes are een at him: your worme is your only emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures elſe to fat vs, and we fat ourſelues for maggots, your fat king and your leane begger is but variable ſeruice, two diſhes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alaſſe, alaſſe.

Ham. A man may fiſh with the worme that hath eate of a king, eate of the fiſh that hath fedde of that worme.

King. What doſt thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to ſhew you how a king may go a progreſs through the guttes of a begger.

King. Where is *Polonius?*

Ham. In heauen, ſend thether to ſee, if your meſſenger find him not there, ſeeke him i'th other place your ſelfe, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you ſhall noſe him as you goe vppe the ſtayres into the lobby.

King. Goe ſeeke him there.

Ham. A will ſtay till you come.

King. *Hamlet* this deede for thine eſpeciall ſafety
Which wee do tender, as wee deerely greeue
For that which thou haſt done, muſt ſend thee hence:
Therefore prepare thy ſelfe,
The barke is ready, and the wind at helpe,
Th'aſſotiats tend, and euery thing is bent
For *England.*

Ham. For *England.*

King. I *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a cherub that ſees them, but come for *England.* Farewell deere mother.

King. Thy louing father *Hamlet.*

Ham. My mother, father and mother is man and wife,

* *be.*

Man

Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother :
Come for *England*. *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speede abourd,
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is seald and done
That els leanes on the affaire, pray you make hast,
And *England* if my loue thou hold'st at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee sence,
Since yet thy cicatrice lookes raw and red,
After the *Danish* sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs, thou maist not colaly set
Our soueraigne proceſſe, which imports at full
By letters congruing to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet*, do it *England*,
For like the hectique in my blood hee rages,
And thou must cure me till I know tis done,
How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere beginne. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbrasse *with his armie ouer the stage.*

Fortin. Goe captaine, from mee greet the *Danish* king,
Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbrasse*
Craues the conueyance of a promis'd march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the rendezuous,
If that his maiesty would ought with vs,
Wee shall expresse our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't my lord.

Fortin. Go softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, *&c.*

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these ?

Cap. The are of *Norway* sir.

Ham. How proposd sir I pray you ?

Cap.

Cap. Againſt ſome part of *Poland.*
Ham. Who commands them ſir ?
Cap. The nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortinbraſſe.*
Ham. Goes it againſt the maine of *Poland* ſir ?
Or for ſome frontire ?
Cap. Truely to ſpeake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay fiue duckets, fiue I would not farme it ?
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A rancker rate, ſhould it bee ſould in fee.
Ham. Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.
Cap. Yes it is already gariſond.
Ham. Two thouſand ſoules and twenty thouſand duckets
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw,
This is th' impoſtume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes and ſhewes no cauſe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you ſir.
Cap. God buy you ſir.
Roſ. Wil't pleaſe you goe my lord ?
Ham. Ile be with you ſtraight, goe a little before.
How all occaſions do informe againſt mee,
And ſpur my dull reuenge. What is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to ſleepe and feed, a beaſt, no more:
Sure he that made us with ſuch large diſcourſe
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
That capability and God-like reaſon
To fuſt in vs vnuſd, now whether it be
Beſtiall obliuion, or ſome crauen ſcruple
Of thinking too preciſely on th' euent,
A thought which quartered hath but one part wiſdome,
And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I liue to ſay this thing's to doe,

Sith

Sith I haue cauſe, and wil and ſtrength, and meanes
To doo't; examples groſſe as earth exhort me,
Witnes this army of ſuch maſſe and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whoſe ſpirit with diuine ambition puſt,
Make mouthes at the inuiſible euent,
Expoſing what is mortall, and vnſure,
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-ſhell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to ſtirre without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a ſtraw
When honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother ſtaind,
Excytements of my reaſon, and my blood,
And let all ſleepe, while to my ſhame I ſee
The iminent death of twenty thouſand men,
That for a fantaſie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the ſlaine. O from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, *and a gentleman.*

Quee. I will not ſpeake with her.

Gen. She is importunat,
Indeed diſtract, her moode will needes be pittied.

Quee. What would ſhe haue?

Gent. She ſpeakes much of her father, ſayes ſhee heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiouſly at ſtrawes, ſpeakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe ſence, her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the vnſhaped vſe of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,

And

And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as winckes, and nods, and geſtures yeeld them,
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing ſure, yet much vnhappily.

Hora. Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhe may ſtrew
Dangerous coniectures in ill-breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. ‘ To my ſicke ſoule, as ſinnes true nature is,
‘ Each toy ſeemes prologue to ſome great amiſſe,
‘ So full of artleſſe iealoſie is guilt,
‘ It ſpills it ſelfe, in fearing to be ſpilt.

Oph. Where is the beauteous maieſty of *Denmarke?*

Quee. How now *Ophelia.*

She ſings.

Oph. How ſhould I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and ſtaffe, and his ſendall ſhoone.

Quee. Alaſſe ſweet lady, what imports this ſong?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,

SONG.

He is dead and gone lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a graſſe greene turph, at his heeles a ſtone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia.*

Oph. Pray you marke. White his ſhrowd as the mountaine ſnow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alaſſe looke heere my lord.

SONG.

Ophe. Larded all with ſweet flowers,
Which beweept to the ground did not go
With true loue ſhowers.

King.

King. How doe you pretty lady ?

Oph. Well good dild you, they ſay the owle was a bakers daughter, lord wee know what wee are, but know not what we may be, God be at your table.

King. Conceit vpon her father.

Ophe. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aſke you what it meanes, ſay you this.

SONG.

To morrow is S. *Valentines* day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a mayd at your window
To be your *Valentine.*
Then vp he roſe, and dond his cloſe, and dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia.*

Ophe. Indeed without an oath Ile make an end ont,
By gis and by ſaint charity,
Alacke and fie for ſhame,
Young men will doo't if they come too't,
By cocke they are too blame.
Quoth ſhe, before you tumbled me, you promiſd me to wed,
(He anſwers) So *ſhould* * I a done by yonder ſunne
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long hath ſhee beene thus ?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we muſt be patient, but I cannot chuſe but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground my brother ſhall know of it, and ſo I thanke you for your good counſaile.
Come my coach, god night ladies, god night.
Sweet ladies god night, god night.

King. Follow her cloſe, giue her good watch I pray you.

* *would.*

O this

O this is the poyſon of deepe griefe, it ſprings all from her
fathers death, and now behold, O *Gertrard, Gertrard,*
When ſorrowes come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in battalians: firſt her father ſlaine,
Next, your ſonne gone, and he moſt violent author
Of his owne iuſt remoue, the people muddied
Thick and vnwholeſome in thoughts, and whiſpers
For good *Polonius* death: and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*
Deuided from herſelfe, and her faire iudgement,
Without the which we are pictures, or meere beaſts,
Laſt, and as much contayning as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from *France,*
Feeds on this wonder, keepes himſelfe in clowdes,
And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his fathers death,
Wherein neceſſity of matter beggerd,
Will nothing ſtick our perſon to arraigne
In eare and eare: O my dear *Gertrard,* this
Like to a murdring-peece in many places
Giues me ſuperfluous death. *A noyſe within.*

Enter a meſſenger.

King. Attend, where are my *Swiſſers,* let them guard the doore,
What is the matter?
Meſſen. Saue your ſelfe my lord.
The ocean ouer-peering of his liſt.
Eates not the flats with more *impetuous* * haſt
Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-beares your officers: the rabble call him lord,
And as the world were now but to beginne,

* *inpitious.*

Antiquity forgot, cuſtome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
The cry chooſe we, *Laertes* ſhall be king,
Caps, hands and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes ſhall be king, *Laertes* king.

Que. How cheerefully on the falſe traile they cry.
A noiſe within.
O this is counter, you falſe *Daniſh* dogges.

Enter Laertes *with others.*

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this king ? ſirs ſtand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue mee leaue.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you : keepe the doore, O thou vile king,
Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes.*

Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclaimes me baſtard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaſt vnſmerched browe
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cauſe *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes ſo giant-like ?
Let him goe *Gertrard,* do not feare our perſon,
There's ſuch diuinity doth hedge a king,
That treaſon cannot peepe to what it would,
Act's little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incenſt, let him goe *Gertrard,*
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father ?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King.

King. Let him demaund his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackeſt diuell,
Conſcience and grace, to the profoundeſt pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I ſtand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely I'le be reuengd
Moſt throughly for my father.

King. Who ſhall ſtay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes Ile huſband them ſo well,
The ſhall go farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*, if you deſire to know the the certainty
Of your deere father, i'ſt writ in your reuenge,
That ſoope-ſtake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looſer.

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repaſt them with my blood.

King. Why now you ſpeake
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltleſſe of your fathers death,
And am moſt ſencible in griefe for it,
It ſhall as leuell to your iudgement peare
As day doões to your eye. *A noyſe within.*

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now what noyſe is that?
O heate, dry vp my braines, teares ſeauentimes ſalt
Burne out the ſence and vertue of mine eye.

By heauen thy madnes ſhall be payd with weight
Till our ſcale turne the beame. O roſe of May,
Deere mayd, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia*,
O heauens, iſt poſſible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life!

SONG.

Ophe. They bore him bare-fac'd on the beere,
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my doue.

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and did'ſt perſwade reuenge
It could not mooue thus.

Ophe. You muſt ſing a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the falſe ſteward that ſtole his maiſters daughter,

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Ophe. There's roſemary, that for remembrance, pray you loue remember, and there is pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophe. There's fennill for you, and colembines, there's rewe for you, and heere's ſome for me, we may call it herbe of grace a Sondaies, you may weare your rewe with a difference, there's a daſie, I would giue you ſome violets, but they witherd all when my father dyed, they ſay a made a good end. For bonny ſweet *Robin* is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and afflictions, paſſion, hell it ſelfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettineſſe.

SONG.

Ophe. And will a not come againe,
And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.

His

His beard was as white as ſnow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away mone,
God a mercy on his ſoule, and all chriſtians ſoules,
God buy *yous* *.

Laer. Doe you this O God.

King. *Laertes*, I muſt commune with your griefe,
Or you deney me right, goe but a part,
Make choice of whome your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct or by colaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our kindome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in ſatisfaction ; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we ſhall ioyntly labour with your ſoule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo.
His meanes of death, his obſcure funerall,
No trophæ, ſword, nor hachment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall oſtentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.

Kin. So you ſhall,
And where th' offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio *and others.*

Hora. What are they that would ſpeake with me ?

Gen. Sea-faring men ſir, they ſay they haue letters for you.

Hora. Let them come in.
I doe not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted. If not from lord *Hamlet.*

* *you.*

Enter Saylers.

Say. God bleſſe you ſir

Hora. Let him bleſſe thee to.

Say. A ſhall ſir and pleaſe him, there's a letter for you ſir, it came from th' embaſſador that was bound for *England*, if your name bee *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. Horatio, when thou ſhalt haue over-look't this, giue theſe fellowes ſome meanes to the king, they haue letters for him: ere wee were two daies old at ſea, a pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue vs chaſe, finding our ſelues too ſlow of ſaile, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the inſtant they got cleere of our ſhip, ſo I alone became their priſoner, they haue dealt with me like theeues of mercy, but they knew what they did: I am to doe a turne for them, let the king haue the letters I haue ſent, and repayre thou to mee with as much ſpeed as thou wouldſt fly death. I haue words to ſpeake in thine eare wil make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord of the matter, theſe good fellowes will bring thee where I am, *Roſencraus* and *Guilderſterne* hold their courſe for *England*, of them I haue much to tell thee, farwell.

So that thou knoweſt thine Hamlet.

Hora. Come I will make you way for theſe your letters,
And doo't the ſpeedier that you may direct me
To him from whome you brought them. *Exeunt.*

Enter King *and* Laertes.

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeale,
And you muſt put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father ſlaine
Purſued my life.

Laer.

Lar. It well appeares: but tell me
Why you procede not againſt theſe feates,
So criminall and ſo capitall in nature,
As by your ſafety, greatnes, wiſdome, all things els,
You mainly were ſtirr'd vp.

King. O for two ſpeciall reaſons
Which may to you perhaps ſeeme much vnſinnow'd,
But yet to me tha'r ſtrong, the queene his mother
Liues almoſt by his lookes, and for my ſelfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She is ſo concliue to my life and ſoule,
That as the ſtarre mooues not but in his ſphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Worke like the ſpring that turneth wood to ſtone,
Conuert his giues to graces, ſo that my arrowes
Too ſlightly tymbered for ſo loued *armes* *,
Would haue reuerted to my bow againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.

Laer. And ſo *haue I* † a noble father loſt,
A ſiſter driuen into deſperat termes,
Whoſe worth, if prayſes may goe backe againe
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your ſleepes for that, you muſt not thinke
That we are made of ſtuffe ſo flat and dull,
Thatwe can let our berd be ſhooke with danger,
And thinke it paſtime, you ſhortly ſhall heare more,

* *armd.* † *I haue.*

I lou'd your father, and we loue our ſelfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a meſſenger with letters.

Meſſe. Theſe to your maieſty, this to the queene.

King. From *Hamlet*, who brought them ?

Meſſe. Saylers my lord they ſay, I ſaw them not,
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes you ſhall heare them : leaue vs.
High and mighty, you ſhall know I am ſet naked on your kingdome, to morrow ſhall I begge leaue to ſee your kingly eyes, when I ſhall, firſt aſking your pardon, there-vnto recount the occaſion of my ſuddaine returne.

King. What ſhould this meane, are all the reſt come backe,
Or is it ſome abuſe, and no ſuch thing ?

Laer. Know you the hand ?

King. Tis *Hamlets* caracter. Naked,
And in a poſtſcript here he ſaies alone,
Can you deuiſe me ?

Laer. I am loſt in it my lord, but let him come,
It warmes the very ſicknes in my heart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didſt thou.

King. If it be ſo *Laertes*,
As how ſhould it be ſo, how otherwiſe,
Will you be rul'd by me ?

Laer. I my lord, ſo you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned,
As liking not his voyage, and that he meanes,
No more to vnder take it, I will worke him
To an exployt, now ripe in my deuiſe,

Vnder

Vnder the which he ſhall not chooſe but fall:
And for his death no winde of blame ſhall breathe,
But euen his mother ſhall vncharge the practiſe,
And call it accedent.

Laer. My lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuiſe it ſo
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You haue beene talkt of ſince your trauaile much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing for a quality
Wherein they ſay you ſhine, your ſumme of parts
Did not together plucke ſuch enuy from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthieſt ſiedge.

Laer. What part is that my lord?

King. A very *riband** in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull too, for youth no leſſe becomes
The light and careleſſe liuery that it weares
Then ſettled age, his ſables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauenes; two monthes ſince
Heere was a gentleman of *Normandy*,
I haue ſeene my ſelfe, and ſeru'd againſt the *French*,
And they can well on horſe-backe, but this gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his ſeate,
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his horſe,
As had he beene incorp'ſt, and demy-natur'd
With the braue beaſt, ſo farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgery of ſhapes and tricks
Come ſhort of what he did.

Laer. A *Norman* waſt?

King. A *Norman.*

Laer. Vpon my life *Lamord.*

King. The very ſame.

* *ribaud.*

Laer.

Laer. I know him, well he is the brooch indeed
And iem of all the nation.

King. He made confeſſion of you,
And gaue you ſuch a maiſterly report
For art and exerciſe in your defence,
And for your rapier moſt eſpeciall,
That he cryd out t'would be a ſight indeed
If one could match you; the *ſcrimers* * of their nation
He ſwore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them; ſir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo enuenom with his enuy,
That he could nothing do, but wiſh and beg
Your ſodaine comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my lord?

King. *Laertes* was your father, deere to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrowe,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aſke you this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
But that I know, loue is begunne by time,
And that I ſee in paſſages of proofe,
Time qualifies the ſparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or ſnuffe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes ſtill,
For goodnes growing to a plurifie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We ſhould doe when wee would: for this would changes,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this ſhould is like a ſpend-thrifts ſigh,
That hurts by eaſing; but to the quicke of th'vlcer,

* *ſcrimures.*

Hamlet comes back what would you vndertake
To ſhow your ſelfe indeed your fathers ſonne
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th church.

King. No place indeede ſhould murther ſanctuarize,
Reuengde ſhould haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keep cloſe within your chamber
Hamlet return'd, ſhall know you are come home,
Weele put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the fame
The *Frenchman* gaue you: bring you in in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remiſſe,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruſe the foyles, ſo that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chooſe
A ſword vnbated, and in a pace of practiſe,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will doo't,
And for the purpoſe, Ile annoynt my ſword.
I bought an vnction of a mountibancke
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no cataplaſme ſo rare,
Collected from all ſimples that haue vertue
Vnder the moone, can ſaue the thing from death
That is but ſcratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſlightly, it may be death.

King. Lets further thinke of this.
Wey what conueiance both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our ſhape if this ſhould fayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not aſſayd. Therefore this proiect,
Should haue a backe or ſecond that might hold
If this did blaſt in proofe; ſoft let me ſee,

Wee'le

Wee'le make a ſolemne wager on your cunnings,
I *hau't* *, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue preferd him
A challice for the *once* ‡, whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd ſtucke,
Our purpoſe may hold there ; but ſtay, what noyſe ?

Enter queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So faſt they follow ; your ſiſters drownd *Laertes*.
Laer. Drown'd, O where ?
Quee. There is a willow growes aſcaunt the brooke,
That ſhowes his hoary leaues in the glaſſy ſtreame,
There with fantaſtique garlands did ſhe make
Of crowflowers, nettles, daſies, and long purples
That liberall ſhepheards giue a groſſer name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her *coronet* ‖ weeds
Clambring to hang, an enuious ſluer broke,
When down her weedy trophæs and her ſelfe,
Fell in the weeping brooke, her clothes ſpred wide,
And mermaide-like a while they bore her vp,
Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne diſtreſſe.
Or like a creature, natiue and indewed
Vnto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heauy with their drinke,
Puld the poore *wench* § from her melodious lay
To muddy death.
Laer. Alas then is ſhe drownd.
Quee. Drownd, drownd.

* *hate*, ‡ *nonce*, ‖ *cronet*, § *wretch*.

Lar.

Lar. Too much of water haſt thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her cuſtome holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will, when theſe are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my lord,
I haue a ſpeech a fire that faine would blaſe,
But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

King. Lets follow *Gertrard.*
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it ſtart againe.
Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two clownes.

Clowne. Is ſhe to be buried in chriſtian buriall, when ſhe wilfully ſeekes her owne ſaluation?

Other. I tell thee ſhe is, therfore make her graue ſtraight, the crowner hath ſate on her, and finds it chriſtian buriall.

Clow. How can that be, vnleſſe ſhe drown'd herſelfe in her owne defence.

Oth. Why tis found ſo.

Clow. It muſt be ſo offended, it cannot be elſe, for heere lyes the poynt, if I drowne my ſelfe wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; ſhe drownd her ſelfe wittingly.

Oth. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clow. Giue me leaue, here lies the water, good, here ſtands the man, good, if the man goe to this water and drowne himſelfe, it is will he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, and drowne him, he drownes not himſelfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, ſhortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry i'ſt, crowners queſt law.

Oth.

Oth. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould haue bin buried out a chriſtian burjall.

Clow. Why there thou ſayſt, and the more pitty that great folke ſhould haue countenance in this world to drown or hang themſelues, more then their euen chriſten: come my ſpade, there is no auncient gentlemen but gardners, ditchers, and graue-makers, they hold vp *Adams* profeſſion.

Oth. Was he a gentleman?

Clow. A was the firſt that euer bore armes.

Ile put another queſtion to thee, if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſſe thy ſelfe.

Oth Goe to.

Clow. What is he that builds ſtronger then either the maſon, the ſhipwright, or the carpenter.

Oth. The gallowes-maker, for that out-liues a thouſand tennants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallowes dooes well, but how dooes it well? it dooes well to thoſe that do ill, now thou dooſt ill to ſay the gallowes is built ſtronger then the church, argal, the gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. Who buildes ſtronger then a maſon, a ſhipwright, or a carpenter.

Clow. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Oth. Too't.

Clow. Maſſe I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull aſſe will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are aſkt this queſtion next, ſay a graue-maker, the houſes he makes laſt tell doomeſday.

Goe get thee in and fetch me a ſoope of liquer.

SONG.

SONG.

In youth when I did loue did loue,
Me thought it was very ſweet
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his buſines? a ſings in graue-making.

Hora. Cuſtome hath made it in him a property of eaſines.

Ha. Tis een ſo, the hand of little imploiment hath the daintier ſence.

SONG.

Clow. But age with his ſtealing ſteppes
Hath clawed mee in his clutch,
And hath ſhipped me into the land,
As if I had neuer beene ſuch.

Ham. That ſkull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere *Caines* iaw-bone, that did the firſt murder: this might be the pate of a polliticiā, which this aſſe now ore-reaches, one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could ſay good morrow *my* * lord: how doſt thou ſweet lord? this might be my lord ſuch a one, that praiſed my lord ſuch a ones horſe whē a *ment* ‡ to beg it: might it not?

Hora. I my lord.

Ham. Why een ſo, and now my lady wormes choples, and knockt about the *mazer* § with a ſextens ſpade; heer's fine reuolution and we had the trick to ſee't, did thēſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke ont.

* *ſweet.* ‡ *went.* § *maſſene.*

SONG.

SONG.

Clow. A pickax and a ſpade a ſpade,
for and a ſhrowding ſheet,
Or a pit of clay for to be made
for ſuch a gueſt is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the ſkull of a lawyer? where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his caſes, his tenurs, and his trickes? why dooes he ſuffer this mad knaue now to knock him about the ſconce with a durty ſhouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery: hum, this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his ſtatutes, his recogniſances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes and doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of indentures? the vety conueyances of his lands will ſcarcely lye in this box, and muſt th'inheritor himſelfe haue no more? ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of ſheepe-ſkinnes?

Hora. I my lord, and of calue-ſkinnes too.

Ham. They are ſheepe and calues which ſeeke out aſſurance in that, I will ſpeake to this fellow. Whoſe graue's this ſirra?

Clow. Mine ſir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede for thou lyeſt in't.

Clow. You lye out ont ſir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I doe not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lye in't to be in't and ſay it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeſt.

Clow. Tis a quicke lye ſir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man ſir.

Ham.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman ſir, but reſt her ſoule ſhee's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knaue is, we muſt ſpeake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeares I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne ſo picked, that the toe of the peſant comes ſo neere the heele of the courtier he galls his kybe.
How long haſt thou bene a graue-maker?

Clo. Of the dayes i'th yeare I came too't that day that our laſt king *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortinbraſſe*.

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: he that is mad and ſent into *England*.

Ham. I marry why was he ſent into *England?*

Clow. Why becauſe a was mad: a ſhall recouer his wits there, or if a doe not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. Twill not be ſeene in him there, there the are men as mad as hee.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very ſtrangely they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clow. Faith eene with looſing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in *Denmarke*: I haue beene ſexton heere man and boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Faith if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many pockie corſes, that will ſcarce hold the laying in, a will laſt

you ſome eight yeare, or nine yeare. A tanner will laſt you nine yeare.

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why ſir, his hide is ſo tand with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; and your water is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body, heer's a ſcull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeares.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clow. A whorſon mad fellowes it was, whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue, a pourd a flagon of reniſh on my head once; this ſame ſkull ſir, was ſir *Yoricks* ſkull, the kings ieſter.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite ieſt, of moſt excelent fancy, hee hath bore me on his backe a thouſand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lyppes that I haue kiſt I know not how oft: where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your ſongs, your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour ſhe muſt come, make her laugh at that.
Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my lord?

Ham. Dooſt thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this faſhion i'th heart?

Hora. Een ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo: pah.

Hora. Een ſo my lord.

Ham.

Ham. To what baſe vſes we may returne *Horatio?* why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander*, till a find it ſtopping a bunghole?

Hora. Twere to conſider too curiouſly to conſider ſo.

Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modeſty enough, and likelihood to leade it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to duſt, the duſt is earth, of earth wee make lome, and why of that lome whereto he was conuerted, might they not ſtoppe a beare-barrell?

Imperious *Cæſar* dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.

Enter King Quee. Laertes *and the corſe.*

But ſoft, but ſoft a while, here comes the king,
The queene, the courtiers, who is this they follow?
And with ſuch maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The corſe they follow, did with deſprat hand
Foredoo it owne life, twas of ſome eſtate,
Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What ceremony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, *make* *.

Laer. What ceremony elſe?

Doct. Her obſequies haue beene as farre inlarg'd
As we haue warranty, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command ore-ſwayes the order,
She ſhould in ground vnſanctified beene lodg'd
Till the laſt trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles ſhould be throwne on her:
Yet heere ſhe is allow'd her virgin crants,

* *marke.*

Her mayden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Muſt there no more be doone?

Doct. No more be doone.
We ſhould prophane the ſeruice of the dead,
To ſing a requiem and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſoules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted fleſh
May violets ſpring: I tell thee churliſh prieſt,
A miniſtring angell ſhall my ſiſter be
When thou lyeſt howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia.*

Quee. Sweets to the ſweet, farewell,
I hop't thou ſhould'ſt haue beene my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt ſweet maide,
And not haue ſtrew'd thy graue.

Laer. O trebble woe.
Fall tenne times double on that curſed head.
Whoſe wicked deede thy moſt ingenious ſence
Depriued thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your duſt vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To'retop old *Pelion*, or the ſkyeſh head
Of blew *Olympus.*

Ham. What is he whoſe griefe
Beares ſuch an emphaſis, whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Coniures the wandring ſtarres, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder wounded hearers? *tis* * I
Hamlet the *Dane.*

Laer. The diuell take thy ſoule.

* *Vide.*

Ham.

Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well, I prethee take thy fingers from my throat,
For though I am not ſpleenatiue raſh,
Yet haue I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſedome feare; hold off thy hand?
King. Plucke them a ſunder.
Quee. Hamlet, Hamlet.
All. Gentlemen.
Hora. Good my lord be quiet.
Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.
Quee. O my ſonne, what theame?
Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia:* forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of loue
Make vp my ſumme. What wilt thou doo for her.
King. O he is mad *Laertes.*
Quee. For loue of God forbeare him.
Ham. S'wounds ſhew me what th'out doe:
Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't faſt, woo't teare thy ſelfe,
Woo't drinke vp *Eſill*, eate a crocadile
Ile doo't: dooſt come heere to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
Be buried quicke with her, and ſo will I.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of acres on vs, till our ground
Sindging his pate againſt the burning zone
Make *Oſſa* like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouth,
Ile rant as well as thou.
Quee. This is meere madneſſe,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as *the* * female *doe* †
When that her golden cuplets are diſcloſed
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

* *a* † *doue,*

Ham. Heare you ſir,
What is the reaſon that you vſe me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himſelfe doe what he may
The cat will mew, *a* * dogge will haue his day.
Exit Hamlet, *and* Horatio.

King. I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him.
Strengthen your patience in our laſt nights ſpeech,
Weele put the matter to the preſent puſh:
Good *Gertrard* ſet ſome watch ouer your ſonne,
This graue ſhall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thereby ſhall we ſee
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. So much for this ſir, now ſhall you ſee the other.
You doe remember all the circumſtance.
Hor. Remember it my lord.
Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me ſleepe, me thought I lay
Worſe then the mutines in the bilbo's, raſhly,
And prayſd be raſhnes for it: let vs know,
Our indiſcretion ſometime ſerues vs well
When our deepe plots doe fall, and that ſhould learne vs
Ther's a diuinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.
Hora. That is moſt certaine.
Ham. Vp from my cabin,
My ſea gowne ſcarft about me in the darke
Gropt I to find out them, had my deſire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine with drew
To mine owne roome againe, making ſo bold

* *and.*

My

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their graund commiſſion; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many ſeuerall ſorts of reaſons,
Importing *Denmarkes* health, and *Englands* to,
With hoe ſuch bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the ſuperuiſe no leaſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the axe,
My head ſhould be ſtrooke off.

Hora. I'ſt poſſible?

Ham. Heeres the commiſſion, read it at more leaſure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hora. I beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play, I ſat me downe,
Deuiſd a new commiſſion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our ſtatiſts doe
A baſeneſſe to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but ſir now
It did me yemans ſeruice, wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?

Hora. I good my lord.

Ham. An earneſt coniuration from the king,
As *England* was his faithful tributary,
As loue betweene them like the palme might floriſh,
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland weare
And ſtand a comma tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like, as ſir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of theſe contents,
Without debatement further more or leſſe,
He ſhould thoſe bearers put to ſuddaine death,
Not ſhriuing time alow'd.

Hora. How was this ſeald?

Ham. Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers ſignet in my purſe
Which was the model of that *Daniſh* ſeale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th' other,
Subſcrib'd * it, gau't th' impreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,
The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our ſea-fight, and what to this was ſequent
Thou knoweſt already.

Hora. So *Guyldenſterne* and *Roſencraus* goe too't.

Ham. They are not neere my conſcience; their defeat
Dooes by their owne inſinuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baſer nature comes
Betweene the paſſe and fell incenced poynts
Of mighty oppoſits.

Hora. Why what a king is this!

Ham. Dooes it not thinke thee ſtand me now vppon?
Hee that hath kild my king, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene the election and my hopes,
Throwne out his angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch cofnage, i'ſt not perfect conſcience?

Enter a courtier.

Cour. Your lordſhippe is right welcome backe to *Denmarke.*

Ham. I humb'ly thanke you ſir.
Dooſt know this water-fly?

Hora. No my good lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gratious, for tis a vice to know him. He hath much land and fertill: let a beaſt be lord of beaſts, and his crib ſhall ſtand at the kings meſſe, tis a chough, but as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of durt.

Cour. Sweet lord, if your lordſhippe were at leaſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his maieſty.

* *ſubſcribe.*

Ham.

Ham. I will receiue it ſir with all dilligence of ſpirrit, your bonnet to his right vſe, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your lordſhip, it is very hot.

Ham. No beleeue me, tis very cold, the wind is northerly.

Cour. It is indifferent cold my lord indeed.

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very *ſoultry* * and hot, or my complexion.

Cour. Exceedingly my lord, it is very ſoultry, as t'were I cannot tell how: my lord his maieſty bad me, ſignifie to you, that a has layed a great wager on your head, ſir this is the matter.

Ham. I beſeech you remember.

Cou. Nay good my lord for my eaſe in good faith, ſir here is newly come to court *Laertes*, beleeue me an abſolute gentlemā, full of moſt excellent differences, of very ſoft ſociety, and great ſhowing: indeede to ſpeake *feelingly* ‡ of him, he is the card or kalendar of gentry: for you ſhall finde in him the continent of what part a gentleman would ſee.

Ham. Sir, his definement ſuffers no perdition in you, though I know to devide him inuentorially, would dizzie th' arithmeticke of memory, and yet but raw neither, in reſpect of his quick ſaile, but in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a ſoule of greate article, and his infuſion of ſuch dearth and rareneſſe, *ns* † to make true dixion of him, his ſemblable is his mirrour, and who els would trace him, his vmbrage, nothing more.

Cour. Your lordſhip ſpeakes moſt infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy ſir, why do wee wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Iſt not poſſible to vnderſtand in another tongue, you will doo't ſir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

* *ſully.* ‡ *ſellingly.* † *as*

Cour.

Cour. Of *Laertes.*

Hora. His purſe is empty already, all's golden words are ſpent.

Ham. Of him ſir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did ſir, yet in fayth if you did, it would not much approoue me, well ſir.

Cour. You *are* † ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confeſſe that, leaſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence, but to know a man well, were to know himſelfe.

Cour. I meane ſir for this weapon, but in the imputation layd on him by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon ?

Cour. Rapiar and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The king ſir hath wagerd with him ſix *Barbary* horſes againſt the which he has impaund as I take it ſix *French* rapiers and poynards, with their aſſignes, as girdle, hanger and ſo. Three of the cariages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very reſponſiue to the hilts, moſt dilicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages ?

Hora. I knew you muſt be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Cour. The carriage ſir are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be more german to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our ſides, I would it might be hangers till then, but on, ſix *Barbary* horſes againſt ſix *French* ſwords their aſſignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the *French* bet againſt the *Daniſh*, why is this all you call it ?

Cour. The king ſir, hath laid ſir, that in a dozen paſſes be-

† *are not.*

tweene

tweene your ſelfe and him, hee ſhall not exceede you three hits, hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate tryall, if your lordſhippe would vouchſafe the anſwere.

Ham. How if I anſwere no ?

Cour. I meane my lord the oppoſition of your perſon in tryall.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it pleaſe his maieſty, it is the breathing time of day with mee, let the foyles be brought, the gentleman willinge, and the kinge hold his purpoſe ; I will winne for him and I can, if not I will gaine nothing but my ſhame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you ſo ?

Ham. To this effect ſir, after what floriſh your nature will.

Cour. I commend my duty to your lordſhippe.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himſelfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

Hora. This lapwing runnes away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. A did ſo ſir with his dugge before a ſuckt it, thus has he and many more of the ſame breede that I know the droſſy age dotes on, onely got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of *miſty* * collection, which carryes them through and through the moſt prophane and *trennowned* † opinions, and do but blowe them to their tryall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a lord.

Lord. My lord his maieſty commended him to you by younge *Oſtricke*, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, hee ſends to know if your pleaſure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time ?

Ham. I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they follow the kings pleaſure, if his fitnes ſpeakes, mine is ready : now or whenſoeuer, prouided I be ſo able as now.

* *beſty*. *trennowed*.

Lord.

Lord. The king and queene and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queene deſires you to vſe ſome gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you *goe* ‡ to play.

Ham. Shee well inſtructs me.

Hora. You will looſe my lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke ſo, ſince hee went into *France*. I haue bin in continuall practiſe, I ſhall winne at the ods; thou would'ſt not thinke how ill all's heere about my heart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is ſuch a kind of game-giuing, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hora. If your mind diſlike any thing, obay it. I will foreſtall their repair hether and ſay you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit we defie augury, there is ſpeciall prouidence in the fall of a ſparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it bee not to come, it will be now, if it bee not now, yet it will come, the readines is all, ſince no man of ought hee leaues, knowes what iſt to leaue betimes, let bee.

A table prepard, trumpets, drums and officers with cuſhions, King, Queene, *and all the ſtate, foiles, daggers, and* Laertes.

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon ſir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this preſence knowes,
And you muſt needs haue heard, how I am puniſht
With a ſore diſtraction: what I haue done
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake I heere proclaime was madnes,
Was *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes?* neuer *Hamlet*,
If *Hamlet* from himſelfe be tane away,

‡ *fall.*

And

And when hee's not himſelfe, doo's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* doo's it not, *Hamlet* denies it,
Who dooes it then ? his madnes. Ift be ſo,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madneſſe is poore *Hamlets* enemie,
Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free mee ſo farre in your moſt generous thoughts
That I haue ſhot my arrowe ore the houſe
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am ſatisfied in nature,
Whoſe motiue in this caſe ſhould ſtirre me moſt
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor
I ſtand a loofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by ſome elder maiſters of knowne honor
I haue a voyce and preſident of peace
To my name vngor'd : but all that time
I doe receiue your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager franckly play.
Giue vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your ſkill ſhall like a ſtarre i'th darkeſt night
Stick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mocke me ſir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the foiles young *Oſtricke*, coſin *Ham.* *
You know the wager.

Ham. Very well my lord.
Your grace has layde the ods a'th weaker ſide.

King. I do not feare it, I haue ſeene you both,
But ſince he is better, we haue therefore ods.

* *Hamlet.*

Laer.

Laer. This is to heauy : let me ſee another.

Ham. This likes me well, theſe foiles haue all a length.

Oſtr. I my good lord.

King. Set me the ſtoopes of wine vpon the table,
If *Hamlet* giue the firſt or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange.
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The king ſhall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the cup an onixe ſhall he throw,
Richer then that which foure ſucceſſiue kings
In *Denmarkes* crowne haue worne : giue me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet ſpeake,
The trumpet to the cannoneere without,
The cannons to the heauens, the heauens to earth,
Now the king drinkes to *Hamlet*, come beginne.

Trumpets the while.

And you the iudges beare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on ſir.

Laer. Come my lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Iudgement.

Oſtr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Drum, trumpets and ſhot.

Laer. Well, againe.

Floriſh, a piece goes off.

King. Stay, giue me drinke, *Hamlet* this pearle is thine.
Heeres to thy health, giue him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout firſt, ſet it by a while
Come, another hit.
What ſay you ?

Laer. I doe confeſt.

King. Our ſonne ſhall winne.

Quee.

Quee. Hee's fat and ſcant of breath.
Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,
The queene carowſes to thy fortune *Hamlet.*
Ham. Good madam.
King. *Gertrard,* doe not drinke.
Quee. I will my lord, I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poyſned cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet madam, by and by.
Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My lord, Ile hit him now.
King. I doe not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience.
Ham. Com for the third *Laertes,* you doe but dally.
I pray you paſſe with your beſt violence
I am ſure you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you ſo come on.
Oſtr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Haue at you now.
King. Part them, they are incenſt.
Ham. Nay come againe.
Oſtr. Looke to the queene there hoe.
Hora. They bleed on both ſides, how is it my lord?
Oſtr. Hoſt iſt *Laeres?*
Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne ſpringde. *Oſtrick*
I am iuſtly kild with mine owne treachery.
Ham. How does the queene?
King. She ſounds to ſee them bleed.
Quee. No, no, the drink, the drinke, O my deare *Hamlet!*
The drinke, the drinke, I am poyſned.
Ham. O *villanie*!* hoe let the dore be lock't,
Treachery, ſeeke it out.

* *villaine.*

In

Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*, thou art ſlaine,
No medcin in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous inſtrument is in my hand
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practiſe
Hath turn'd it ſelfe on me, loe here I lye
Neuer to riſe againe: thy mother's poyſned,
I *can* * no more, the king, the kings too blame.

Ham. The point enuenom'd too, then venom to thy worke.

All. Treaſon, treaſon.

King O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou inceſtious damned *Dane*,
Drinke of this potion, is the onixe heere?
Follow my mother.

Laer. He is iuſtly ſerued, it is a poyſon temperd by himſefe.

Exchange forgiuenes with me noble *Hamlet*,
Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched queene adiew.
You that looke pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time as this fell ſergeant death
Is ſtrict in his arreſt. O I could tell you!
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liueſt, report me and my cauſe aright
To the vnſatisfied.

Hora. Neuer beleeue it;
I am more an antike *Romane* then a *Dane*,
Heere's yet ſome liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man,
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,

* *am.*

O God

O God *Horatio!* what a wounded name
Things ſtanding thus vnknowne, ſhall I leaue behind me?
If thou didſt euer hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in paine

A march a farre off.

To tell my ſtory: what warlike noiſe is this?

Enter Oſtrick.

Oſr. Young *Fortinbraſſe* with conqueſt come from *Poland*,
Th th'embaſſadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.
Ham. O I die *Horatio*,
The potent poyſon quite ore-growes my ſpirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*.
But I do propheſie the election lights
On *Fortinbraſſe*, he has my dying voyce,
To tell him with th'occurants more and leſſe
Which haue ſolicited, the reſt is ſilence.
Hlra. Now cracks a noble heart, good night ſweet prince,
And flights of angels ſinge thee to thy reſt,
Why dooes the drumme come hether?

Enter Fortinbraſſe, *with the embaſſadors.*

Fortin. Where is this ſight?
Hora. What is it you would ſee?
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch
Fortin. This quarry cries on hauock, O proud death
What feaſt is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou ſo many princes at a ſhot
So bloudily haſt ſtrooke?
Embaſ. The ſight is diſmall

And our affaires from *England* come too late,
The eares are ſenceleſſe that ſhould giue us hearing,
To tell him his commandement is fulfilld,
That *Roſencraus* and *Guyldenſtirne* are dead,
Where ſhould wee haue our thankes?
Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th' ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
But ſince ſo iump vpon this bloody queſtion
* You from the *Pollock* warres, and you from *England*
Are heere arriued, giue order that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view,
And let mee ſpeake, to the yet vnknowing world
How theſe things came about; ſo ſhall you heare
Of cruell, bloody and vnnaturall acts.
Of accidentall iudgements, caſuall ſlaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cauſe,
And in this vpſhot, purpoſes miſtooke,
Falne on the inuenters heads: all this can I
Truely deliuer.
Fort. Let vs haſt to heare it,
And call the nobleſt to the audience,
For me with ſorrow I embrace my fortune,
I haue ſome rights of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to claime my vantage doth inuite me.
Hora. Of that I ſhall haue alſo cauſe to ſpeake,
And from his mouth, whoſe voyce will draw no more,
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, leaſt more miſchance
On plots and errors happen.
Fort. Let foure captaines

* My firſt copy was imperfect from this place.

Beare

Beare *Hamlet* like a ſouldier to the ſtage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on,
To haue prooued moſt royall; and for his paſſage,
The ſouldiers muſique and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him:
Take vp the bodies, ſuch a ſight as this,
Becomes the field, but heere ſhowes much amiſſe.
Go bid the ſouldiers ſhoote.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

THE
TRAGOEDY
OF
OTHELLO,
THE
MOORE of VENICE.

As it hath beene diuerſe times acted at the *Globe*, and at the *Black-Friers*, by his Maieſties Seruants.

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON,

Printed by *N. O.* for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittans Burſſe. 1622

☞ This Copy has been collated with another printed in 1630. I have likewiſe an Edition publiſhed by *William Leake* in 1655, but it ſeems to be no more than a republication of the foregoing one.

THE STATIONER TO THE READER.

TO ſet forth a booke without an Epiſtle, were like to the old *Engliſh* prouerbe, *A blew coat without a badge*, and the author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke vpon mee : to commend it, I will not, for that which is good, I hope euery man will commend, without intreaty : and I am the bolder, becauſe the authors name is ſufficient to vent his worke. Thus leauing euery one to the liberty of iudgement : I haue ventered to print this play, and leaue it to the generall cenſure.

Yours,

THOMAS WALKLEY.

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

OTHELLO

THE

MOORE of VENICE.

Enter Iago *and* Roderigo.

Roderigo.

TVSH, neuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That you Iago, *who has* * had my purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine, ſhould'ſt know of this.
Iag. S'blood, but you will † not heare me,
If euer I did dreame of ſuch a matter, abhorre me.
Rod. Thou toldſt me, thou didſt hold him in thy hate.
Iag. Deſpiſe me if I doe not: three great ones of the citty
In perſonall ſuite to make me his leiutenant,
Oft capt to him, and by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worſe a place.
But he, as louing his owne pride and purpoſes,
Euades them, with a bumbaſt circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuft with epithites of warre:
And in concluſion ‡,

* *That thou who haſt.* † *But you'le.* ‡ omitted.

Non-ſuits

Non-ſuits my mediators : for certes, ſayes he,
I have already choſen my officer, and what was he ?
Forſooth, a great arithmetition,
One *Michael Caſſio*, a *Florentine*,
A fellow almoſt damnd in a faire wife,
That neuer ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the deuiſion of a battle knowes,
More then a ſpinſter, vnleſſe the bookiſh theorique,
Wherein the *toged* * conſuls can propoſe
As maſterly as he : meere prattle without practiſe,
Is all his ſouldier-ſhippe : but he ſir had the election,
And I, of whom his eyes had ſeene the proofe,
At *Rhodes*, at *Cipres*, and on other grounds.
Chriſtian † and heathen, muſt be *led* ‡, and calm'd,
By debitor and creditor, this counter-caſter :
He in good time, muſt his leiutenant be,
And I, God bleſſe the marke, his *worſhips* § ancient.

Rod. By heauen I rather would haue bin his hangman.

Ia. But there's no remedy,
Tis the curſe of ſeruice,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the olde gradation, where each ſecond
Stood heire to the firſt :
Now ſir be iudge yourſelfe,
Whether I, in any iuſt tearme am *aſſign'd* ‖
To loue the *Moore*.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Ia. O ſir, content you,
I follow him to ſerue my turne vpon him,
We cannot be all maſters, nor all maſters
Cannot be truely followed, you ſhall marke.
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue,

* *tongued.* † *Chriſten'd.* ‡ *be-led.* § *Moreſhips.* ‖ *affind.*

That

That doting on his owne obſequious bondage,
Weares out his time much like his maſters aſſe,
For nought but prouender, and when hee's old caſhierd,
Whip mee ſuch honeſt knaues :
Others there are, who trimd in formes,
And viſſages of duty, keepe yet their hearts,
Attending on themſelues, and throwing
But ſhewes of ſeruice on their lords,
Doe well thriue by 'em,
And when they haue lin'd their coates,
Doe themſelues homage,
Thoſe fellowes haue ſome ſoule,
And ſuch a one doe I profeſſe myſelfe,—for ſir,
It is as ſure as you are *Roderigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago* :
In following him, I follow but my ſelfe.
Heauen is my iudge, not I,
For loue and duty, but ſeeming ſo,
For my peculiar end.
For when my outward action does demonſtrate
The natiue act, and figure of my heart,
In complement externe. tis not long after,
But I will weare my heart vpon my ſleeue,
For doues to pecke at,
I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thicklips owe,
If he can carry'et thus ?

Ia. Call vp her father,
Rowſe him, make after him, poyſon his delight,
Proclaime him in the ſtreete, incenſe her kinſmen,
And tho he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flyes : tho that his ioy be ioy,
Yet throw ſuch changes of vexation out,
As it may looſe ſome colour.

Rod.

Rod. Here is her fathers houſe, Ile call aloud.
Ia. Doe with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
As when by night and negligence, the fire
Is ſpied in populous citties.
Rod. What ho, *Brabantio*, ſeignior *Brabantio*, ho,
Ia. Awake, what ho, *Brabantio*,
Theeues, theeues, theeues:
Looke to your houſe, you daughter, and your bags,
Theeues, theeues.

Brabantio *at a window.*

Brab. What is the reaſon of this terrible ſummons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Seignior, is all your family within?
Ia. Are all *doore lockts* * ?
Brab. Why, wherefore aſke you this?
Iag. Zounds † ſir you are robd, for ſhame put on your gowne,
Your heart is burſt, you haue loſt halfe your ſoule;
Euen now, very now, an old blacke ram
Is tupping your white ewe; ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting citizens with the bell,
Or elſe the diuell will make a grandſire of you, ariſe I ſay.
Brab. What, haue you loſt your wits?
Rod. Moſt reuerend ſeignior, doe you know my voyce?
Bra. Not I, what are you?
Rod. My name is *Roderigo:*
Bra. The worſe welcome,
I haue charg'd thee, not to haunt about my dores,
In honeſt plaineneſſe, thou haſt heard me ſay
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madnes,
Being full of ſupper, and diſtempering draughts,

* *your doors lock'd.* † *Zounds* omitted.

Vpon

Vpon malicious brauery, doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet?

Rod. Sir, ſir, ſir.

Bra. But thou muſt needes be ſure
My ſpirit and my place haue in them power,
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience good ſir.

Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*,
My houſe is not a graunge.

Rod. Moſt graue *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure ſoule I come to you.

Iag. Zouns ſir, you are one of thoſe, that will not ſerue God if the deuill bid you. Becauſe we come to doe you ſeruice, you thinke we are ruffians, youle haue your daughter couered with a *Barbary* horſe; youle haue your nephewes ney to you; youle haue courſers for couſens, and iennits for iermans.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iag. I am one ſir, that come to tell you, your daughter, and the Moore, are now making the beaſt with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villaine.

Iag. You are a ſenator.

Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwer, I know thee *Roderigo*.

Rod. *Sir* *, I will anſwer any thing: but I beſeech you †,

If

* *Zouns ſir.*

† *If't be your pleaſure, and moſt wiſe conſent,*
(As partly I find it is) that your faire daughter
At this od euen, and dull watch oth' night,
Tranſported with no worſe nor better guard
But with a knaue of common hire, a Gundelier
To the groſſe claſpes of a laſcivious Moore:
If this be knowne to you and your allowance,
We then haue done you bold and ſawcy wrongs?
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We haue your wrong rebuke: do not beleeue
That from the ſenſe of al ciuilitie

I thus

If ſhe be in her chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the iuſtice of the ſtate,
For this deluſion,
Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho:
Giue me a taper, call vp all my people:
This accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleefe of it oppreſſes me already:
Light I ſay, light.
Iag. Farewell, for I muſt leaue you,
It ſeemes not meete, nor wholeſome to my pate,
To be produc'd, as if I ſtay I ſhall
Againſt the Moore, for I doe know the ſtate,
Now euer this may gaule him with ſome checke,
Cannot with ſafety caſt him, for hee's imbark'd,
With ſuch loud reaſon, to the *Cipres* warres,
Which euen now ſtands in act, that for their ſoules,
Another of his fathome, they haue not
To leade their buſineſſe, in which regard,
Tho I doe hate him, as I doe hells paines,
Yet for neceſſity of preſent life,
I muſt ſhew out a flag, and ſigne of loue,
Which is indeed but ſigne, that you ſhall ſurely
Finde him: lead to the *Sagittar* †, the raiſed ſearch,
And there will I be with him. So farewell. *Exit.*

I thus would play and trifle with your reuerence.
Your daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue,
I ſay againe) hath made a groſſe reuolt.
Tying her duty, beauty wit and fortunes,
In an extrauagant and wheedling ſtranger,
Of here, and euery where: ſtraight ſatisfie your ſelf;
If ſhe be, &c.

Theſe lines are wanting in the edition of 1622. and are printed from that in 1630.

† *Sagittary.*

Enter

Enter Barbantio ‖ *in his night gowne, and ſeruants with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an euill, gone ſhe is,
And what's to come, of my deſpiſed time,
Is nought but bitterneſſe now *Roderigo*.
Where didſt thou ſee her ; O vnhappy girle,
With the Moore ſaiſt thou ? who would be a father ?
How didſt thou know twas ſhe ? O *thou deceiueſt* § me
Paſt thought : what ſaid ſhe to you ? get more tapers,
Raiſe all my kindred, are they married thinke you ?

Rod. Truely I thinke they are.

Bra. O heauen, how got ſhe out ? O treaſon of the blood;
Fathers from hence, truſt not your daughters mindes,
By what you ſee them act ; is there not charmes,
By which the property of youth and manhood
May be abus'd ? haue you not read *Roderigo*,
Of ſome ſuch thing.

Rod. I haue ſir *.

Bra. Call vp my brother ; O *that* † you had had her,
Some one way, ſome another ; dõe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore ?

Rod. I thinke I can diſcouer him, if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and goe along with me.

Bra. Pray *leade me on* †, at euery houſe Ile call,
I may command at moſt : get weapons ho,
And raiſe ſome ſpeciall officers of *night* ‡ :
On good *Roderigo*, Ile deſerue your paines. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Iago, *and attendants with torches.*

Ia. Tho in the trade of warre, I haue ſlaine men,
Yet doe I hold it very *ſtuft of* ‖ conſcience.

‖ *Brabantio.* § *ſhe deceives.* * *Yes ſir, I have indeed.* † *would.*
† *you lead on.* ‡ *might.* ‖ *ſtuffe o'th.*

To

To doe no contriu'd murther; I lacke iniquity
Sometimes to doe me ſeruice: nine or ten times,
I had thought to haue ierk'd him here,
Vnder the ribbes.

Oth. Tis better as it is.

Iag. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcuruy, and prouoking tearmes
Againſt your honor, that with the little godlineſſe I haue,
I did full hard forbeare him: but I pray ſir,
Are you faſt married? for be ſure of this,
That the magnifico is much beloued,
And hath in his effect, a voyce potentiall,
As double as the dukes, he will diuorce you,
Or put vpon you what reſtraint, and greeuance,
That * law with all his might to inforce it on,
Weele giue him cable.

Oth. Let him doe his ſpite,
My ſeruices which I haue done the ſeigniorie,
Shall out tongue his complaints, tis yet to know, †
That boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall *prouulgate* ‡, I fetch my life and being,
From men of royall height, and my demerrits,
May ſpeake vnbonnited *to* ‡ as proud a fortune
As this that I haue reach'd; for know *Iago*,
But that I loue the gentle *Deſdemona*,
I would not, my vnhouſed free condition,
Put into circumſcription and confine
For the ſeas worth,
But looke what lights come yonder.

Enter Caſſio *with lights, officers, and torches.*

Ia. Theſe are the raiſed father and his friends,
You were beſt goe in.

* *The.* † *which when I know.* ‡ *promulgate.* ‡ *to* omitted.

Oth.

Oth. Not I, I muſt be found,
My parts, my title, and my perfect ſoule,
Shall manifeſt *me rightly* ‖ : it is they.
Ia. By *Ianus* I thinke no.
Oth. The ſeruants of the duke, and my lieutenant,
The goodneſſe of the night vpon *your friends* §,
What is the newes.
Caſ. The duke does greete you generall,
And he requires your haſt, poſt haſt appearance,
Euen on the inſtant.
Oth. Whats the matter thinke you:
Caſ. Something from *Cipres*, as I may diuine,
It is a buſineſſe of ſome heate, the galleyes
Haue ſent a dozen *frequent* * meſſengers
This very night, *at one* † anothers heeles:
And many of the conſuls rais'd, and met,
Are at the dukes already; you haue bin hotly cald for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The ſenate ſent aboue three ſeuerall queſts
To ſearch you out.
Othe. Tis well I am found by you,
Ile † ſpend a word here in the houſe, and goe with you.
Caſ. Auncient, what makes he here?
Ia. Faith he to night, hath boorded a land *carrick* ‡:
If it proue lawfull prize, hee's made for euer.
Caſ. I doe not vnderſtand.
Ia. Hee's married.
Caſ. To *who* *§ ?

Enters Brabantio, Roderigo, *and others with lights and weapons.*

Ia. Marry to.——Come captaine, will you goe?
Oth. Ha, with who *† ?

‖ *my right by.* § *you friends!* * *ſequent.* † *I will but.* ‡ *carriact.* *§ *whom.* *† *Ha' with you.*

Caſ. Here comes another troupe to ſeeke for you.

Ia. It is *Brabantio*, generall be aduiſde,
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla, ſtand there.

Rod. Seignior, it is the Moore.

Bra. Downe with him theife.

Ia. You *Roderigo*, come ſir, I am for you.

Oth. Keepe vp your bright ſwords, for the dew will ruſt em,
Good ſeignior you ſhall more command with yeares
Then with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foule theefe, where haſt thou ſtowed my daughter?
Dambd as thou art, thou haſt inchanted her,
For Ile referre me to all *thing* * of ſenſe, ‡
Whether a maide ſo tender, faire, and happy,
So oppoſite to marriage, that ſhe ſhund
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would euer haue (to incurre a general mocke)
Runne from her gardage to the ſooty boſome
Of ſuch a thing as thou? to feare, not to delight, †
Such ‡ an abuſer of the world, a practiſer
Of arts inhibited, and out of warrant?
Lay hold vpon him, if he doe reſiſt,
Subdue him at his perill.

Oth. Hold your hands:
Both you of my inclining, and the reſt,

* *things.*

‡ *(If ſhe in chaines of magick were not bound)* From the Edit. in 1630.

† *Judge me the world, if t'is no groſſe in ſenſe,*
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foule charmes,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or mineralls
That weakens motion: Ile have't diſputed on
Tis portable and palpable to thinking:
I therefore apprehend and doe attach thee. From the Edit. 1630.

‡ *For.*

Were

Were it my *qu* ‖. to fight, I ſhould haue knowne it,
Without a prompter, where will you that I goe,
And § anſwer this your charge?

Bra. To priſon till fit time
Of law, and courſe of direct ſeſſion,
Call thee to anſwer.

Oth. What if I doe obey,
How may the duke be therewith ſatisfied,
Whoſe meſſengers are heere about my ſide,
Vpon ſome preſent buſineſſe of the ſtate,
To beare me to him.

Officer. Tis true moſt worthy ſeignior,
The duke's in councell, and your noble ſelfe,
I am ſure is ſent for.

Bra. How? the duke in councell?
In this time of the night? bring him away,
Mine's not an idle cauſe, the duke himſelfe,
Or any of my brothers of the ſtate,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as twere their owne.
For if ſuch actions, may haue paſſage free,
Bondſlaues, and *Pagans*, ſhal our ſtateſmen be. *Exeunt.*

Enter duke and ſenators, ſet at a table with lights and attendants.

Duke. There is no compoſition in theſe newes,
That giues them credit.

1 *Sena.* Indeede they are diſproportioned,
My letters ſay, a hundred and ſeuen gallies.

Du. And mine a hundred and forty.

2 *Sena.* And mine two hundred:
But though they iumpe not on a iuſt account.
As in theſe caſes, where they *aym'd* * reports,
Tis oft with difference, yet doe they all confirme
A *Turkiſh* fleete, and bearing vp to *Cipreſſe*.

‖ *cue.* § *To.* * *ayme.*

Du. Nay, it is poſſible enough to iudgement:
I doe not ſo ſecure me to the error,
But the mayne *articles* † I doe approue
In fearefull ſenſe.

Enter a meſſenger.

One within. What ho, what ho, what ho?

Sailor. A meſſenger from the galley.

Du. Now, the buſineſſe?

Sailor. The *Turkiſh* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here, to the ſtate. †

Du How ſay you by this change?

1 *Sena.* This cannot be by no aſſay of reaſon—
Tis a pageant,
To keepe vs in falſe gaze: when we conſider
The importancy of *Cypreſſe* to the *Turke:*
And let our ſelues againe, but vnderſtand,
That as it more concernes the *Turke* then *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile queſtion beare it. ‡

Du. And ‖ in all confidence, hee's not for *Rhodes*,

Officer. Here is more newes.

Enter a 2. *meſſenger.*

Meſ. The *Ottamites*, reuerend and gracious,
Steering with due courſe toward the iſle of *Rhodes*,
Haue there inioynted with an after fleete §

† *Article.*

† *By Signor Angelo.*

‡ *For that it ſtands not in ſuch warlike brace,*
Who altogether lacks th'abilities
That Rhodes *is dreſt in: if we make nought of this,*
We muſt not thinke the Turke *is ſo unſkilfull,*
To leave that lateſt which concernes him firſt;
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe and gaine,
To wake and wage a danger profitleſſe. Edit. 1630.

‖ *Nay.*

§ 1 *Sena. I, ſo I thought, how many, as you gueſſe.*
Meſſ. Of 30 *ſaile, &c.* Edit. 1630.

Of

Of 30. ſaile, and now they doe *reſterine* *
Their backward courſe, bearing with franke appearance
Their purpoſes towards *Cypreſſe* : ſeignior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant ſeruitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prayes you to beleeue him.

Du. Tis certaine then for *Cypreſſe*,
Marcus Luccicos is not *here* ‡ in towne.

1 *Sena.* Hee's now in *Florence*.

Du. Write from vs, *wiſh* † him poſt, poſt haſt diſpatch.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Roderigo, Iago, Caſſio, Deſdemona *and officers.*

1 *Sena.* Here comes *Brabantio* and the valiant Moore.

Du. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraite imploy you,
Againſt the generall enemy *Ottaman* ;
I did not ſee you, welcome gentle ſeiguior,
We *lacke* ‡ your counſell, and your helpe to night,

Bra. So did I yours, good your grace pardon me,
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of buſineſſe
Hath rais'd me from my bed, *nor* ‖ doth the generall care
Take *any* § hold of me ; for my particular *griefes* *§,
Is of ſo floodgate and orebearing nature,
That it engluts and ſwallowes other ſorrowes,
And it is ſtill it ſelfe.

Du. Why, what's the matter ?

Bra My daughter, O my daughter.

All. Dead ?

Bra. I to me :
She is abus'd, ſtolne from me and corrupted,
By ſpels and medicines, bought of mountebancks,

* *reſterne.* ‡ *he.* † *to.* ‡ *lackt.* ‖ *not.* § *any* omitted. *§ *griefe.*

For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to erre, ✝
Saunce † witchcraft could not.

Du. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguild your daughter of her ſelfe,
And you of her, the bloody booke of law,
You ſhall your ſelfe, read in the bitter letter,
After its owne ſenſe, *tho* ‡ our proper ſonne
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thanke your grace;
Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it ſeemes
Your ſpeciall mandate, for the ſtate affaires
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very ſorry for't.

Du. What in your owne part can you ſay to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.

Oth. Moſt potent, graue, and reuerend ſeigniors,
My very noble and approoued good maiſters:
That I haue tane away this old mans daughter,
It is moſt true: true, I haue married her,
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſt with the ſet phraſe of peace,
For ſince theſe armes of mine had ſeuen yeares pith,
Till now ſome nine moones waſted, they haue vs'd
Their deareſt action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I ſpeake,
More then pertaines to feate of broyle, and battaile,
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for my ſelfe; yet by your gracious patience,
I *will* ‖ a round *vnuarniſh'd* § tale deliuer,
Of my whole courſe of loue, what drugs, what charmes,
What coniuration, and what mighty magicke,

✝ *(Being not deficient, b'ind or lame of ſenſe)* Edit. 1630.
† *Saus.* ‡ *yea tho.* ‖ *would.* § *unrauiſh'd.*

(For

(For ſuch proceedings am I charg'd withall:)
I wonne his daughter.

Bra. A maiden neuer bold of ſpirit,
So ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſht at her ſelfe: and ſhe in ſpite of nature,
Of yeares, of countrey, credit, euery thing,
To fall in loue with what ſhe fear'd to looke on?
It is a iudgement maimd, and moſt imperfect,
That will confeſſe perfection, ſo would erre
Againſt all rules of nature, and muſt be driuen,
To find out practiſes of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be, I therefore vouch againe,
That with ſome mixtures powerfull ore the blood,
Or with ſome dram coniur'd to this effect,
He wrought vpon her.

Du. To youth this is no proofe,
Without more certaine and more ouert teſt,
Theſe are thin habits, and poore likelihoods,
Of moderne ſeemings, you preferre againſt him.

1 *Sena.* But *Othello* ſpeake,
Did you by indirect and forced courſes,
Subdue and poiſon this young maides affections?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch faire queſtion,
As ſoule to ſoule affoordeth?

Oth. I doe beſeech you,
Send for the lady to the *Sagittar* *,
And let her ſpeake of me before her father;
If you doe finde me foule in her report †,
Not onely take away, but let your ſentence,
Euen fall vpon my life.

Du. Fetch *Deſdemona* hither. *Exit* ‡ *two or three.*

* *Sagittary.*
† *The truſt, the office, I do hold of you* Edit. 1630.
‡ *Exeunt.*

Oth. Ancient conduct them, you best know the place;
And till she come, as *faithfull* † as to heauen, ⸸
So iustly to your graue eares I'le present,
How I did thriue in this faire ladyes loue,
And she in mine.

Du. Say it *Othello.*

Oth. Her father loued me, oft inuited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From yeare to yeare, the battailes, seiges, fortunes
That I haue past:
I ran it through, euen from my boyish dayes,
Toth' very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moouing *accident of* ‡ flood and field;
Of *heire* §-breadth scapes ith imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe:
And sold to slauery, and my redemption thence,
And with it all ‖ my travells historie;
Wherein of *antrees* * vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hils, whose heads touch heauen,
It was my *hent* †† to speake, such was *the* ‡‡ processe:
And of the *Cannibals*, that each other eate;
The *Anthropophagie*, and men whose heads
Doe grow beneath their shoulders: this to heare,
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline;
But still the house affaires would draw her thence,
And §§ euer as she could with hast dispatch,
Shee'd come againe, and with a greedy eare
Deuoure vp my discourse; which I obseruing,
Tooke once a plyant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,

† *truely.* ⸸ *I doe confesse the vices of my blood.* ‡ *accidents by.* § *haire* ‖ *And portance in.* * *an ars.* †† *hint.* ‡‡ *my.* §§ *Which.*

Whereof

Whereof by parcell ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not intentiuely ; I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did ſpeake of ſome *diſtreſſed* ‖ ſtroake
That my youth ſuffered : my ſtory being done;
She gaue me for my paines a world of ſighes ;
She ſwore Ifaith twas ſtrange, twas paſſing ſtrange;
Twas pittifull, twas wondrous pittifull ;
She wiſht ſhe had not heard it, yet ſhe wiſht
That heauen had made her ſuch a man : ſhe thanked me,
And bad me, if I had a friend that loued her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would wooe her. Vpon this heate I ſpake:
She lou'd me for the dangers I had paſt,
And I lou'd her that ſhe did pitty them.
This onely is the witchcraft I haue vs'd :
Here comes the lady,
Let her witneſſe it.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, *and the reſt.*

Du. I thinke this tale would win my daughter to,—
Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the beſt,
Men doe their broken weapons rather vſe,
Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her ſpeake.
If ſhe confeſſe that ſhe was halfe the wooer,
Deſtruction lite on me, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle miſtreſſe :
Doe you perceiue in all this noble company,
Where moſt you owe obedience ?

Def My noble father,
I doe perceiue here a deuided duty :
To you I am bound for life and education;

‖ *diſtreſsful.*

My

My life and education both doe learne me
How to reſpect you, you are *lord of all my* * duty,
I am hitherto your daughter, but heere's my huſband:
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhewed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge, that I may profeſſe,
Due to the Moore my lord.

Bra. God bu'y, I ha done:
Pleaſe it your grace, on to the ſtate affaires;
I had rather to adopt a child then get it;
Come hither Moore:
I here doe giue thee that, with all my heart †
I would keepe from thee: for your ſake iewell,
I am glad at ſoule. I haue no other child,
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on em, I haue done lord.

Du. Let me ſpeake like your ſelfe, and lay a ſentence
Which as a greeſe or ſtep may help theſe louers
Into your fauour.
When remedies are paſt, the griefes are ended,
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended.
To mourne a miſcheife that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw more miſchiefe on?
What cannot be preſeru'd when fortune takes,
Patience her iniury a mockery makes.
The rob'd that ſmiles, ſteales ſomething from the thiefe,
He robs himſelfe, that ſpends a booteleſſe griefe.

Bra. So let the *Turke*, of *Cypres* vs beguile,
We loſe it not ſo long as we can ſmile;
He beares the ſentence well that nothing beares,
But the free comfort, which from thence he heares:

* *the lord of.*
† *Which but thou haſt already, with all my heart*

That

But he beares both the ſentence and the ſorrow,
That to pay griefe, muſt of poore patience borrow.
Theſe ſentences to ſugar, or to gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are equiuocall:
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the eare:
Beſeech you now, to the affaires of the ſtate.

Du. The *Turke* with moſt mighty preparation makes for *Cipres*: *Othello*, the fortitude of the place, is beſt knowne to you, and tho we haue there a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency, yet opinion, a ſoueraigne miſtreſſe of effects, throwes a more ſafer voyce on you; you muſt therefore bee content to ſlubber the gloſſe of your new fortunes, with this more ſtubborne and boiſterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant cuſtome moſt great ſenators,
Hath made the flinty and ſteele cooch of warre,
My thrice driuen bed of downe: I doe agnize
A naturall and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardneſſe, and would vndertake
This preſent warres againſt the *Ottamites*,
Moſt humbly therefore, bending to your ſtate,
I craue fit diſpoſition for my wife,
Due *reuerence* * of place and exhibition,
Which ſuch accommodation ? and beſort,
As leuels with her breeding.

Du. If you pleaſe, bee't at her fathers.

Bra. Ile not haue it ſo.

Oth. Nor I.

Deſd. Nor I, I would not there reſide,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye: moſt gracious duke,
To my vnfolding lend a gracious eare,

* *reference.*

And

And let me finde a charter in your voyce,
And if † my ſimpleneſſe.—
Du. What would you—*ſpeake* ‡.
Def. That I did loue the Moore, to liue with him,
My downe right violence, and *ſcorne* § of fortunes,
May trumpet to the world : my hearts ſubdued,
Euen to the *vtmoſt pleaſure* ‖ of my lord :
I ſaw *Othelloes* viſſage in his minde,
And to his honors, and his valiant parts
Did I my ſoule and fortunes conſecrate :
So that deere lords, if I be left behinde,
A mothe of peace, and he goe to the warre,
The rites for which I loue him, are bereft me,
And I a heauy interim ſhall ſupport,
By his deare abſence, let me goe with him.
Oth. Your voyces lords : beſeech you let her will,
Haue a free way, * I therefore beg it not
To pleaſe the pallat of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heate, the young affects
In my defunct, and proper ſatisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous *of* §§ her mind,
And heauen defend your good ſoules that you thinke
I will your ſerious and good buſineſſe ſcant,
For ſhe is with me ;—no, when light-wingd toyes,
And feather'd *Cupid* foyles with wanton dulneſſe,
My ſpeculatiue and actiue inſtruments,
That my diſports, corrupt and taint my buſineſſe,
Let huſwiues make a ſkellet of my helme,
And all indigne and baſe aduerſities,
Make head againſt my reputation.
Du. Be it, as you ſhall priuately determine,

† *T'aſſſt.* ‡ *Deſdemona.* § *ſtorme.* ‖ *very qualitie* * *Vouch with me heauen.* §§ *to.*

Either

Either *for* ✝ ſtay or going, the *affaires cry* † haſt,
And ſpeede muſt anſwer, you muſt hence to night.
Deſd. To night my lord?
Du. This night.
Oth. With all my heart.
Du. At *ten* ‡ i'the morning here weel meete againe.
Othello, leaue ſome officer behind,
And he ſhall our commiſſion bring to you,
With ſuch things elſe of quality *or* ‖ reſpect,
As doth *concerne* § you.
Oth. Pleaſe your grace, my ancient,
A man he is of honeſty and truſt,
To his conueyance I aſſigne my wife,
With what elſe needefull your good grace ſhall thinke,
To be ſent after me.
Du. Let it be ſo:
Good night to euery one, and noble ſeignior,
If vertue no delighted beauty lacke,
Your ſon in law is farre more faire then blacke.
1 *Sena.* Adue braue Moore, vſe *Deſdemona* well.
Bra. Looke to her Moore, *haue a quicke eye to ſee* *,
She has deceiu'd her father, may *doe* †† thee. *Exeunt.*
Oth. My life vpon her faith: honeſt *Iago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leaue to thee,
I preethee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the beſt aduantage;
Come *Deſdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of loue, of worldy matters, and direction,
To ſpend with thee, we muſt obey the time.
Rod. Iago. *Exit Moore and* Deſdemona.
Iag. What faieſt thou noble heart?
Rod. What will I doe thinkeſt thou?

✝ *for her.* † *affaire cries.* ‡ *nine.* ‖ *and.* § *import.*
* *if thou haſt eyes to ſee* †† *doe* omitted.

Iag.

Iag. Why goe to bed and ſleepe.

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my ſelfe.

Iag. Well, if thou doeſt, I ſhall neuer loue thee after it, Why, thou ſilly gentleman.

Rod. It is ſillineſſe to liue, when to liue is a torment, and then we haue a preſcription, to dye when death is our phyſition.

Iag. *I ha* ‡ look'd vpon the world for foure times ſeuen yeares, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betweene a benefit, and an iniury, I neuer found a man that knew how to loue himſelfe: ere I would ſay I would drowne my ſelfe, for the loue of a *Ginny* hen, I would change my humanity with a baboone.

Rod. What ſhould I do? I confeſſe it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iag. Vertue? a fig, tis in ourſelues, that wee are thus, or thus, our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are gardiners, ſo that if we will plant nettles, or ſow lettice, ſet iſop, and weed vp time; ſupply it with one gender of hearbes, or diſtract it with many; either to haue it ſterrill with idleneſſe, or manur'd with induſtry, why the power, and corrigible authority of this, lies in our wills. If the ballance of our liues had not one ſcale of reaſon, to poiſe another of ſenſuality; the blood and baſeneſſe of our natures, would conduct vs to moſt prepoſterous concluſions. But wee haue reaſon to coole our raging motions, our carnall ſtings, our vnbitted luſts; whereof I take this, that you call loue to be a ſect, or ſyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iag. It is meerly a luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will: come, be a man; drowne thy ſelfe? drowne cats and blinde puppies: I profeſſe me thy friend, and I confeſſe me knit to thy deſeruing, with cables of perdurable toughneſſe; I could neuer better ſteede thee then now. Put money

‡ *O villainous Iha*, &c.

in

in thy purſe; follow theſe warres, defeate thy fauour with an vſurp'd beard; I ſay, put money in thy purſe. It cannot be, that *Deſdemona* ſhould long continue her loue vnto the Moore, put money in thy purſe,—nor he to her; it was a violent commencement, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration; put but money in thy purſe.—Theſe Moores are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purſe with money. The food that to him now, is as luſhious as locuſts, ſhall be to him ſhortly as *acerbe* * as *the* † colloquintida. ‡ When ſhee is fated with his body, ſhee will finde the error of her choyce; ſhee muſt haue change; ſhee muſt. Therefore put money in thy purſe: if thou wilt needes damme thy ſelfe, doe it a more delicate way then drowning; make all the money thou canſt. If ſanctimony, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian*, and a ſuper ſubtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enioy her; therefore make money,—a pox a drowning, tis cleane out of the way; ſeeke thou rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy ioy, then to bee drowned, and goe without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes? §

Iag. Thou art ſure of me—goe, make money—I haue told thee often, and I tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore, my cauſe is harted, thine has no leſſe reaſon, let vs be *communicative* ‖ in our reuenge againſt him: if thou canſt cuckold him, thou doeſt thy ſelfe a pleaſure, and me a ſport. There are many euents in the womb of time, which will be deliuered, Trauerce, go, prouide thy money, we will haue more of this to morrow, adiue.

Rod. Where ſhall we meete i'th morning.

Iag. At my lodging.

Rod. I'le be with thee betimes.

Iag. Go to, farewell:——doe you heare *Roderigo?*

* *bitter.* † *the* omitted. ‡ *She muſt change for youth*, when, &c. § *if I depend on the iſſue.* ‖ *conjeſtive.*

Rod.

Rod. What ſay you ?

Iag. No more of drowning, do you heare ?

Rod. I am chang'd *. *Exit* Roderigo.

Iag Goe to, farewell, put money enough in your purſe † ;
Thus doe I euer make my foole my purſe:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge ſhould prophane,
If I would time expend with ſuch a ſnipe,
But for my ſport and profit : I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that twixt my ſheetes
Ha's done my office ; I know not, if't be true—
Yet I, for meere ſuſpition in that kind,
Will doe, as if for ſurety : he holds me well,
The better ſhall my purpoſe worke on him.
Caſſio's a proper man, let me ſee now,
To get his place, and make vp to my will,
A double knauery—how, how,—let me ſee,
After ſome time, to abuſe *Othelloe's* eare,
That he is too familiar with his wife :
He has a perſon and a ſmooth diſpoſe,
To be ſuſpected, fram'd to make women falſe :
The Moore a free and open nature too,
That thinkes men honeſt, that but ſeemes to be ſo :
And will as tenderly be led bit'h noſe—as aſſes are :
I ha't, it is ingender'd : hell and night
Muſt bring this monſtrous birth to the worlds light.

Exit.

ACTUS II.

SCOENA I.

Enter Montanio, *gouernor of* Cypres, *with two other gentlemen.*

Montanio. What from the cape can you diſcerne at ſea ?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood,

* *Ile go ſell all my land.* † This line is omitted in the ſecond edition.

I cannot

I cannot twixt the *hauen* ** and the mayne
Deſcry a ſaile.

Mon. Me thinkes the wind does ſpeake aloud at land,
A fuller blaſt ne're ſhooke our battlements :
If it ha ruffiand ſo vpon the ſea.
What ribbes of oake, when the huge mountaine mealt,
Can hold the morties,—What ſhall we heare of this ?

2 *Gent.* A ſegregation of the *Turkiſh* fleete :
For doe but ſtand vpon the *banning* * ſhore,
The chiding *billow* † ſeemes to pelt the cloudes,
The winde ſhak'd ſurge, with high and monſtrous mayne,
Seemes to caſt water, on the burning beare,
And quench the guards of th' euer fired pole,
I neuer did, like moleſtation view,
On the inchafed flood.

Mon. If that the *Turkiſh* fleete
Be not inſhelter'd, and embayed, they are drown'd,
It is impoſſible *they* ‡ beare it out.

Enter a third gentleman.

3 *Gent.* Newes *lords* §, your warres are done:
The deſperate tempeſt hath ſo bang'd the *Turke*,
That their deſignement halts : *another* ‖ ſhippe of *Venice* hath
ſeene
A greeuous wracke and ſufferance
On moſt part of *the* §§ fleete.

Mon. How, is this true ?

3 *Gent.* The ſhippe is heere put in :
A *Veroneſſa, Michael Caſſio*,
Leiutenant to the warlike Moore *Othello*,
Is come aſhore : the Moore himſelfe at ſea,
And is in full commiſſion here for *Cypres*.

Mon. I am glad on't, tis a worthy gouernour.

** *beauen.* * *foaming.* † *billowes.* ‡ *to.* § *lads.* ‖ *a nobie.*
§§ *their.*

3. *Gent.* But this ſame *Caſſio*, tho he ſpeake of comfort,
Touching the *Turkiſh* loſſe, yet he lookes ſadly,
And prayes the Moore be ſafe, for they were parted,
With foule and violent tempeſt.

Mon. Pray heauen he be:
For I haue ſeru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full ſouldier:
Lets to the ſea ſide, ho,
As well to ſee the veſſell that's come in
As to throw out our eyes for braue *Othello* *.

3 *Gent.* Come, lets doe ſo,
For euery minute is expectancy
Of more arriuance.

Enter Caſſio.

Caſ. Thankes to the valiant of this *worthy* † iſle
That ſo approue the Moore, and let the heauens
Giue him defence againſt their elements,
For I haue loſt him on a dangerous ſea.

Mon Is he well ſhipt?

Caſ. His barke is ſtoutly timberd, and his pilate
Of very expert and approu'd allowance,
Therefore my hope's not ſurfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Enter a meſſenger.

Meſſ. A ſaile, a ſaile, a ſaile.

Caſ. What noyſe?

Meſſ. The towne is empty, on the brow o'th ſea,
otand ranckes of people, and they cry a ſayle.

Caſ. My hopes doe ſhape him for the guernement.

2 *Gen.* They doe diſcharge the ſhot of courteſie,
Our friend at leaſt. *A ſhot.*

* *Even till we make the maine and th'aire all blue,*
An irdiſtinct regard.

† *worthy* omitted.

Caſ.

Caſ. I pray you ſir goe forth,
And giue vs truth, who tis that is arriu'd.
2 *Gent.* I ſhall. *Exit.*
Mon. But good leiutenant, is your generall wiu'd?
Caſ. Moſt fortunately, he hath atchieu'd a maide,
That parragons deſcription, and wild fame:
One that excells *the* * blaſoning pens,
And in the eſſentiall veſture of creation,
Does beare *all* ‡ excellency:—now, who has put in?

Enter 2. *gentleman.*

2 *Gent.* Tis one *Iago*, ancient to the generall,
He has had moſt fauourable and happy ſpeede,
Tempeſts themſelues, *by* † ſeas, and houling windes,
The guttered rocks, and congregated ſands,
Traitors *enſcerped* ‡; to clog the guiltleſſe keele,
As hauing ſence of beauty, do omit
Their common natures, letting goe ſafely by
The diuine *Deſdemona.*
Mon. What is ſhe?
Caſ. She that I ſpoke of, our great captains captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago.*
Whoſe footing here anticipates our thoughts
A ſennights ſpeede—great *Ioue Othello* guard,
And ſwell his ſaile with thine owne powerfull breath,
That he may bleſſe this bay with his tall ſhippe,
And ſwiftly come to *Deſdemona*'s armes.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, Emillia, *and* Roderigo.

Giue renewd fire,
To our extincted ſpirits.
And bring all *Cypreſſe* comfort,—O behold

* *the quirkes.* ‡ *an.* † *high.* ‡ *enſteep'd.*

The riches of the ſhip is come *aſhore* ‖.
Ye men of *Cypres*, let her haue your knees:
Haile to thee lady: and the grace of heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand,
Enwheele thee round.

Deſd. I thanke you valiant *Caſſio:*
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Caſ. He is not yet arriued, nor know I ought,
But that hee's well, and will be ſhortly here.

Deſd. O but I feare:—how loſt you company?
[*Within.*] *A ſaile, a ſaile.*

Caſ. The great contention of the ſea and ſkies
Parted our fellowſhip: but harke, a ſaile.

2 *Gent.* They giue their greeting to the cittadell,
This likewiſe is a friend.

Caſ. So ſpeakes this voyce §:
Good ancient, you are welcome, welcome miſtreſſe,
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners, tis my breeding,
That giues me this bold ſhew of courteſie.

Iag. For * would ſhe giue you ſo much of her lips,
As of her tongue, ſhe has beſtowed on me,
You'd haue enough.

Deſ. Alas! ſhee has no ſpeech.

Iag. I know † too much:
I finde *it* †, I; for when I ha *liſt* ‡ to ſleepe,———
Mary, before your ladiſhip I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Em. You ha little cauſe to ſay ſo.

Iag. Come on, come on, you are pictures out adores:
Bells in your parlors: wildcats in your kitchins:

‖ *on ſhore.* § *See for the newes.* * *Sir.* † *In faith.* † *it ſtill.* ‡ *leave.*

Saints

Saints in your iniuries: diuells being offended:
Players in your houſwifery; and houſwiues in your beds.
O fie vpon thee ſlanderer.
Iag. Nay, it is true, or elſe I am a *Turke*,
You riſe to play, and goe to bed to worke.
Em. You ſhall not write my praiſe.
Iag. No, let me not.
Deſd. What wouldſt thou write of me,
If thou ſhouldſt praiſe me?
Iag. O gentle lady, doe not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not criticall.
Deſd. Come on, aſſay—there's one gone to the harbor?
Iag. I madam.
Deſd. I am not merry, but I doe beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe:
Come, how wouldſt thou praiſe me?
Iag. I am about it, but indeed my inuention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,
It plucks out braine and all: but my muſe labors,
And thus ſhe is deliuer'd:
If ſhe be faire and wiſe, faireneſſe and wit;
The one's for vſe, the other *vſing* * it.
Deſd. Well praiſde: how if ſhe be blacke and witty?
Iag. If ſhe be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,
Shee'le finde a white, that ſhall her blackneſſe *hit* †.
Deſd. Worſe and worſe.
Em. How if faire and fooliſh?
Iag. She neuer yet was fooliſh, that was faire,
For euen her folly helpt her, *to a haire* †.
Deſ. Theſe are old paradoxes, to make fooles laugh i'the alehouſe,
What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her,
That's foule and fooliſh?

* *uſeth.* † *fit.* † *to an heire.*

Iag. There's none so foule, and foolish thereunto,
But does foule prankes, which faire and wise ones doe.

Desd. O heauy ignorance, that praises the worst best: but what praise couldst thou bestow on a deseruing woman indeed? one, that in the authority of her merrits, did iustly put on the vouch of very malice it selfe?

Iag. She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was neuer lowd,
Neuer lackt gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may:
She that being angred, her reuenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flye;
She that in wisedome, neuer was so fraile,
To change the codshead for the salmons taile.
She that could thinke, and ne're disclose her minde, *
She was a wight, if euer such wight were.

Des. To doe what?

Iag. To suckle fooles, and chronicle small beere.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion:
Doe not learne of him *Emillia*, tho he be thy husband;
How say you *Cassio*, is he not a most prophane and liberall Counsellour?

Cas. He speakes home madam, you may relish him
More in the souldier then in the scholler.

Iag. He takes her by the palme; I well sed, whisper: as little a webbe as this will ensnare as great a *flee* † as *Cassio*. I smile vpon her, doe: I will catch you in your owne courtesies: you say true, tis so indeed. If such trickes as these strip you out of your leiutenantry, it had beene better you had not rist your three fingers so oft, which now againe, you are most apt to play the sir in: good, well kist, an excellent courtesie; tis so indeed: yet againe, your fingers at your lips? would they

* *See sutors following and not looke behinde*
† *flie.*

were

were cliſterpipes for your ſake.—The Moore, I know his trumpet. *Trumpets within.*

Enter Othello, *and attendants.*

Caſ. Tis truely ſo.
Def. Lets meete him, and receiue him.
Caſ. Loe, where he comes.
Oth. O my faire warriour.
Def. My deare *Othello.*
Oth. It giues me wonder great as my content,
To ſee you here before me: O my ſoules ioy,
If after euery tempeſt, come ſuch calmeneſſe,
May the winds blow, till they haue wakened death,
And let the labouring barke clime hills of ſeas,
Olympus high, and duck againe as low,
As hell's from heauen: If it were now to dye,
T'were now to be moſt happy, for I feare
My ſoule hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort, like to this
Succeeds in vnknowne fate.
Def. The heauens forbid,
But that our loues and comforts ſhould increaſe,
Euen as our dayes doe growe.
Oth. Amen to that ſweete *power* *,
I cannot ſpeake enough of this content,
It ſtops me heere, it is too much of ioy:
And this, and this, the greateſt diſcord be, *they kiſſe.*
That ere our hearts ſhall make.
Iag. O, you are well tun'd now,
But I'le ſet downe the pegs, that make this muſique,
As honeſt as I am.

* *powers.*

Oth. Come, let vs to the caſtle:
Newes friends, our warres are done, the *Turks* are drownd:
How doe our old acquaintance of the iſle;
Honny, you ſhall be well deſir'd in *Cypres*;
I haue found great loue amongſt them: O my ſweete,
I prattle out of faſhion, and I dote,
In mine one comforts: I preethee good *Iago*,
Goe to the bay, and diſimbarke my coffers;
Bring thou the maſter to the cittadell;
He is a good one, and his worthineſſe,
Does challenge much reſpect: come *Deſdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cypres*. *Exit.*

Iag. Doe thou meete me preſently at the habour: come hither, if thou beeſt valiant, as they ſay, baſe men being in loue, haue then a nobility in their natures, more then is natiue to them—liſt me, the leiutenant to night watches on the court of guard: firſt I will tell thee, this *Deſdemona* is directly in loue with him.

Rod. With him? why tis not poſſible.

Iag. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy ſoule be inſtructed: marke me, with what violence ſhe firſt lou'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſticall lies; and will ſhe loue him ſtill for prating? let not the diſcreet heart thinke *ſo* *. Her eye muſt be fed, and what delight ſhall ſhe haue to look on the diuell? when the blood is made dull with the act of ſport, there ſhould be *againe* † to inflame it, and giue faciety a freſh appetite. Loue lines in fauour, ſympathy in yeares, manners and beauties; all which the Moore is defectiue in: now for want of theſe requir'd conueniences, her delicate tenderneſſe will finde it ſelfe abus'd, beginne to heaue the gorge, diſrelliſh and abhorre the Moore, very nature will inſtruct her to it, and compell her to ſome ſecond choyce: now ſir, this granted, as it is a moſt pregnant and vnforced poſition, who

* *it*, † *a game*.

ſtands

ſtands ſo eminently in the degree of this fortune, as *Caſſio* does? a knaue very voluble, no farder conſcionable, then in putting on the meere forme of ciuill and hand-ſeeming, for the better compaſſing of his ſalt and hidden affections: a ſubtle ſlippery knaue, a finder out of occaſions; that has an eye, can ſtampe and counterfeit the true *aduantages neuer preſent themſelues* *. Beſides, the knaue is handſome, yong, and hath all thoſe requiſites in him that folly and green mindes look after; a peſtilent compleate knaue, and the woman has found him already.

Rod. I cannot beleeue that in her, ſhee's full of moſt bleſt condition.

Iag. Bleſt figs end: the wine ſhee drinkes is made of grapes: if ſhe had beene bleſt, ſhe would neuer haue lou'd the Moore. Didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palme of his hand?

Rod. Yes, but that was but courteſie.

Iag. Lechery, by this hand: an index *and* † prologue to the hiſtory of luſt and foule thoughts: they met ſo neere with their lips, that their breathes embrac'd together. ‡ When theſe mutualities ſo marſhall the way, hand at hand, *comes* ‖ the maine exerciſe, the incorporate concluſion. But ſir, be you rul'd by mee, I haue brought you from *Venice*: watch you to night, for *your* § command Ile lay't vpon you, *Caſſio* knowes you not, I'le not be farre from you, do you finde ſome occaſion to anger *Caſſio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other cauſe you pleaſe; which the time ſhall more fauourably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iag. Sir he is raſh, and very ſuddain in choler, and haply with his trunchen may ſtrike at you; prouoke him that he may, for euen out of that, will I cauſe theſe of *Cypres* to mutiny, whoſe

* *advantages, tho' true advantage never preſents itſelfe.* † *and obſcure.*
‡ *Villainous thoughts when,* &c. ‖ *comes on* Roderigo, *the maſter, and the,* &c.
§ *your* omitted.

quallification

quallification ſhall come into no true *truſt* * again't, but by the diſplanting of *Caſſio:* ſo ſhall you haue a ſhorter iourney to your deſires by the meanes I ſhal then haue to prefer them, and the impediment, moſt profitably remou'd, without which there were no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will doe this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iag. I warrant thee, meete me by and by at the cittadell; I muſt fetch his neceſſaries aſhore.—Farewell.

Rod. Adue. *Exit.*

Iag. That *Caſſio* loues her, I doe well beleeue it;
That ſhe loues him, tis apt and of great credit;
The Moore howbe't, that I indure him not,
Is of a conſtant, noble, louing nature;
And I dare thinke, hee'le proue to *Deſdemona*,
A moſt deere huſband: now I doe loue her too,
Not out of abſolute luſt, tho peraduenture,
I ſtand accountant for as great a ſin,
But partly lead to diet my reuenge,
For that I doe ſuſpect the luſtfull Moore,
Hath leap'd into my ſeate, the thought whereof
Doth like a poiſonous minerall gnaw my inwards,
And nothing can, nor ſhall content my ſoule,
Till I am euen with him, wife, for wife:
Of failing ſo, yet that I put the Moore,
At leaſt, into a iealouſie ſo ſtrong,
That iudgement cannot cure; which thing to doe,
If this poore traſh of *Venice*, whom I cruſh,
For his quicke hunting, ſtand the putting on,
I'le haue our *Michael Caſſio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moore, in the ranke garbe,
(For I feare *Caſſio*, with my night cap to)
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an aſſe,

* *taſte.*

And

And practiſing vpon his peace and quiet,
Euen to madneſſe : tis here, but yet confus'd,
Knaueries plaine face is neuer ſeene, till vs'd. *Exit.*

Enter a gentleman * *reading a proclamation.*

It is *Othello*'s pleaſure; our noble and valiant generall, that vpon certaine tidings now arriued, importing the meere perdition of the *Turkiſh* fleete ; that euery man put himſelfe into triumph : ſome to dance, ſome make bonefires; each man to what ſport and reuels his *minde* † leades him ; for beſides theſe beneficiall newes, it is the celebration of his nuptialls: ſo much was his pleaſure ſhould bee proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty, from this preſent houre of fiue, till the bell hath told eleuen. Heauen bleſſe the iſle of *Cypres*, and our noble generall *Othello.*

Enter Othello, Caſſio, *and* Deſdemona.

Oth. Good *Michael*, looke you to the guard to night,
Lets teach our ſelues *the* ‡ honourable ſtoppe,
Not to out ſport diſcretion.
Caſ. Iago hath *directed* ‖ what to doe :
But notwithſtanding with my perſonall eye
Will I looke to it.
Oth. Iago is moſt honeſt,
Michael good night, to morrow with your earlieſt,
Let me haue ſpeech with you, come my deare loue,
The purchaſe made, the fruits are to enſue,
The § profits yet to come twixt me and you,
Good night. *Exit* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

* *Othello*'s *herald.* † *addition.* ‡ *that.* ‖ *direction.* § *That.*

Enter

Enter Iago.

Caſ. Welcome *Iago*, we muſt to the watch.

Iag. Not this houre leiutenant, tis not yet ten a clock: our generall caſt vs thus early for the loue of his *Deſdemona:* who let vs not therefore blame, hee hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and ſhe is ſport for *Ioue.*

Caſ. She is a moſt exquiſite lady.

Iag. And I'le warrant her full of game.

Caſ. Indeede ſhe is a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

Iag. What an eye ſhe has?
Me thinkes it ſounds a parly of prouocation.

Caſ. An inuiting eye, and yet me thinkes right moddeſt.

Iag And when ſhe ſpeakes, tis an alarme to loue.

Caſ. It is indeede perfection.

Iag. Well, happineſſe to their ſheetes—come leiutenant, I haue a ſtope of wine, and heere without are a brace of *Cypres* gallants, that would faine haue a meaſure to the health of the blacke *Othello.*

Caſ. Not to night, good *Iago*; I haue very poore and vnhappy braines for drinking: I could well wiſh courteſie would inuent ſome other cuſtome of entertainement.

Iag. O they are our friends,—but one cup: I'le drink for you.

Caſ. I ha drunke but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified to, and behold what innouation it makes here: I am vnfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taſke my weakeneſſe with any more.

Iag. What man, tis a night of reuells, the gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Iag Here at the dore, I pray you call them in.

Caſ. I'le do't, but it diſlikes me. *Exit.*

Iag.

Iag. If I can faſten but one cup vpon him,
With that which he hath drunke to night already,
Hee'll be as full of quarrell and offence,
As my young miſtris dog:—now my ſicke foole *Roderigo*,
Whom loue has turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide outward,
To *Deſdemona*, hath to night carouſt
Potations pottle deepe, and hee's to watch
Three lads of *Cypres*, noble ſwelling ſpirits,
That hold their honour, in a wary diſtance,
The very elements of this warlike iſle,
Haue I to night fluſtred with flowing cups,
And the watch too: now mongſt this flocke of drunkards,
I am to put our *Caſſio* in ſome action,
That may offend the iſle;

Enter Montanio, Caſſio, *and others.*

But here they come:
If conſequence doe but approoue my dreame,
My boate ſailes freely, both with winde and ſtreame.

Caſ. Fore God they haue giuen me a rouſe already.

Mon. Good faith a little one, not paſt a pint,
As I am a ſouldier.

Iag. Some wine ho:

And let me the cannikin clinke, clinke,
And let me the cannikin clinke, clinke:
A ſouldier's a man, a life's but a ſpan,
Why then let a ſouldier drinke.—Some wine boyes,

Caſ. Fore God an excellent ſong.

Iag. I learn'd it in *England*, where indeed they are moſt potent in potting: your *Dane*, your *Germaine*, and your ſwag-bellied *Hollander*; drinke ho, are nothing to your *Engliſh*.

Caſ. Is your *Engliſh* man ſo *expert* * in his drinking?

* *exquiſite.*

Iag.

Iag. Why he drinkes you with facillity, your *Dane* dead drunke: he ſweats not to ouerthrow your *Almaine*; he giues your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fild.

Caſ. To the health of our generall.

Mon. I am for it lieutenant, and I will doe you iuſtice.

Iag. O ſweete *England*,—king *Stephen was* * a worthy peere,

His breeches coſt him but a crowne,
He held 'em ſixpence all too deere,
With that he cald the taylor lowne,
He was a wight of high renowne,
And thou art but of low degree,
Tis pride that puls the countrey downe,
Then take thine owd cloke about thee.—Some wine ho.

Caſ. Fore God † this is a more exquiſite ſong then the other.

Iag. Will you hear't agen?

Caſ. No, for I hold him vnworthy of his place, that does thoſe things: well, God's aboue all, and there bee ſoules that muſt bee ſaued.

Iag. It is true good leiutenant.

Caſ. For mine own part, no offence to the generall, nor any man of quality, I hope to be ſaued.

Iag. And ſo doe I leiutenant.

Caſ. I, but by your leaue, not before me; the leiutenant is to be ſaued before the ancient. Let's ha no more of this, let's to our affaires: *God* ‡ forgiue vs our ſins: gentlemen, let's looke to our buſineſſe; doe not thinke gentlemen I am drunke, this is my ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: I am not drunke now, I can ſtand well enough, and ſpeake well enough.

All. Excellent well.

* *was and.* † *Why.* ‡ *God* omitted.

Caſ.

Caſ. Very well then: you muſt not thinke, that I am drunke. *Ex.*

Mon. To the plotforme maiſters. Come, let's ſet the watch.

Iag. You ſee this fellow that is gone before,
He is a ſouldier fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,
And giue direction: and doe but ſee his vice,
Tis to his vertue, a iuſt equinox,
The one as long as th'other: tis pitty of him,
I feare the truſt *Othello* put him in,
On ſome odde time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this iſland.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Iag. Tis euermore the prologue to his ſleepe:
Hee'le watch the horolodge a double ſet,
If drinke rocke not his cradle.

Mon. Twere well the generall *wete* * put in minde of it,
Perhaps he ſees it not, or his good nature,
Praiſes the *vertues* † that appeares in *Caſſio*,
And *looke* ‡ not on his euills: is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iag. How now *Roderigo*,
I pray you after the leiutenant, goe *Exit* Rod.

Mon. And tis great pitty that the noble Moore
Should hazard ſuch a place, as his owne ſecond,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honeſt action to ſay ſo to the Moore.

Iag. Not I, for this faire iſland:,
I doe loue *Caſſio* well, and would doe much,
Helpe, helpe, within.
To cure him of this euill: but harke, what noyſe.

* *were.* † *vertue.* ‡ *lookes.*

Enter

Enter Caſſio, *driuing in* Roderigo.

Caſ. Zouns *, you rogue, you raſcall.

Mon. What's the matter leiutenant?

Caſ. A knaue, teach mee my duty: but I'le beate the knaue into a wicker bottle.

Rod. Beate me?

Caſ. Doeſt thou prate rogue?

Mon. Good leiutenant; pray ſir hold your hand.

Caſ. Let me goe ſir, or Ile knocke you ore the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you are drunke.

Caſ. Drunke? *They fight.*

Iag. Away I ſay, goe out and cry a muteny.

A bell rung.

Nay good leiutenant: Godſwill gentlemen,
Helpe ho, leiutenant: ſir *Montanio*, ſir,
Helpe maiſters, here's a goodly watch indeed,
Who's that that rings the bell? diablo—ho,
The towne will riſe, *Godſwill* † leiutenant, hold,
You will be ſham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, *and gentlemen with weapons.*

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. *Zouns* ‡, I bleed ſtill, I am hurt, to the death:

Oth Hold, for your liues.

Iag. Hold, hold leiutenant, ſir *Montanio*, gentlemen,
Haue you forgot all place of ſence, and duty:
Hold, the generall ſpeakes to you; hold, hold, for ſhame.

Oth. Why how now ho, from whence ariſes this?
Are we turn'd *Turkes*, and to our ſelues doe that,
Which heauen has forbid the *Ottamites*:
For chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawle;

* *Zouns* omitted. † *fie, fie.* ‡ *Zouns* omitted.

He

He that ſtirres next, to carue *forth* * his owne rage,
Holds his ſoule light, he dies vpon his motion;
Silence that dreadfull bell, it frights the iſle
From her propriety; what's the matter maſters?
Honeſt *Iago*, that lookes dead with grieuing,
Speake, who began this, on thy loue I charge thee.

Iag. I doe not know, friends all but now, euen now,
In quarter, and in termes, like bride and groome,
Deueſting them to bed, and then but now,
As if ſome plannet had vnwitted men,
Swords out, and tilting one at others breaſt,
In oppoſition bloody. I cannot ſpeake
Any beginning to this peeuiſh odds;
And would in action glorious, I had loſt
Theſe ‡ legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot?

Caſ. I pray you pardon me, I cannot ſpeake.

Oth. Worthy *Montanio*, you were wont be ciuill,
The grauity and ſtilneſſe of your youth,
The world hath noted, and your name is great,
In men of wiſeſt cenſure: what's the matter
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night brawler? giue me anſwer to't?

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your officer *Iago* can informe you,
While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends me,
Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought
By me, that's ſed or done amiſſe this night,
Vnleſſe ſelfe-charity be ſometime a vice,
And to defend our ſelues it be a ſinne,
When violence aſſayles vs.

* *for.* ‡ *Thoſe*

Oth. Now by heauen
My blood begins my ſafer guides to rule,
And paſſion hauing my beſt iudgement coold,
Aſſayes to leade the way. *Zouns* †, if I ſtirre,
Or doe but lift this arme, the beſt of you
Shall ſinke in my rebuke: giue me to know
How this foule rout began, who ſet it on,
And he that is approou'd in this offence,
Tho he had twin'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall looſe me ; what, in a towne of warre,
Yet wild, the peoples hearts brim full of feare,
To mannage priuate and domeſticke quarrels,
In night, and on the court and guard of ſafety ?
Tis monſtrous. *Iago*, who began ?

Mon. If partiality affin'd, or league in office,
Thou doeſt deliuer, more or leſſe then truth,
Thou art no ſouldier.

Iag. Touch me not ſo neere,
I had rather ha this tongue out *from* * my mouth,
Then it ſhould doe offence to *Michael Caſſio* :
Yet I perſwade my ſelfe to ſpeake the truth,
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is generall :
Montanio and my ſelfe being in ſpeech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for helpe,
And *Caſſio* following him with determin'd ſword,
To execute vpon him : ſir this gentleman
Steps in to *Caſſio*, and intreates his pauſe ;
My ſelfe the crying fellow did purſue,
Leſt by his clamour, as it ſo fell out,
The towne might fall in fright : he ſwift of foote,
Out ran my purpoſe : and I returnd the rather,
For that I heard the clinke and fall of ſwords :
And *Caſſio* high in oaths, which till to night,

† *If once.* * *of.*

I ne're

I ne're might *see* † before : when I came backe,
For this was briefe, I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, euen as agen they were,
When you your selfe did part them.
More of this matter can I not report,
But men are men, the best sometimes forget;
Tho *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely *Cassio*, I beleeue receiu'd
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not passe.
Oth. I know *Iago*,
Thy honesty and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio* : *Cassio*, I loue thee,
But never more be officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona, *with others.*

Looke if my gentle loue be not raisde vp :
I'le make thee an example.
Des. What is the matter ?
Oth. All's well now sweeting :
Come away to bed : sir, for your hurts,
My selfe will be your surgeon; leade him off;
Iago, looke with care about the towne,
And silence those, whom this vile brawle distracted.
Come *Desdemona :* tis the souldiers life,
To haue their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.
Iag. What are you hurt lieutenant ?

Exit Moore, Desdemona, *and attendants.*

Cas. I, past all surgery.
Iag. Mary *God* ‡ forbid.

† *say.* ‡ *Heaven.*

Caſ. Reputation, reputation, *I* § ha loſt my reputation :
I ha loſt the immortall part ſir of my ſelfe,
And what remaines is beaſtiall, my reputation,
Iago, my reputation.

Iag. As I am an honeſt man, I thought you had receiu'd ſome bodily wound, there is more offence in that, then in reputation : reputation is an idle and moſt falſe impoſition, oft got without merit, and loſt without deſeruing, you haue loſt no reputation at all, vnleſſe you repute your ſelfe ſuch a loſer ; what man, there are wayes to recouer the generall agen : you are but now caſt in his moode, a puniſhment more in pollicy, then in malice, euen ſo, as one would beate his offenceleſſe dog, to affright an imperious lyon : ſue to him againe, and hees yours.

Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, then to deceiue ſo good a commander, with ſo light, ſo drunken, and indiſcreete an officer || O thou inuiſible ſpirt of wine, if thou haſt no name to bee knowne by, let vs call thee diuell.

Iag. What was he, that you followed with your ſword ? What had he done to you ?

Caſ. I know not.

Iag. Iſt poſſible ?

Caſ. I remember a maſſe of things, but nothing diſtinctly ; a quarrell, but nothing wherefore. O God, that men ſhould put an enemy in there mouthes, to ſteale away there braines ; that wee ſhould with ioy, reuell, pleaſure, and applauſe, transforme our ſelues into beaſts.

Iag. Why, but you are now well enough : how came you thus recouered ?

§ *ob I.*

|| *Drunke ? and ſpeak Parrat ? and ſquabble, ſwagger, ſweare ? and diſcourſe fuſtian with one's own ſhaddow.*

Caſ.

Caſ. It hath pleaſde the diuell drunkenneſſe, to giue place to the diuell wrath; one vnperfectneſſe, ſhewes me another, to make me frankely deſpiſe my ſelfe.

Iag. Come, you are too ſeuere a morraler; as the time, the place, the condition of this countrey ſtands, I could heartily wiſh, this had not ſo befalne; but ſince it is as it is, mend it, for your own good.

Caſ. I will aſke him for my place againe, hee ſhall tell me I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop em all: to be now a ſenſible man, by and by a foole, and preſently a beaſt. Euery vnordinate cup is vnbleſt, and the ingredience is a diuell.

Iag. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well vs'd; exclaime no more againſt it; and good leiutenant, I thinke you thinke I loue you.

Caſ. I haue well approou'd it ſir,—I drunke?

Iag. You, or any man liuing may bee drunke at ſome *time* *: I'le tell you what you ſhall do,—our generals wife is now the generall; I may ſay ſo in this reſpect, for that he has deuoted and giuen vp himſelfe to the contemplation, marke and deuotement of her parts and graces. Confeſſe your ſelfe freely to her, importune her, ſhee'll helpe to put you in your place againe: ſhe is ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, that ſhee holds it a vice in her goodneſſe, not to doe more then ſhee is requeſted. This *braule* † betweene you and her huſband, intreate her to ſplinter, and my fortunes againſt any lay, worth naming, this cracke of your loue ſhall grow ſtronger then twas before.

Caſ. You aduiſe me well.

Iag. I proteſt in the ſincerity of loue and honeſt kindneſſe.

Caſ. I thinke it freely, and betimes in the morning, will I beſeech the vertuous *Deſdemona*, to vndertake for me; I am deſperate of my fortunes, if they checke me here.

* *time man.* † *broken joint.*

Iag. You are in the right:
Good night leiutenant, I muſt to the watch.
Caſ. Good night honeſt *Iago.* *Exit.*
Iag. And what's he then, that ſayes I play the villaine,
When this aduice is free I giue, and honeſt,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the courſe,
To win the Moore agen? for tis moſt eaſie
The inclining *Deſdemona* to ſubdue,
In any honeſt ſuite, ſhe's fram'd as fruitfull,
As the free elements: and then for her
To win the Moore. Wer't to renounce his baptiſme,
All ſeales and ſymbols of redeemed ſin,
His ſoule is ſo infetter'd to her loue,
That ſhe may make, vnmake, doe what ſhe liſt,
Euen as her appetite ſhall play the god
With his weake function: how am I then a villaine?
To counſell *Caſſio* to this parrallell courſe.
Directly to his good: diuinity of hell,
When diuells will their blackeſt ſins put on,
They doe ſuggeſt at firſt with heauenly ſhewes,
As I doe now: for while this honeſt foole
Plyes *Deſdemona* to repaire his fortunes,
And ſhe for him, pleades ſtrongly to the Moore:
I'le poure this peſtilence into his eare,
That ſhe repeales him for her bodyes luſt;
And by how much ſhe ſtriues to doe him good,
She ſhall vndoe her credit with the Moore,
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodneſſe make the net
That ſhall enmeſh em all:

Enter Roderigo.

How now *Roderigo?*
Rod. I do follow here in the chaſe, not like a hound that hunts, but one that filles vp the cry: my money is almoſt ſpent,

ſpent, I ha bin to night exceedingly well cudgeld: I thinke the iſſue will be, I ſhall haue ſo much experience for my paines, *as that comes to, and* * no money at all, and with *that* † wit returne to *Venice*.

Iag. How poore are they that ha not patience?
What wound did euer heale, but by degrees?
Thou knoweſt we worke by wit, and not by wichcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Do'ſt not go well? *Caſſio* has beaten thee,
And thou, by that ſmall hurt, haſt caſheird *Caſſio*,
Tho other things grow faire againſt the ſun,
But ‡ fruites that bloſome firſt, will firſt be ripe,
Content thy ſelfe awhile; bi'the maſſe tis morning;
Pleaſure, and action, make the houres ſeeme ſhort:
Retire thee, goe where thou art billited,
Away I ſay, thou ſhalt know more hereafter:
Nay get thee gon. Some things are to be done,
My wife muſt moue for *Caſſio* to her miſtris,
I'le ſet her on.
My ſelfe awhile, to draw the Moore apart,
And bring him iumpe, when he may *Caſſio* finde,
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way,
Dull not deuiſe by coldneſſe and delay.

Exeunt.

Enter Caſſio, *with muſitians and the* Clowne.

Caſ. Maſters, play here, I will content your paines,
Something that's briefe, and bid good morrow generall.

Clo. Why maſters, ha your inſtruments bin at *Naples*, that they ſpeake i'th noſe thus?

Boy. How ſir, how?

Clo. Are theſe I pray, cald wind inſtruments?

Boy. I marry are they ſir.

* *and ſo.* † *a little more.* ‡ *Yet.*

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tayle.

Boy. Whereby hangs a tayle ſir?

Clo. Marry ſir, by many a winde inſtrument that I know. But maſters, heere's money for you, and the generall ſo likes your muſique, that hee deſires you *of all loues* ‡, to make no more noyſe with it.

Boy. Well ſir, wē will not.

Clo. If you haue any muſique that may not bee heard, to't againe, but as they ſaay, to heare muſique, the generall does not greatly care.

Boy. We ha none ſuch ſir.

Clo. Then put your pipes in your bag, for I'le away; goe, *vaniſh* § away.

Caſ. Doeſt thou heare my honeſt friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honeſt friend, I heare you.

Caſ. Preethee keepe vp thy quillets, there's a poore pēece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the generals wife be ſtirring, tell her there's one *Caſſio*, entreates her a little fauour of ſpeech—wilt thou doe this?

Clo. She is ſtirring ſir, if ſhe will ſtirre hither, I ſhall ſeeme to notifie vnto her.

Enter Iago.

Caſ. Doe good my friend: in happy time *Iago*.

Iag. You ha not bin a bed then.

Caſ. Why no, the day had broke before we parted:
I ha made bold *Iago*, to ſend in to your wife,—my ſuite to her,
Is, that ſhe will to vertuous *Deſdemona*,
Procure me ſome acceſſe.

Iag. I'le ſend her to you preſently,
And Ile deuiſe a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your conuerſe and buſineſſe,
May be more free. *Exit.*

‡ *for loues ſake.* § *vaniſh into aire.*

Caſ.

Caſ. I humbly thanke you *for it* ‖ : I neuer knew
A *Florentine* more kinde and honeſt.

Enter Emilla.

Em. Good morrow good leiutenant, I am ſorry
For your diſpleaſure, but all will ſoone be well,
The generall and his wife are talking of it,
And ſhe ſpeakes for you ſtoutly : the Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in *Cypres*,
And great affinity, and that in wholeſome wiſedome,
He might not but refuſe *you* * but he proteſts he loues you,
And needes no other ſuitor but his likings,
To take the ſafeſt occaſion by the front,
To bring you in againe.
Caſ. Yet I beſeech you,
If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,
Giue me aduantage of ſome briefe diſcourſe
With *Deſdemona* alone,
Em. Pray you come in,
I will beſtow you where you ſhall haue time,
To ſpeake your boſome freely †. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Iago, *and other gentlemen.*

Oth. Theſe letters giue *Iago*, to the pilate,
And by him doe my duties to the ſtate ;
That done, I will be walking on the workes,
Repaire there to me.
Iag. Well my good lord, I'le do't.
Oth. This fortification gentlemen, ſhall wee ſee't ?
Gent. We waite vpon your lordſhip. *Exeunt.*

‖ *for't.* * *you* omitted. † Caſ. *I am much bound to you.*

Enter

Enter Deſdemona, Caſſio *and* Emillia.

Deſ. Be thou aſſur'd good *Caſſio*, I will doe
All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Em. Good madam do, I know it grieues my huſband,
As if the caſe were his.

Deſd. O that's an honeſt fellow :—do not doubt *Caſſio*,
But I will haue my lord and you againe,
As friendly as you were.

Caſ. Bountious madame,
What euer ſhall become of *Michael Caſſio*,
Hee's neuer any thing but your true ſeruant.

Deſ. O ſir, I thanke you, you doe loue my lord :
You haue knowne him long, and be you well aſſur'd,
He ſhall in ſtrangeſt, ſtand no farther off,
Then in a politique diſtance.

Caſ. I but lady,
The * pollicy may either laſt ſo long,
Or feede vpon ſuch nice, and watriſh diet,
Or breed it ſelfe, ſo out of circumſtance,
That I being abſent, and my place ſupplied,
My generall will forget my loue and ſeruice.

Deſd. Doe not doubt that, before *Emillia* here,
I giue thee warrant of thy place ; aſſure thee
If I doe vowe a friendſhip, I'le performe it
To the laſt article ; my lord ſhall neuer reſt,
I'le watch him tame, and talke him out of patience ;
His bed ſhall ſeeme a ſchoole, his boord a ſhrift,
I'le intermingle euery thing he does,
With *Caſſio's* ſuite ; therefore be merry *Caſſio*,
For thy ſoiliciter ſhall rather die,
Than giue *thee* † cauſe away.

* *That.* † *thy.*

Enter

Enter Othello, Iago, *and gentlemen.*

Em. Madam, here comes my lord.
Caſ. Madam, I'le take my leaue.
Deſd. Why ſtay and heare me ſpeake.
Caſ. Madam not now, I am very ill at eaſe,
Vnfit for mine owne purpoſe,
Deſd. Well, doe your diſcretion.

Exit Caſſio.

Iag. Ha, I like not that.
Oth. What doeſt thou ſay?
Iag. Nothing my lord, or if, I know not what.
Oth. Was not that *Caſſio* parted from my wife?
Iag. Caſſio my lord?—no ſure, I cannot thinke it,
That he would ſneake away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you comming.
Oth. I doe beleeue twas he.
Deſd. How now my lord,
I haue beene talking with a ſuiter here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who i'ſt you meane?
Deſ. Why your leiutenant *Caſſio,* good my lord,
If I haue any grace or power to moue you,
His preſent reconſiliation take:
For if he be not one that truely loues you,
That erres in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honeſt face,
I prethee call him backe.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Deſd. Yes faith, ſo humbled,
That he has left part of his griefes with me,
I ſuffer with him; good loue call him backe.

Oth.

Oth. Not now ſweete *Deſdemona* * ſome other time.
Deſd. But ſhal't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner ſweete for you.
Deſd. Shal't be to night at ſupper?
Oth. No, not to night.
Deſd. To morrow dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home,
I meete the captaines, at the cittadell.
Deſd. Why then to morrow night, or *Tueſday* morne,
On *Tueſday* morne, or night, or *Wenſday* morne,
I preethee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes: ifaith hee's penitent,
And yet his treſpaſſe, in our common reaſon,
(Saue that they ſay, the warres muſt make examples,
Out of her beſt) is not almoſt a fault,
To incurre a priuate checke: when ſhall he come?
Tell me *Othello:* I wonder in my ſoule,
What you could aſke me, that I ſhould deny?
Or ſtand ſo *muttering* † on? what *Michael Caſſio?*
That came a wooing with you, and ſo many a time
When I haue ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly,
Hath tane your part, to haue ſo much to doe
To bring him in? *birlady* † I could doe much.
Oth. Preethee no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.
Deſd. Why this is not a boone,
Tis as I ſhould intreate you weare your gloues:
Or feede on nouriſhing diſhes, or keepe you warme,
Or ſue to you, to doe a peculiar profit
To your owne perſon: nay, when I haue a ſuite,
Wherein I meane to touch your loue indeed,
It ſhall be full of poiſe and *difficulty* ‡,
And fearefull to be granted.

* *Deſdemon.* † *mom'ring.* † *truſt me.* ‡ *difficult weight.*

Oth.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing,
Whereon I doe beſeech thee grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my ſelfe.
Deſd. Shall I deny you? no, farewell my lord.
Oth. Farewell my *Deſdemona*, I'le come to thee ſtraight.
Deſd. *Emillia*, come, be it as your fancies teach you,
What ere you be I am obedient. *Exit* Deſd. *and* Em.
Oth. Excellent wretch, perdition catch my ſoule,
But I doe loue thee, and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe.
Iag. My noble lord.
Oth. What doeſt thou ſay *Iago?*
Iag. Did *Michael Caſſio* when you wooed my lady,
Know of your loue?
Oth. He did from firſt to laſt:—why doeſt thou aſke?
Iag. But for a ſatisfaction of my *thoughts* ‖.
No further harme.
Oth. Why of thy thought *Iago?*
Iag. I did not thinke he had beene acquainted with her.
Oth. O yes, and went betweene vs very *often* §.
Iag. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed? indeed, diſern'ſt thou ought in that?
Is he not honeſt?
Iag. Honeſt my lord?
Oth. Honeſt? I honeſt.
Iag. My lord, for ought I know.
Oth. What doeſt thou thinke?
Iag. Thinke my lord?
Oth. Thinke my lord? *by heauen he ecchoes me* *.
As if there were ſome monſter in *his* † thought:
Too hideous to be ſhewne: thou *didſt* † meane ſomething;
I heard thee ſay but now, thou lik'ſt not that,

‖ *tlought.* § *oft.* * *why doſt thou ecchoe me.* † *thy.* † *doſt.*

When

When *Caſſio* left my wife : what didſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counſell,
In my whole courſe of wooing, thou cridſt indeed?
And didſt contract, and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut vp in thy braine,
Some horrible *counſell* ‡ : if thou doeſt loue me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iag. My lord, you know I loue you.

Oth. I thinke thou doeſt,
And for I know, thou art full of loue and honeſty,
And weigheſt thy words, before thou *giue* ‖ em breath,
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine *affright* § me the more :
For ſuch things in a falſe diſloyall knaue,
Are trickes of cuſtome ; but in a man that's iuſt,
They are cloſe *denotements* *, working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.

Iag. For *Michael Caſſio*,
I dare *preſume* †, I thinke that he is honeſt,

Oth. I thinke ſo to.

Iag. Men ſhould be *that* † they ſeeme,
Or thoſe that be not, would they might ſeeme none.

Oth. Certaine, men ſhould be what they ſeeme.

Iag. Why then I thinke *Caſſio*'s an honeſt man.

Oth. Nay yet there's more in this,
I preethee ſpeake to *me* ‡‡ to thy thinkings :
As thou doeſt ruminate, and giue *the* ‖‖‖ worſt of thought.
The worſt of word.

Iag. Good my lord pardon me ;
Though I am bound to euery act of duty,
I am not bound to that all ſlaues are free to,
Vtter my thoughts ? why, ſay they are vile and falſe :
As where's that pallace, whereinto foule things

‡ *conceit.* ‖ *giv'ſt.* § *fright.* * *dilations.* † *be ſworne.*
† *what.* ‡‡ *me as.* ‖‖‖ *thy.*

Sometimes

Sometimes intrude not? who has a breaſt ſo pure,
But ſome vncleanely apprehenſions,
Keepe leetes and law-dayes, and in ſeſſion *ſit* §
With meditations lawfull?

Oth. Thou doeſt conſpire againſt thy friend *Iago*,
If thou but thinkeſt him wrongd, and makeſt his eare
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.

Iag. I doe beſeech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my gheſſe,
As I confeſſe it is my natures plague,
To ſpy into abuſes, and oft my iealouſie
Shapes faults that are not; *I intreate you then* *,
From one that ſo imperfectly *conieƈts* †,
You'd ‡ take no notice, nor build your ſelfe a trouble,
Out of my ſcattering, and vnſure obſeruance;
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, or wiſedome,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. Zouns ‖.

Iag. Good name in man and *woman's* §§ deere my lord;
Is the immediate iewell of our ſoules:
Who ſteales my purſe, ſteals traſh, tis ſomething, nothing,
Twas mine, tis his, and has bin ſlaue to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not inriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.

Oth. By heauen ¶¶ I'le know thy *thought* **.

Iag. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor ſhall not, whilſt tis in my cuſtody: ††
O *beware* ‡¶ iealouſie.
It is *the* ‖¶ greene eyd monſter, which doth mocke

§ *fit.* * *that your wiſedome yet.* † *conceits.* ‡ *Would.* ‖ *What doſt thou meane?* §§ *woman.* ¶¶ *By heaven* omitted. ** *thoughts.* †† *Oth. Ha?* ‡¶ *beware my lord.* ‖¶ *a.*

That

That ‖ meate it feedes on. That cuckold liues in bliſſe,
Who certaine of his fate, *hates* § not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tells he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts, ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loues.

Oth. O miſery.

Iag. Poore and content, is rich, and rich enough,
But riches, fineleſſe, is as poore as winter,
To him that euer feares he ſhall be poore:
Good God, the ſoules of all my tribe defend
From iealouſie.

Oth. Why, why is this?
Thinkſt thou I'de make a life of iealouſie?
To follow ſtill the changes of the moone
With freſh ſuſpitions? no, to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolud: exchange me for a goate,
When I ſhall turne the buſineſſe of my ſoule
To ſuch exufflicate, and blowne ſurmiſes,
Matching thy inference: tis not to make me iealous,
To ſay my wife is faire, feedes well, loues company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, playes, and dances well;
Where vertue is, theſe are more vertuous:
Nor from mine owne weake merrits will I draw
The ſmalleſt feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
For ſhe had eies, and *choſe* * me: no *Iago*,
I'le ſee before I doubt, when I doubt, proue,
And on the proofe, there is no more but this:
Away at once with loue or iealouſie.

Iag. I am glad of it, for now I ſhall haue reaſon,
To ſhew the loue and duty that I beare you,
With franker ſpirit: therefore as I am bound
Receiue it from me: I ſpeake not yet of proofe,
Looke to your wife, obſerue her well with *Caſſio*;
Weare your eye thus, not iealous, nor ſecure,

‖ *The.* § *loues.* * *choſen.*

I would

I would not haue your free and noble nature,
Out of ſelfe-bounty be abus'd, looke to't:
I know our countrey diſpoſition well,
In *Venice* they doe let *God* † ſee the prankes
They *dare* † ſhew their huſbands: their beſt conſcience,
Is not to *leaue* ‡ vndone, but *keepe* ‖ vnknowne.

Oth. Doeſt thou ſay ſo.

Iag. She did deceiue her father marrying you;
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them moſt.

Oth. And ſo ſhe did.

Iag. Why go too then,
She that ſo young, could giue out ſuch a ſeeming,,
To ſeale her fathers eyes vp, cloſe as oake,
He thought twas witchcraft: but I am much too blame,
I humbly doe beſeech you of your pardon,
For too much louing you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.

Iag. I ſee this hath a little daſht your ſpirits.

Oth. Not a iot, not a iot.

Iag. *Ifaith* § I feare it has.
I hope you will conſider what is ſpoke,
Comes from my loue: but I doe ſee you are moou'd,
I am to pray you, not to ſtraine my ſpeech,
To groſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Then to ſuſpition.

Oth. I will not.

Iag. Should you doe ſo my lord,
My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vile ſucceſſe,
As my thoughts aime not at: *Caſſio*'s my truſty friend:
My lord, I ſee you are moou'd.

Oth. No, not much moou'd,
I doe not thinke but *Deſdemonas* honeſt.

† *Heaven.* † *dare not.* ‡ *leav't.* ‖ *keepe't.* § *Truſt me.*

Iag. Long liue ſhe ſo, and long liue you to thinke ſo.
Oth. And yet how nature erring from it ſelfe.
Iag. I, there's the point: as to be bold with you,
Not to affect many propoſed matches,
Of her owne clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things, nature tends;
Fie we may ſmell in ſuch a will, moſt ranke
Foule diſproportion: thoughts vnnaturall.
But pardon me: I doe not in poſition,
Deſtinctly ſpeake of her, tho I may feare
Her will recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fall to match you with her countrey formes,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, if more
Thou doeſt perceiue, let me know more, ſet on
Thy wife to obſerue: leaue me *Iago.*
Iag. My lord I take my leaue.
Oth. Why did I marry? this honeſt creature doubtleſſe
Sees and knowes more, much more then he vnfoulds.
* My lord, I would I might intreate your honour,
Iag. To ſcan this thing no further, leaue it to time,
Tho it be fit †, that *Caſſio* haue his place,
For ſure he fills it vp with great ability:
Yet if you pleaſe to hold him off a while,
You ſhall by that perceiue him and his meanes;
Note if your lady ſtraine her entertainement,
With any ſtrong or vehement importunity,
Much will be ſeene in that, in the meane time,
Let me be thought too buſie in my feares,
As worthy cauſe I haue, to feare I am;
And hold her free, I doe beſeech your honour.
Oth. Feare not my gouernement.
Iag. I once more take my leaue. *Exit.*

* *Iag.* † *And tho, tis fit.*

Oth

Oth. This fellowe's of exceeding honeſty,
And knowes all qualities, with a learned ſpirit
Of humaine dealing: if I doe prooue her haggard,
Tho that her ieſſes were my deare heart ſtrings,
I'de whiſtle her off, and let her *downe* * the wind,
To prey at fortune. Happily, for I am blacke,
And haue not thoſe ſoft parts of conuerſation,
That chamberers haue, or for I am declind
Into the *valt* † of yeares; yet that's not much,
Shee's gone, I am abus'd, and my releife
Muſt be to lothe her: O curſe of marriage,
That we can call theſe delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites: I had rather be a toade,
And liue vpon the vapor in a dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in a thing I loue,
For others vſes: yet tis the plague of great ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they leſſe then the baſe,
Tis deſteny, vnſhunnable, like death:
Euen then this forked plague is fated to vs,
When we doe quicken: *Deſdemona* comes,
If ſhe be falſe, O then heauen mocks it ſelfe,
I'le not beleeue it.

Enter Deſdemona *and* Emillia.

Deſd. How now my deare *Othello?*
Your dinner, and the generous ilander
By you inuited, doe attend your preſence.
Oth. I am to blame.
Deſ. Why is your ſpeech ſo faint? are you not well?
Oth. I haue a paine vpon my forehead here.
Deſ. Faith ‡ that's with watching, t'will away againe;
Let me but bind *your head* ‡, within this houre
It will be well *againe* §.

* *downe.* † *vale.* ‡ *Why* ‡ *it hard.* § *againe* omitted.

Oth. Your napkin is too little:
Let it alone, come I'le goe in with you.
Def. I am very ſorry that you are not well.
Em. I am glad I haue found this napkin,
Ex. Oth. *and* Deſd.
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moore;
My wayward huſband, hath a hundred times
Wooed me to ſteale it, but ſhe ſo loues the token,
For he coniur'd her, ſhe ſhould euer keepe it,
That ſhe reſerues it euer more about her,
To kiſſe, and talke to; I'le ha the worke *taine* † out,
And giu't *Iago:* what hee'll doe with it,
Heauen knowes, not I,
I nothing *know*, *but for* ‖ his fantaſie.

Enter Iago.

Iag. How now, what doe you here alone?
Em. Doe not you chide, I haue a thing for you.
Iag. A thing for me, it is a common thing.
Em. Ha?
Iag. To haue a fooliſh *thing* §.
Em. O, is that all? what will you giue me now,
For that ſame *handkercher* *?
Iag. What *handkercher* *?
Em. What *handkercher* *?
Why that the Moore firſt gaue to *Deſdemona*,
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteale.
Iag. Ha'ſt ſtole it from her?
Em. No faith, ſhe let it drop by negligence,
And to the aduantage, I being here, *took't* ‡ vp:
Looke here it is.
Iag. A good wench, giue it me.

† *tane.* ‖ *but to pleaſe.* § *wife.* * *handkerchiefe.* ‡ *tooke it.*

Em.

Em. What will you doe with it, that you haue bin
So earneſt to haue me filch it?

Iag. Why what's that to you?

Em. If it * be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Giue mee't againe, poore lady, ſhee'll run mad,
When ſhe ſhall lacke it.

Iag. Be not you *knowne* † on't, I haue vſe for it:——go leaue me; *Exit* Em.
I will in *Caſſio's* lodging loſe this napkin,
And let him finde it: trifles light as ayre,
Are to the iealous, confirmations ſtrong
As proofes of holy writ, this may doe ſomething ‡,
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poiſons,
Which at the firſt are ſcarce found to diſtaſt.
But with a little *art* §, vpon the blood,

Ent. Othello.

Burne like the *mindes* ‖ of ſulphure: I did ſay ſo:
Looke where he comes, not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drouſie ſirrops of the world,
Shall euer medicine thee to that ſweete ſleepe,
Which thou owedſt yeſterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, falſe to me, to me?

Iag. Why how now generall? no more of that.

Oth. Auant, be gone, thou haſt ſet me on the racke,
I ſweare, tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to *know* ** a little.

Iag. How now my lord?

Oth. What ſenſe had I of her ſtolne houres of luſt:
I ſaw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me,
I ſlept the next night well, was free, and merry;
I found not *Caſſio's* kiſſes on her lips,

* *If't.* † *acknowne.* ‡ *The Moore already changes with my poiſon.* § *act.* ‖ *mines.* ** *know't.*

He that is rob'd, not wanting what is ſtolne,
Let him not know't, and hee's not rob'd at all.
Iag. I am ſorry to heare this.
Oth. I had bin happy if the generall campe,
Pyoners, and all, had taſted her ſweete body,
So I had nothing knowne: O now for euer
Farewell the tranquile mind, farewell content:
Farewell the plumed troope, and the big warres:
That makes ambition vertue: O farewell,
Farewell the neighing ſteed, and the ſhrill trumpe,
The ſpirit-ſtirring drumme, the eare-peircing fife;
The royall banner, and all quality,
Pride, pompe, and circumſtance of glorious warre.
And O ye mortall engines, whoſe wide throates,
The immortall *Ioues* great clamor counterfeit;
Farewell, *Othello's* occupation's gone.
Iag. Iſt poſſible my lord?
Oth. Villaine, be ſure thou proue my loue a whore,
Be ſure of it, giue me the oculer proofe,
Or by the worth of *mans* †† eternall ſoule,
Thou hadſt bin better haue beene borne a dog,
Then anſwer my wak'd wrath.
Iag. Iſt come to this?
Oth. Make me to ſee't or at the leaſt ſo proue it,
That the probation, beare no hinge, nor loope,
To hang a doubt on: or woe vpon thy life.
Iag. My noble lord.
Oth. If thou doeſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more, abandon all remorce.
On horrors head, horrors accumilate:
Do deeds, to make heauen weepe, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canſt thou to damnation *ad* ‡‡ greater then that.
Iag. O grace, O heauen defend me,

†† *my.* ‡‡ *adde.*

Are

Are you a man, haue you a ſoule or ſence ?
God buy you, take *mine* §§ office,—O wretched foole
That liueſt to make thine honeſty a vice,
O monſtrous world, take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe,
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence,
I'le loue no friend, ſince loue breedes ſuch offence.

Oth. Nay ſtay, thou ſhouldſt be honeſt.

Iag. I ſhould be wiſe, for honeſtie's a foole,
And looſes that it workes for : *
I ſee ſir, you are eaten vp with paſſion,
I doe repent me that I put it to you,
You would be ſatisfied.

Oth. Would, nay, I will.

Iag. And may, but how, how ſatisfied my lord ?
Would you, the *ſuperuiſor* † groſſely gape on,
Behold her topt ?

Oth. Death and damnation—oh.

Iag. It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,
To bring em to that proſpect, dam em then,
If euer mortall eyes did ſee them boulſter
More then their owne ; what then, how then ?
What ſhall I ſay ? where's ſatisfaction ?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this.
Where they as prime as goates, as hot as monkies,

§§ *my.*

* Oth. *By the world*
I thinke my wife is honeſt, and thinke ſhe is not,
I thinke that thou art juſt, and thinke thou art not ;
Ile haue ſome proofe : her name that was as freſh
As Dians *uiſage, is now begrimd, and blacke*
As mine owne face : if there be cords or kniues,
Poyſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſtreames,
Ile not endure it : would I were ſatisfied.
Iag. I ſee ſir, &c.

† *ſupervision.*

As ſalt as wolues, in pride; and fooles as groſſe,
As ignorance made drunke: but yet I ſay,
If imputation and ſtrong circumſtances,
Which leade directly to the doore of truth,
Will giue you ſatisfaction, you may ha't.

Oth. Giue me a liuing reaſon, that ſhee's diſloyall.

Iag. I doe not like the office,
But ſith I am enter'd into this cauſe ſo farre,
Prickt to't by fooliſh honeſty and loue,
I will goe on: I lay with *Caſſio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not ſleep.
There are a kinde of men ſo looſe of ſoule,
That in their ſleepes will mutter their affaires,
One of this kinde is *Caſſio*:
In ſleepe I heard him ſay. Sweete *Deſdemona*,
Let vs be merry, let vs hide our loues;
And then ſir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry out, ſweete creature, and then kiſſe me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kiſſes by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lips, then layed his leg
Ouer my thigh, and ſigh'd, and kiſſed, and then
Cried, curſed fate, that gaue thee to the Moore.

Oth. O Monſtrous, monſtrous.

Iag. Nay, this was but his dreame.

Oth. But this *deuoted* * a fore-gone concluſion,

† *Iag.* Tis a ſhrewd doubt, tho it be but a dreame,
And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That doe demonſtrate thinly.

Oth. I'le teare her all to peeces.

Iag. Nay, but be wiſe, yet we ſee nothing done,
She may be honeſt yet, tell me but this,

* *denoted.*

† This line is added to *Othello's* ſpeech, the next two are continued to *Iago.*

Haue

Haue you not ſometimes ſeene a handkercher,
Spotted with ſtrawberries in your wiues hand.
Oth. I gaue her ſuch a one, twas my firſt gift.
Iag. I know not that, but ſuch a handkercher,
I am ſure it was your wiues, did I to day
See *Caſſio* wipe his beard with.
Oth. If't be that.
Iag. If it be that, or any, it was hers,
It ſpeakes againſt her, with the other proofes.
Oth. O that the ſlaue had forty thouſand liues,
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge:
Now doe I ſee tis time, looke here *Iago*,
All my fond loue, thus doe I blow to heauen,—tis gone.
Ariſe blacke vengeance from thy hollow cell,
Yeeld vp O loue thy crowne, and harted throne,
To tirranous hate, ſwell boſome with thy fraught,
For tis of aſpecks tougues.
Iag. Pray be content.

he kneeles.

Oth. O blood, *Iago*, blood.
Iag. Patience I ſay, your mind perhaps may change.
Oth. Neuer: *
In the due reuerence of a ſacred vow,
I here ingage my words.
Iag. Doe not riſe yet:

* —— *Neuer* Iago;
Like the Pontick *ſea*
Whoſe icy current and compulſiue courſe
Ne'r feels retiring ebbe, but keepes due on,
To the Propontick *and the* Helleſpont:
Euen ſo my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne're looke backe, ne're ebbe to humble loue,
Till that a capeable and wilde reuenge
Swallow them up. Now by yond marble heauen.
In, &c.

Witneſſe

Witneſſe *you* * euer-burning lights aboue,
You elements that clip vs round about,
Witneſſe that here, *Iago* doth giue vp
The *excellency* † of his wit, hand, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello*'s ſeruice : let him command,
And to obey, ſhall be remorce,
What bloody worke ſo euer.
Iago *kneeles.*

Oth. I greete thy loue :
Not with vaine thankes, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the inſtant put thee to't,
Within theſe three dayes, let me heare thee ſay,
That *Caſſio*'s not aliue.

Iag. My friend is dead :
Tis done as you requeſt, but let her liue.

Oth. Dam her lewd minks : O dam her,
Come, goe with me apart, I will withdraw
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift meanes of death,
For the faire diuell : now art thou my leiutenant.

Iag. I am your owne for euer. *Exeunt.*

Enter Deſdemonia Emilla *and the clowne.*

Def. Do you know ſirra, where the leiutenant *Caſſio* lies ?

Clo. I dare not ſay he lies any where.

Def. Why man ?

He ‡ is a ſouldier, and for one to ſay a ſouldier lies, is ſtabbing.

Def. Go to, where lodges he ? §

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to deuiſe a lodging, and ſay he lies there, were to lie in *my* ‖ throate

* *the.* † *execution.*
‡ Clo. *He is, &c.*
§ Clo. *To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.*
Def. *Can any thing be made of this ?*
‖ *mine owne.*

Def.

Desd. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will cathechize the world for him, that is, make queſtions

And by them anſwer.

Desd. Seeke him, bid him come hither, tell him I haue moued my lord in his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To doe this is within the compaſſe of *a man* †, and therefore I'le attempt the doing of it. *Exit.*

Desd. Where ſhould I looſe that *handkercher* ‡ *Emillia?*

Em. I know not madam.

Des. Beleeue me, I had rather looſe my purſe

Full of cruſadoes: and but my noble Moore

Is true of minde, and made of no ſuch baſeneſſe,

As iealous creatures are, it were enough,

To put him to ill thinking.

Em. Is he not iealous.

Desd. Who he? I thinke the ſun where he was borne,

Drew all ſuch humors from him.

Enter Othello.

Em. Looke where he comes.

Des. I will not leaue him now,

Let *Caſſio* be cald to him: how is it with you my lord?

Oth. Well my good lady: O hardneſſe to diſſemble:

How doe you *Deſdemona?*

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Giue me your hand, this hand is moiſt my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor knowne no ſorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulneſſe and liberall heart,

Not ‖ hot and moiſt, this hand of yours requires

A ſequeſter from liberty: faſting and praying,

Much caſtigation, exerciſe deuout;

† *mans witte.* ‡ *handkerchief.* ‖ *Hot.*

For

For heere's a young and ſwetting diuell here,
That commonly rebels: tis a good hand,
A franke one.
Def. You may indeed ſay ſo,
For twas that hand that gaue away my heart.
Oth. A liberall hand, the hearts of old gaue hands,
But our new herraldry is hands, not hearts.
Def. I cannot ſpeake of this, come, *come* §, your promiſe.
Oth. What promiſe chucke?
Def. I haue ſent to bid *Caſſio* come ſpeake with you.
Oth. I haue a ſalt and ſullen rhume offends me,
Lend me thy *handkercher* *,
Def. Here my lord.
Oth. That which I gaue you.
Def. I haue it not about me.
Oth. Not.
Def. No *faith* † my lord.
Oth. Thats a fault: that *handkercher* *
Did an *Egyptian* to my mother giue,
She was a charmer, and could almoſt reade
The thoughts of people; ſhe told her while ſhe kept it,
T'would make her amiable, and ſubdue my father
Intirely to her loue: but if ſhe loſt it,
Or made a gift of it: my fathers eye
Should hold her *lothely* †, and his ſpirits ſhould hunt
After new fancies: ſhe dying, gaue it me,
And bid me when my fate would haue me wiue,
To giue it her; I did ſo, and take heede on't,
Make it a darling, like your pretious eye,
To looſe, or giue't away, were ſuch perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.
Desd. I'ſt poſſible?

§ *now.* † *indeed.* * *Landkercliefe.* † *loathed.*

Oth.

Oth. Tis true, there's magicke in the web of it,
A *Sybell* that had numbred in the world,
The ſun to *make* ‡ two hundred compaſſes,
In her prophetique fury, ſowed the worke;
The wormes were hallowed that did breed the ſilke,
And it was died in mummy, *with* ‖ the ſkilfull
Conſerues § of maidens hearts.

Def. *Ifaith* * i'ſt true?

Oth. Moſt veritable, therefore looke to't well.

Def. Then would to God, that I had neuer ſeene it.

Oth. Ha, wherefore?

Def. Why doe you ſpeake ſo ſtartingly and *raſhly* †.

Oth. I'ſt loſt? i'ſt gone? ſpeake, is it out o'the way?

Def. *Heauen* ‡‡ bleſſe vs.

Oth. Say you?

Def. It is not loſt, but what and if it were?

Oth. Ha.

Def. I ſay it is not loſt.

Oth. Fetch't, let me ſee it.

Def. Why ſo I can ſir, but I will not now,
This is a tricke, to put me from my ſuite,
I pray let *Caſſio*, be receiu'd againe.

Oth. Fetch me that *handkercher* ‖‖, my mind miſgiues.

Def. Come, come, you'll neuer meete a more ſufficient man.

Oth. The *handkercher* ‖‖.

§§ *Def.* *I pray talke me of Caſſio.*

Oth. *The handkercher.*

Def. A man that all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your loue,
Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The *handkercher* ‖‖.

Def. *Ifaith* ** you are too blame.

‡ *courſe.* ‖ *which.* § *Concerue.* * *Indeed.* † *raſh.* ‡‡ *Heaven* omitted. ‖‖ *handkerchiefe.* §§ Theſe two ſpeeches omitted. ** *In ſooth.*

Oth.

Oth. Zouns §. *Exit.*

Em. Is not this man iealous?

Def. I ne're ſaw this before:
Sure there's ſome wonder in this *handkercher* *,
I am moſt vnhappy in the *loſſe* †.

Enter Iago *and* Caſſio.

Em. Tis not a yeere or two ſhewes vs a man,
They are all but ſtomacks, and we all but foode;
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch vs; looke you, *Caſſio* and my huſband.

Iag. There is no other way, tis ſhe muſt doe it,
And loe the happineſſe, goe, and importune her.

Def. How now good *Caſſio*, what's the news with you?

Caſ. Madam, my former ſuite: I doe beſeech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exiſt, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I, with all the *duty* † of my heart,
Intirely honour, I would not be delayed:
If my offence be of ſuch mortall kind,
That *neither* ‡ ſeruice paſt, nor preſent ſorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merrit, in futurity
Can ranſome me, into his loue againe,
But to know ſo, muſt be my benefit,
So ſhall I cloth me in a forc'd content,
And *ſhoote* ‖ my ſelfe vp in ſome other courſe,
To fortunes almes.

Def. Alas thrice gentle *Caſſio*,
My aduocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord, nor ſhould I know him,
Were he in fauour, as in humor altred.

§ *Away.* * *handkerchiefe.* ‡ *loſſe of it.* † *office.* ‡ *not my.* ‖ *ſhut.*

So

So helpe me, euery ſpirit ſanctified,
As I haue ſpoken for you, all my beſt,
And ſtood within the blanke of his diſpleaſure,
For my free ſpeech : you muſt a while be patient,
What I can doe I will, and more I will
Then for my ſelfe I dare, let that ſuffice you.

Iag. Is my lord angry ?

Em. He went hence but now,
And certainely in ſtrange vnquietneſſe.

Iag. Can he be angry ? I haue ſeene the cannon,
When it hath blowne his rankes into the ayre,
And (like the diuell) from his very arme,
Puft his owne brother, and can he be angry ?
Something of moment then : I will goe meete him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Deſd. I preethee do ſo : ſomething ſure of ſtate,
Either from *Venice*, or ſome vnhatcht practice,
Made demonſtrable here in *Cypres* to him,
Hath pudled his cleere ſpirit, and in ſuch caſes
Mens natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho great ones are the obiect,
Tis euen ſo : for let our finger ake,
And it endues our other heathfull members,
Euen to that ſence of paine ; nay, we muſt thinke
Men are not gods,
Nor of them looke for ſuch obſeruances
As fits the bridall : beſhrew me much *Emilia*
I was, (vnhandſome, warrior as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindenſſe with my ſoule ;
But now I finde, I had ſubbornd the witneſſe,
And hee's indited falſly.

Em. Pray heauen it be ſtate matters, as you thinke,
And no conception, nor no iealous toy
Concerning you.

Deſd.

Desd. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cauſe.
Em. But iealous ſoules will not be anſwered ſo,
They are not euer iealous for the cauſe,
But iealous for they are iealous: tis a monſter,
Begot vpon it ſelfe, borne on itſelfe.
Desd. Heauen keepe that monſter from *Othello's* mind.
Em. Lady, amen.
Des. I will go ſeeke him, *Caſſio*, walke here about,
If I doe finde him fit, I'le moue your ſuite,
And ſeeke to effect it to my uttermoſt.
Exeunt Desd. *and* Emillia.
Caſ. I humbly thanke your ladiſhip.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Saue you friend *Caſſio.*
Caſ. What make you from home?
How is it with you my moſt faire *Bianca?*
*Ifaith** ſweete loue I was comming to your houſe.
Bian. And I was going to your lodging *Caſſio*;
What, keepe a weeke away? ſeuen daies and nights,
Eightſcore eight houres, and louers abſent houres,
More tedious then the diall, eightſcore times,
No weary reckoning.
Caſ. Pardon me *Bianca*,
I haue this while with *laden*† thoughts bin preſt,
But I ſhall in a more *conuenient* ‡ time,
Strike off this ſcore of abſence: ſweete *Bianca*,
Take me this worke out.
Bian. Oh *Caſſio*, whence came this?
This is ſome token from a newer friend,
To the felt abſence, now I feele a cauſe,
Iſt come to this?
Caſ. Go to woman,
Throw your vile gheſſes in the diuells teeth,

* *Indeed.* † *leaden.* ‡ *continuate.*

From

From whence you haue them, you are ielous now,
That this is from ſome miſtriſſe, ſome remembrance,
No *by my faith* § *Bianca.*

Bian. Why who's iſt?

Caſ. I know not ſweete, I found it in my chamber,
I like the worke well, ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'de haue it coppied,
Take it, and do't, and leaue me for this time.

Bian. Leaue you wherefore?

Caſ. I doe attend here on the generall,
And thinke it no addition, nor my wiſh,
To haue him ſee me woman'd.

Bian. But that you doe not loue me:
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoone at night.

Caſ. Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here, but I'le ſee you ſoone.

Bian. Tis very good, I muſt be circumſtanc'd.

Exeunt.

ACTUS IV.

Enter Iago *and* Othello.

Iag. Will you thinke ſo?

Oth. Thinke ſo *Iago.*

Iag. What, to kiſſe in private?

Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kiſſe.

Iag. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme.

Oth. Naked a bed *Iago,* and not meane harme?
It is hypocriſie againſt the diuell:
They that meane vertuouſly, and yet doe ſo,
The diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt heauen:

§ *in good truth.*

Iag. So they doe nothing, tis a veniall ſlip ;
But if I giue my wife a *handkercher* *,
Oth. What then ?
Iag. Why then tis hers my lord, and being hers,
She may, I thinke, beſtow't on any man.
Oth. She is protectres of her honour *to* †,
May ſhe giue that ?
Iag. Her honour is an eſſence that's not ſeene,
They haue it very oft, that haue it not:
But for the *handkercher* *.
Oth. By heauen, I would moſt gladly haue forgot it :
Thou ſaidſt (O it comes o're my memory,
As doth the rauen o're the infected houſe,
Boding to all.) He had my *hankercher* *.
Iag. I, what of that ?
Oth. That's not ſo good now.
Iag. What if I had ſaid I had ſeene him do you wrong ?
Or heard him ſay (as knaues be ſuch abroad)
Who hauing by their owne importunate ſuite,
Or by the voluntary dotage of ſome miſtris,
Conuinced ‡, or ſupplied them, cannot chuſe,
But they muſt blab.
Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing ?
Iag. He hath my lord, but be you well aſſur'd,
No more then hee'l vnſweare.
Oth. What hath he ſaid ?
Iag. Faith § that he did—I know not what he did.
Oth. But ‖ what ?
Iag. Lye.
Oth. With her ?
Iag. With her, on her, what you will.
Oth. Lie with her, lie on her ? We ſay lie on her, when they

* *handkerchiefe.* † *too.* ‡ *Conjured.* § *Why.* ‖ *But* omitted.

bely

bely her; lye with her, zounds, that's fulſome, handkerchers, confeſſion, hankerchers **.

He fals downe ††.

Iag. Worke on my medicine, worke: thus credulous fooles are caught, and many worthy and chaſte dames, euen thus *all guiltleſſe* §, meete reproach; what ho my lord, my lord I ſay, *Othello*,—how now *Caſſio*.

Enter Caſſio.

Caſ. What's the matter?

Iag. My lord is falne into an epilepſy,
This is his ſecond fit, he had one yeſterday,

Caſ. Rub him about the temples.

Iag. No, forbeare,
The lethergie, muſt haue his quiet courſe,
If not he foames at mouth, and by and by
Breakes out to ſauage madneſſe: looke he ſtirres:
Doe you withdraw your ſelfe a little while,
He will recouer ſtraight, when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion ſpeake with you.
How is it generall, haue you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doeſt thou mocke me ‡?

Iag. I mocke you? no by heauen,
Would you would beare your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monſter, and a beaſt.

Iag. There's many a beaſt then in a populous city,
And many a ciuill monſter.

Oth. Did he confeſſe?

** *To confeſſe, and be hang'd for his labour, firſt to be hang'd, and then to confeſſe; I tremble at it: nature would not inueſt herſelf in ſuch ſhadowing paſſion, without ſome inſtruction: it is not words that ſhapes me thus, (piſh) noſes, eares, and lippes: i'ſt poſſible? confeſſe? handkerchiefe? O deuill.*

†† *in a trance.* § In a parentheſis. ‡ *Exit* Caſſio.

Iag. Good ſir be a man,
Thinke euery bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,
May draw with you, there's millions now aliue,
That nightly lyes in thoſe vnproper beds,
Which they dare ſweare peculiar : your caſe is better:
O tis the ſpite of hell, the fiends arch mocke,
To lip a wanton in a ſecure coach,
And to ſuppoſe her chaſte : no, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhall be.
Oth. O thou art wiſe, tis certaine.
Iag. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your ſelfe but in a patient liſt:
Whilſt you were here *ere while*, *mad* * with your griefe,
A paſſion moſt *vnſuting* † ſuch a man,
Caſſio came hither, I ſhifted him away,
And layed good ſcuſe, vpon your extacy,
Bid † him anon retire, and here ſpeake with me,
The which he promiſde : but incaue your ſelfe,
And marke the *ieeres* ‡, the *iibes* ‖, and notable ſcornes,
That dwell in euery region of his face ;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long agoe, and when,
He has, and is againe to cope your wife :
I ſay, but marke his ieaſture, mary patience,
Or I ſhall ſay, you are all in all, in ſpleene,
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Doeſt thou heare *Iago*,
I will be found moſt cunning in my patience ;
But doeſt thou heare, moſt bloody.
Iag. That's not amiſſe :
But yet keepe time in all ; will you withdraw ?
Now will I queſtion *Caſſio* of *Bianca* ;
A huſwife that by ſelling her deſires,

* *overwhelmed.* † *unfitting.* † *Bade.* ‡ *geeres.* ‖ *gibes.*

Buys

Buys her ſelfe bread and cloathes: it is a creature,
That dotes on *Caſſio:* as tis the ſtrumpets plague
To beguile many, and be beguild by one,

Ent. Caſſio.

He, when he heares of her, cannot refraine
From the exceſſe of laughter: here he comes:
As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall goe mad,
And his vnbookiſh iealouſie muſt conſter
Poore *Caſſio*'s ſmiles, geſtures, and light behauiour,
Quite in the wrong: how doe you now leiutenant?
Caſ. The worſer, that you giue me the addition,
Whoſe want euen kills me.
Iag. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't.
Now if this ſuite lay in *Bianca*'s power,
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed.
Caſ. Alas poore catiue.
Oth. Looke how he laughes already.
Iag. I neuer knew a woman loue man ſo.
Caſ. Alas poore rogue, I thinke *ifaith* * ſhe loues me.
Oth. Now he denyes it faintly, and laughes it out.
Iag. Doe you heare *Caſſio?*
Oth. Now he importunes him to tell it on,
Goe to, well ſaid.
Iag. She giues it out that you ſhall marry her,
Doe you intend it?
Caſ. Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. Doe you triumph *Roman,* doe you triumph?
Caſ. I marry her? † I prethee beare ſome charity to my wit,
Doe not thinke it ſo vnwholeſome: ha, ha, ha.
Oth. So, ſo, ſo, *ſo* ‡, laugh that wins.

* *indeed.* † *what a cuſtomer?* I prethee, &c. ‡ *ſo they.*

Iag. Faith the cry goes, you ſhall marry her.

Caſ. Prethee ſay true.

Iag. I am a very villaine elſe.

Oth. Ha you *ſtor'd me well* §.

Caſ. This is the monkies own giuing out; ſhe is perſwaded I wil marry her, out of her owne loue and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. Iago beckons me, now he begins the ſtory.

Caſ. She was heere euen now, ſhee haunts me in euery place, I was tother day, talking on the ſea banke, with certaine *Venetians*, and thither comes this bauble, *by this hand ſhe fals thus* * about my neck.

Oth. Crying, O deare *Caſſio*, as it were: his ieſture imports it.

Caſ. So hangs, and *lolls* ‡, and weepes vpon me; ſo hales, and puls me, ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how ſhe pluckt him to my chamber,
I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dog I ſhall throw't to.

Caſ. Well, I muſt leaue her company.

Enter Bianca.

Iag. Before me, looke where ſhe comes,
Tis ſuch another *ficho* †; marry a perfum'd one, what doe you meane by this hanting of me.

Bian. Let the diuel and his dam haunt you, what did you meane by that ſame *handkercher* ‡, you gaue mee euen now? I was a fine foole to take it; I muſt take out the whole worke, a likely peece of worke, that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there: this is ſome minxes token, and I muſt take out the worke; there, giue it the hobby horſe, whereſoeuer you had it, I'le take out no worke on't.

Caſ. How now my ſweete *Bianca*, how now, how now?

Oth. By heauen that ſhould be my *handkercher* ‡.

§ *ſcor'd me well.* * *fals me thus.* ‡ *jolls.* † *fitchew.* ‡ *handkerchiefe.*

Bian.

Bian. An you'll come to ſupper to night, you may, an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit.*

Iag. After her, after her.

Caſ. *Faith* ‖ I muſt, ſhee'll raile i'the ſtreete elſe.

Iag. *Will you ſup there* ‡ *?*

Caſ. *Faith* * I intend ſo.

Iag. Well, I may chance to ſee you, for I would very faine ſpeake with you.

Caſ. Preethee come, will you ?

Iag. Goe to, ſay no more. *Exit* Caſſio.

Oth. How ſhall I murder him *Iago ?*

Iag. Did you perceiue, how he laughed at his vice ?

Oth. O *Iago.*

Iag. And did you ſee the handkercher ?

Oth. Was that mine ?

Oth ‡. I would haue him nine yeares a killing ; a fine woman, a faire woman, a ſweete woman.

Iag. Nay you muſt *forget* †.

Oth. And let her rot and periſh, and be damb'd to night, for ſhe ſhall not liue: no, my heart is turn'd *to* ‡‡ ſtone; I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand : O the world has not a ſweeter creature, ſhe might lie by an emperours ſide, and command him taſkes.

Iag. Nay that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I doe but ſay what ſhe is : ſo delicate with her needle, an admirable muſition, O ſhee will ſing the ſauageneſſe out of a beare; of ſo hye and plentious wit and inuention.

Iag. Shee's the worſe for all this.

Oth. A thouſand thouſand times: and then of ſo gentle a condition.

‖ *Faith* omitted. ‡ *You ſup there.* * *Yes.* ‡. *Oth.* omitted.
† *forget that.* ‡‡ *to a.*

Iag. I, too gentle.

Oth. I that's certaine, but yet the pitty of it *Iago*, the pitty

Ia. If you be ſo fond ouer her iniquity, giue her patent to offend, for if it touches not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into meſſes—cuckold me!

Iag. O tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine officer.

Iag. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me ſome poiſon *Iago*, this night I'le not expoſtulate with her, leſt her body and beauty vnprouide my minde agen, this night *Iago*.

Iag. Doe it not with poiſon, ſtrangle her in her bed, euen the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good, the iuſtice of it pleaſes very good.

Iag. And for *Caſſio*, let me bee his vndertaker: you ſhall heare more by midnight. *A trumpet.*

Enter Lodouico, Deſdemona, *and attendants.*

Oth. Excellent good:
What trumpet is that ſame?

Iag. Something from *Venice* ſure, tis *Lodouico*,
Come from the duke, and ſee your wife is with him.

Lod. *God ſaue the* ‖ worthy generall.

Oth. With all my heart ſir.

Lod. The duke and ſenators of *Venice* greete you.

Oth. I kiſſe the inſtrument of their pleaſures.

Deſ. And what's the newes good couſen *Lodouico?*

Iag. I am very glad to ſee you ſeignior:—welcome to *Cypres.*

Lod. I thanke you, how does leiutenant *Caſſio?*

Iag Liues ſir.

Deſ. Couſen, there's falne betweene him and my lord,
An vnkind breach, but you ſhall make all well.

Oth. Are you ſure of that?

‖ *Saue you.*

Deſ.

Def. My lord.

Oth. This faile you not to doe, as you will.—

Lod. He did not call, hee's buſie in the paper:
Is there diuiſion *betweene* § thy lord and *Caſſio?*

Def. A moſt vnhappy one, I would doe much
To attone them, for the loue I beare to *Caſſio.*

Oth. Fire and brimſtone.

Def. My lord.

Oth. Are you wiſe?

Deſd. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mou'd him;
For as I thinke, they doe command him home,
Deputing *Caſſio* in his gouernement.

Deſd. By my troth *, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed.

Def My lord.

Oth. I am glad to ſee you mad.

Def. How ſweete *Othello?*

Oth. Diuell.

Def. I haue not deſeru'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not bē beleeu'd in *Venice,*
Tho I ſhould ſweare I ſaw't: tis very much,
Make her amends, ſhe weepes.

Oth. O diuell, diuell,
If that the earth could teeme with womens teares
Each drop ſhe falls, would proue a crocadile:
Out of my ſight.

Def. I will not ſtay to offend you.

Lod. Truely an obedient lady:
I doe beſeech your lordſhip, call her backe.

Oth. Miſtriſſe.

Def. My lord.

Oth. What would you with her ſir?

§ *twixt.* * *truſt me.*

Lod.

Lod. Who, I my lord?

Oth. I, you did wiſh that I would make her turne:
Sir ſhe can turne, and turne, and yet go on,
And turne againe, and ſhe can weepe ſir, weepe;
And ſhee's obedient, as you ſay, obedient;
Very obedient, proceed you in your teares,
Concerning this ſir: O well painted paſſion:
I am commanded *here* †:—get you away,
I'le ſend for you anon:—ſir, I obey the mandat,
And will returne to *Venice*:—hence, auant,
Caſſio ſhall haue my place; and ſir to night
I doe intreate that we may ſup together,
You are welcome ſir to *Cypres*,—goates and monkies.

Exit.

Lod. Is this the noble Moore, whom our full ſenate
Call all in all ſufficient? This the noble nature,
Whom paſſion could not ſhake? Whoſe ſolid vertue,
The ſhot of accident, nor dart of chance
Could neither graze, nor peirce?

Iag. He is much changed.

Lod. Are his wits ſafe? is he not light of braine?

Iag. He's that he is, I may not breathe my cenſure,
What he might be, if as he might, he is not,
I would to heauen he were.

Lod. What, ſtrike his wife.

Iag. Faith that was not ſo well; yet would I knew
That ſtroake would proue the worſt.

Lod. Is it his vſe?
Or did the letters worke vpon his blood.
And new create this fault?

Iag. Alas, alas.
It is not honeſty in me to ſpeake,
What I haue ſeene and knowne, you ſhall obſerue *him* *,

† *home.* * *him* omitted.

And

And his owne courſes will denote him ſo,
That I may ſaue my ſpeech: doe but goe after,
And marke how he continues.

Lod. I am ſorry that I am deceiu'd in him.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello *and* Emillia.

Oth. You haue ſeene nothing then.

Em. Nor euer heard, nor euer did ſuſpect.

Oth. Yes, and you haue ſeene *Caſſio* and ſhe together.

Em. But then I ſaw no harme, and then I heard
Each ſillable that breath made vp betweene 'em.

Oth. What, did they neuer whiſper?

Em. Neuer, my lord.

Oth. Nor ſend you out o'the way?

Em. Neuer.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her maſk, her gloues, nor nothing?

Em. Neuer, my lord.

Oth. That's ſtrange.

Em. I durſt my lord, to wager ſhe is honeſt,
Lay downe my ſoule at ſtake: if you thinke other,
Remoue your thought, it doth abuſe your boſome,
If any wretch ha put this in your head,
Let *heauens requite it* † with the ſerpents curſe.
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte, and true,
There's no man happy, the pureſt of *her ſex* ‡
Is foule as ſlander.

Exit Emillia.

Oth. Bid her come hither, goe,
She ſayes enough; yet ſhe's a ſimple bawde,
That cannot ſay as much: this is a ſubtle whore,
A cloſet, locke and key, of villainous ſecrets,
And yet ſhee'll kneele and pray, I ha ſeene her do't.

† *Heauen require it.* ‡ *their wiues.*

Enter

Enter Deſdemona *and* Emillia.

Def. My lord, what is your will ?
Oth. Pray chucke come hither.
Def. What is you pleaſure ?
Oth. Let me ſee your eyes——looke in my face.
Def. What horrible fancy's this ?
Oth. Some of your function miſtreſſe,
Leaue procreants alone, and ſhut the dore,
Coffe, or cry hem, if any body come,
Your miſtery, your miſtery : nay diſpatch.
Exit Em. §
Def. Vpon my knees, what does your ſpeech import ?
I vnderſtand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou ?
Def. Your wife my lord, your true and loyall wife.
Oth. Come, ſweare it, dam thy ſelfe
Leaſt being like one of heauen, the diuells themſelues
Should feare to ceaſe thee, therefore be double dambd,
Sweare thou art honeſt.
Def. Heauen doth truely know it.
Oth. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art falſe as hell.
Def. To whom, my lord, with whom ? how am I falſe ?
Oth. O *Deſdemona*, away, away, away.
Def. Alas the heauy day, why do you weepe ?
Am I the occaſion of thoſe teares my lord ?
If haply you my father doe ſuſpect,
An inſtrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me ; if you haue *left* ‖ him,
Why I haue *left* ‖ him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heauen
To try me with affliction, had he ram'd

§ *Exit*, &c. omitted. ‖ *loſt*.

All

All kindes of ſores, and ſhames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in pouerty, to the very lips,
Giuen to captiuity, me and my hopes,
I ſhould haue found in ſome part of my ſoule
A drop of patience; but alas, to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of ſcorne,
To point his ſlow vnmouing *fingers* * at—oh, oh,
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well.
But there: where I haue garner'd vp my heart,
Where either I muſt liue, or beare no life,
The fountaine, from the which my currant runnes,
Or elſe dryes vp, to be diſcarded thence,
Or keepe it as a ceſterne, for foule toades
To knot and gender in: turne thy complexion there,
Patience thy young and roſe-lip'd cherubin,
I here looke grim as hell.

Deſ. I hope my noble lord eſteemes me honeſt.

Oth. O I, as ſummers flies, are in the ſhambles,
That quicken euen with blowing:
O thou blacke weede, why art ſo louely faire?
Thou ſmell'ſt ſo ſweete, that the ſence akes at thee,
Would thou hadſt ne're bin borne.

Deſ. Alas, what ignorant ſinne haue I committed?

Oth. Was this faire paper, this moſt goodly booke,
Made to write whore *on* † ?—What, committed? ‡
Heauen ſtops the noſe at it, and the moone winkes,
The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meetes,
Is huſht within the hallow mine of earth,
And will not hear't:—what committed,—impudent ſtrumpet?

* *finger.* † *vpon.*
‡ *Committed: oh thou publick commoner;*
I ſhould make very forges of my cheekes,
That would to cinders burne up modeſtie,
Did I but ſpeak thy deedes: what committed?
Heauen, &c.

Deſ.

Def. By heauen you doe me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a ſtrumpet?
Def. No, as I am a Chriſtian:
If to preſerue this veſſell for my lord,
From any *hated* §§ foule vnlawful touch,
Be not to be a ſtrumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Def. No, as I ſhall be ſaued.

Enter Emillia *.

Oth. Iſt poſſible?
Def. O heauen *forgiueneſſe* †
Oth. I cry you *mercy* ‡,
I tooke you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello*: you miſtriſſe,
That haue the office oppoſite to S. *Peter*,
And keeps the gates in hell, *I, you, you, you* §;
We ha done our courſe; there's money for your paines,
I pray you turne the key, and keep our counſell. *Exit.*
Em. Alas, what does this gentleman conceiue?
How doe you madam, how doe you my good lady?
Def. Faith halfe aſleepe.
Em. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?
Def. With who?
Em. Why with my lord madam ‖.
Def. I ha none, doe not talke to me *Emillia*,
I cannot weepe, nor anſwer haue I none,
But what ſhould goe by water: preethee to night
Lay on my bed *our* ** wedding ſheetes, remember,
And call thy huſband hither.
Em. Here is a change indeed. *Exit.*

§§ *other* * *Enter, &c.* omitted. † *forgive us!* ‡ *mercy then.*
§ *you, you, I you.*
‖ Def. *Who is thy lord?*
Em. *He that is yours, ſweet lady.*
** *my.*

Def.

Def. Tis meete I ſhould be vſde ſo, very well ;
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might ſticke
The ſmalleſt opinion, on my *greateſt abuſe* †.

Enter Iago, *and* Emillia.

Iag. What is your pleaſure madam
How iſt with you ?
Def. I cannot tell : thoſe that doe teach young babes
Doe it with gentle meanes, and eaſie taſkes,
He might ha chid me ſo, for in good faith,
I am a child *at* § chiding.
Iag. What is the matter lady ?
Em. Alas *Iago*, my lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Throwne ſuch deſpite, and heauy termes vpon her,
As true hearts cannot beare.
Def. Am I that name *Iago ?*
Iag. What name faire lady ?
Def. Such as ſhe ſayes my lord did ſay I was ?
Em. He call'd her whore : a begger in his drinke,
Could not haue layed ſuch tearmes vpon his callet.
Iag. Why did he ſo ?
Def. I doe not know, I am ſure I am none ſuch.
Iag. Doe not weepe, doe not weepe : alas the day.
Em. Has ſhe forſooke ſo many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, *all* ‡ her friends,
To be cald whore ? would it not make one weepe ?
Def. It is my wretched fortune.
Iag. Beſhrew him for it ; how comes this tricke vpon him ?
Def. Nay, heauen doth know.
Em. I will be hang'd, if ſome eternall villaine,
Some buſie and inſinuating rogue,
Some cogging, couſening ſlaue, to get ſome office,
Haue not deuiſde this ſlander, I'le be hang'd elſe.
Iag. Fie, there is no ſuch man, it is impoſſible.

† *leaſt miſuſe.* § *to* ‡ *and.*

Def.

Def. If any ſuch there *be* *, heauen pardon him.

Em. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones:
Why ſhould he call her whore? who keepes her company?
What place, what time, what forme, what likelihood?
The Moore's abus'd by ſome outragious knaue:
Some baſe notorious knaue, ſome ſcuruy fellow,
O heauen, that ſuch companions thou'dſt vnfold,
And put in euery honeſt hand a whip,
To laſh the raſcall naked through the world,
Euen from the eaſt to the weſt.

Iag. Speake within dores.

Em. O fie vpon him; ſome ſuch ſquire he was,
That turnd your wit, the ſeamy ſide without,
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moore.

Iag. You are a foole, goe to.

Def. O good *Iago*.
What ſhall I doe to win my lord againe?
Good friend goe to him, for by this light of heauen,
I know not how I loſt him. †

Iag. I pray you be content, tis but his humour,
The buſineſſe of the ſtate does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

* *are.*

† *Here I kneele*
If ere my will did treſpaſſe 'gainſt his loue,
Either in diſcourſe, or thought, or actuall deed
Or that mine eyes, mine eares, or any ſence
Delighted them in any other forme;
Or that I doe not yet, and euer did,
And euer will (though he do ſhake me off
To beggerly diuorcement,) loue him deerely:
Comfort forſweare me; unkindneſſe may do much,
And his unkindneſs may defeat my life,
But neuer taint my loue, I cannot ſay whore,
It doth abhorre me, now I ſpeake the word,
To do the act, that might th' addition earne,
Not the worlds maſſe of vánity could make me.

Def.

Def. If t'were no other.

Iag. Tis but ſo, I warrant you,
Harke how theſe inſtruments ſummon you to ſupper,
And the ‡ great meſſengers of *Venice* ſtay,
Goe in, and weepe not, all things ſhall be well.

Exit women,

Enter Roderigo.

How now *Roderigo?*

Rod. I doe not finde that thou dealſt iuſtly with me.

Iag. What in the contrary?

Rod. Euery day, thou doffſt me, with ſome deuiſe *Iago*;
And rather, as it ſeemes to me, *thou* ‖ keepeſt from me,
All conueniency, then ſupplieſt me, with the leaſt
Aduantage of hope: I will indeed no longer indure it,
Nor am I yet perſwaded to put vp in peace, what already
I haue fooliſhly ſufferd.

Iag. Will you heare me *Roderigo?*

Rod. Faith § I haue heard too much, for your words,
And performance are no kin together.

Iag. You charge me moſt vniuſtly.

Rod. I haue * waſted my ſelfe out of meanes: the iewels you haue had from me, to deliuer to *Deſdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted a votariſt: you haue told me ſhe has receiu'd em, and return'd mee expectation, and comforts, of ſuddaine reſpect, and *acquittance* †, but I finde none.

Iag. Well, goe to, very *good* ‖‖.

Rod. Very well, goe to, I cannot goe to man, it is not very well, *by this hand* **, I ſay tis very ſcuruy, and begin to finde my ſelfe fopt in it.

Iag. Very well.

Rod. I ſay it is not very well: I will make my ſelfe knowne to *Deſdemona*, if ſhe will returne me my iewels, I will giue

‡ *The meate.* ‖ *now.* § *Sir.* * *With nought but truth: I haue.*
† *acquaintance.* ‖‖ *well.* ** *by this hand*, omitted.

ouer my ſuite, and repent my vnlawfull ſollicitation, if not, aſſure your ſelfe I'le ſeeke ſatisfaction of you.

Iag. You haue ſaid now.

Rod. I, and I haue ſaid nothing, but what I proteſt entendment of doing.

Iag. Why now I ſee there's mettle in thee, and euen from this *time* * doe build on thee, a better opinion then euer before, giue me thy hand *Roderigo:* thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt iuſt conception, but yet I proteſt, I haue delt moſt directly in thy *affaires* †.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iag. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd, and your ſuſpition is not without wit and iudgement: but *Roderigo*, if thou haſt that within thee indeed, which I haue greater reaſon to beleeue now, then euer, I meane purpoſe, courage, and valour, this night ſhew it, if thou the next night following enioyeſt not *Deſdemona*, take mee from this world with treachery, and deuiſe engines for my life.

Rod. Well, is it within reaſon and compaſſe?

Iag. Sir, there is eſpeciall command come from *Venice*,
To depute *Caſſio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? why then *Othello* and *Deſdemona*
Returne againe to *Venice*.

Iag. O no, he goes into *Mauritania*, and takes away with him
The faire *Deſdemona*, vnleſſe his abode be linger'd
Here by ſome accident, wherein none can be ſo
Determinate, as the remouing of *Caſſio*.

Rod. How doe you meane remouing of him?

Iag. Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* place,
Knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would haue me to doe.

Iag. I, and if you dare doe your ſelfe a profit, and right, hee ſups to night with a *harlot* ‡, and thither will I goe to him;

* *inſtant.* † *affaire.* ‡ *harlotry.*

him ;——he knowes not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, which I will faſhion to fall out betweene twelue and one, you may take him at your pleaſure: I will be neere to ſecond your attempt, and hee ſhall fall betweene vs: come, ſtand not amaz'd at it, but goe along with mee, I will ſhew you ſuch a neceſſity in his death, that you ſhall thinke your ſelfe bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper time, and the night growes to waſt: about it.

Enter Othello, Deſdemona, Lodouico, Emillia, *and attendants.*

Rod. I will heare further reaſon for this.

Iag. And you ſhall be ſatisfied.

Ex. Iag. *and* Rod.

Lod. I do beſeech you ſir, trouble your ſelfe no further.

Oth O pardon me, it ſhall doe me good to walke.

Lod. Madame, good night, I humbly thanke your ladiſhip.

Deſ. Your honour is moſt welcome.

Oth. Will you walke ſir:—O *Deſdemona:*

Deſ. My lord.

Oth. Get you to bed, o'the inſtant I will be return'd, forthwith, diſpatch your attendant there,—looke it be done.

Exeunt.

Deſ. I will my lord.

Em. How goes it now? he lookes gentler then he did.

Deſ. He ſaies he will returne incontinent:
He hath commanded me to goe to bed,
And bad me to diſmiſſe you.

Em. Diſmiſſe me?

Deſ. It was his bidding, therefore good *Emillia,*
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adiue,
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Em. I ‡ would you had neuer ſeene him.

Deſ. So would not I, my loue doth ſo approue him,

† *I,* omitted.

That euen his ſtubborneneſſe, his checks and frownes.
Prethee vnpin me, haue grace and fauour in them.

Em. I haue laied theſe ſheetes you bade me, on the bed.

Def. All's one good *faith* * : how fooliſh are our minds?
If I doe die before thee, prethee ſhrowd me
In one of thoſe ſame ſheetes.

Em. Come, come, you talke.

Def. My mother had a maid cald *Barbary*,
She was in loue, and he ſhe lou'd, prou'd mad,
And did forſake her, ſhe had a ſong of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it expreſt her fortune,
And ſhe died ſinging it, that ſong to night,
Will not goe from my mind †—harke, who's that knocks?

* *father.*

† *I haue much to doe;*
But to goe hang my head all at one ſide and ſing it like poore Barbary; *prithee diſpatch.*

Em. *Shall I goe fetch your night gowne?*

Def. *No, unpin me here.*
This Lodovico *is a proper man.*

Em. *A very handſome man.*

Def. *He ſpeakes well.*

Em. *I know a lady in* Venice, *would haue walk'd bare-footed to* Paleſtine, *for a touch of his nether lip.*

Deſdemona *ſings.*

The poore ſoule ſat ſighing by a ſicamour tree
ſing all a green willow,
Her hand on her boſome, her head on her knee,
ſing willow, willow, willow,
The freſh ſtreames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes,
ſing willow, willow, willow,
Her ſalt teares fell from her, which ſoftened the ſtones,
ſing willow, &c. *(Lay by theſe.)*
willow, willow.
(Prethee hie thee, he'le come anon)
Sing all a greene willow muſt be my garland
Let no body blame him, his ſcorne I approve:
Nay thats not next—harke, &c.

Em.

Em. *It is* † the wind. ‡

Def. *Now* ‖ get thee gone, good night:
Mine eyes doe itch, does that bode weeping?

Em. Tis neither here nor there. §

Def. Wouldſt thou doe ſuch a deed, for all the world?

Em. Why would not you.

Def. No, by this heauenly light.

Em. Nor I neither, by this heauenly light,
I might *doe it as well* * in the darke.

Def. *Would* ‡‡ thou doe ſuch a *thing* ‖‖ for all the world?

Em. The world is a huge thing, it is a great price,
For a ſmall vice.

Def. *Good* §§ troth I thinke thou wouldſt not.

Em. *By my* ** troth I thinke I ſhould, and vndo't when I had done it, mary I would not doe ſuch a thing for a ioynt ring; or for meaſures of lawne, nor for gownes, *or* *‡ petticotes, nor caps, nor any *ſuch* *‖ exhibition; but for the whole world? *vds pitty* *§, who would not make her huſband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I ſhould venture purgatory for it.

Def. Beſhrew me, if I would doe ſuch *a* *† wrong,
For the whole world.

Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'the world; and hauing the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

† *Tis.*

‡ Def. *I call'd my loue falſe, but what ſaid he then?*
ſing willow, willow, willow,
If I court mo women, youle couch with mo men.

‖ *So.*

§ Def. *I haue heard it ſaid ſo: O theſe men, theſe men:*
Doſt thou in conſcience thinke (tell me Emilia*)*
That there be women who abuſe their husbands
In ſuch groſſe kinds?

* *as well doe it.* ‡‡ *Wouldſt.* ‖‖ *deede.* §§ *In.* ** *In.* *‡ *or* omitted. *‖ *petty.* *§ *why.* *† *a* omitted.

Def. I doe not thinke there is any ſuch woman.

Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would ſtore the world they played for. *

Def. Good night, good night: *God* † me ſuch *uſage* † ſend,
Not to picke bad from bad, but by bad mend. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS V. ‖

Enter Iago *and* Roderigo.

Iag. Here ſtand behind this bulke, ſtraite will he come,
Weare thy good rapier bare, and put it home,
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, I'le be at thy elboe;
It makes vs or it marres vs, thinke of that,
And fixe *moſt* ‡ firme thy reſolution.

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miſcarry in't.

Iag. Here at thy hand, be bold, and take thy *ſword* **.

Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the *dead* ‡‡;
And yet he has giuen me ſatisfying reaſons,
Tis but a man gone: forth my ſword, he dies.

* *But I doe thinke it is their husbands faults,*
If wiues doe fall: (ſay that they ſlack their duties,
And poure our treaſures into forreigne laps,
Or elſe breake out in peeuiſh jealouſies,
Throwing reſtraint upon us; or ſay they ſtrike us,
Or ſcant our former having in deſpight)
Why we haue galles, and tho we haue ſome grace,
Yet haue we ſome reuenge: let husbands know
Their wiues haue ſence like them; they ſee, and ſmell,
And haue their pallats both for ſweet and ſowre,
As husbands haue: what is it that they doe
When they change us for others? is it ſport?
I thinke it is; and doth affection breed it?
I thinke it doth; is't frailty that thus erres?
It is ſo too; and haue not we affections?
Deſires for ſport? and frailtie as men haue?
Then let em uſe us well, elſe let em know,
The ills we doe, their ills inſtruct us ſo.

‡ *heauen.* † *uſes.* ‖ Scœna 1. ‡ *more.* ** *ſtand.* ‡‡ *deed*;
Iag.

Iag. I haue rubd this young *gnat* ‖‖ almoſt to the ſenſe,
And he growes angry now: whether he kill *Caſſio*,
Or *Caſſio* him, or each doe kill the other,
Euery way makes my game; liue *Roderigo*,
He calls me to a reſtitution large,
For gold and iewells, that I bobd from him,
As gifts to *Deſdemona*:
It muſt not be, if *Caſſio* doe remaine,
He has a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly: and beſides, the Moore
May vnfould me to him; there ſtand I *in* * perrill:
No, he muſt die, be't ſo, I heare him comming.

Ent. Caſ.

Rod. I know his gate, tis he, villaine thou dieſt.
Caſ. That thruſt had bin my enemy indeed,
But that my coate is better then thou *think'ſt* †.
I will make proofe of thine.
Rod. O I am ſlaine.
Caſ. I am *maind* ‡ for euer, light ho, murder, *murder* ‖.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of *Caſſio*, *Iago* keepes his word.
Rod. O villaine that I am.
Oth. Harke tis euen ſo.
Caſ. O helpe ho, light, a ſurgeon.
Oth. Tis he, O braue *Iago*, honeſt and iuſt,
That haſt ſuch noble ſence of thy friends wrong,
Thou teacheſt me; minion, your deare lies dead,
And your *fate hies apace* §; ſtrumpet I come;
Forth of my heart, thoſe charmes thine eyes are blotted,
Thy bed luſt-ſtaind, ſhall with luſts blood be ſpotted. *Ex.*

‖‖ *quat.* * *in much.* † *knowſt.* ‡ *maim'd.* ‖ *murder* omitted.
§ *unbleſt fate hies.*

Enter Lodouico *and* Gratiano.

Caſ. What ho, no watch, no paſſage, murder, murder.
Grat. Tis ſome miſchance, the cry is very direfull.
Caſ. O helpe.
Lod. Harke.
Rod. O wretched villaine.
Lod. Two or three grones, it is a heauy night,
Theſe may be counterfeits, let's think't vnſafe
To come into the cry without more helpe.
Rod. No body come, then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago *with a light.*

Lod. Harke.
Grat. Here's one comes in his ſhirt, with lights and weapons.
Iag. Who's there? whoſe noiſe is this, that cries on murder.
Lod. I doe not know.
Iag. Did not you heare a cry?
Caſ. Here, here, for heauens ſake helpe me.
Iag. What's the matter.
Grat. This is *Othello*'s ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The ſame indeed, a very valiant fellow.
Iag. What are you here, that cry ſo greeuouſly?
Caſ. *Iago*, O I am ſpoil'd, vndone by villaines,
Giue me ſome helpe.
Iag O *my* * leiutenant: what villaines haue done this?
Caſ. I thinke the one of them is heere about,
And cannot make away.
Iag. O treacherous villaines:
What are you there? come in and giue ſome helpe.

* *me.*

Rod.

Rod. O, helpe me here.
Caſ. That's one of em.
Iag. O murderous ſlaue, O villaine.
Rod. O dambd *Iago*, O inhumaine dog,—O, O, O.
Ia. Kill him i'the dark? where be thoſe bloody theeues?
How ſilent is this towne? ho, murder, murder;
What may you be, are you of good or euill?
Lod As you ſhall proue vs, praiſe vs.
Iag. Seignior *Lodouico.*
Lod He ſir.
Iag. I cry you mercy: here's *Caſſio* hurt by villaines,
Grat. Caſſio.
Iag. How is it brother?
Caſ. My leg is cut in two.
Iag. Mary heauen forbid:
Light gentlemen, I'le bind it with my ſhirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian What is the matter ho, who iſt that cried?
Iag. Who iſt that cried.
Bian. O my deare *Caſſio*, O my ſweete *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*,
Iag. O notable ſtrumpet: *Caſſio* may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be, that thus haue mangled you?
Caſ. No.
Gra. I am ſorry to find you thus, I haue bin to ſeeke you.*
Bian. Alas he faints, O *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*.
Iag. Gentlemen all, I doe ſuſpect this traſh
To beare a part in this: patience a while good *Caſſio*:
Lend me a light; know we this face, or no?
Alas my friend, and my deare countrey man:
Roderigo? no, yes ſure: *O heauen* ‖ *Roderigo.*

* Iag. *Lend me a garter, ſo;——oh for a chaire to beare him eaſily hence.*
‖ *yes tis.*

Gra.

Gra. What of *Venice?*

Iag Euen he ſir, did you know him?

Gra. Know him? I.

Iag. Seignior *Gratiano*, I cry you gentle pardon:
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my manners,
That ſo neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to ſee you.

Iag. How doe you *Caſſio?* O a chaire, a chaire.

Gra. Roderigo.

Iag. He, tis he: O that's well ſaid, a chaire:
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
I'le fetch the generalls ſurgeon: for you miſtriſſe,
Saue you your labour, he that lies ſlaine here *Caſſio*,
Was my deare friend, what malice was betwixt you?

Caſ. None in the world, nor doe I know the man.

Iag. What, looke you pale? O beare him out o'th aire.
Stay you good gentlewoman, looke you pale miſtriſſe?
Doe you perceiue the ieaſtures of her eye,
Nay, an you ſtirre, we ſhall haue more anon:
Behold her well I pray you, looke vpon her,
Doe you ſee gentlemen? nay guiltineſſe
Will ſpeake, though tongues were out of vſe.

Enter Em.

Em. 'Las what's the matter? what's the matter huſband?

Iag. Caſſio has here bin ſet on in the darke,
By *Roderigo*, and fellowes that are ſcap't,
Hee's almoſt ſlaine, and *Roderigo* dead.

Em. Alas good gentleman, alas good *Caſſio.*

Iag. This is the fruite of whoring, *pray* * *Emillia*,
Goe know of *Caſſio*, where he ſupt to night:
What, doe you ſhake at that?

* *prithee.*

Bian.

Bian. He ſupt at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake not.
Iag. O did he ſo, I charge you goe with me.
Em. Fie, *fie* § vpon thee ſtrumpet.
Bian. I am no ſtrumpet, but of life as honeſt,
As you, that thus abuſe me.
Em. As I: *fough* *, fie vpon thee.
Iag. Kind gentlemen, let's goe ſee poore *Caſſio* dreſt,
Come miſtreſſe, you muſt tell's another tale.
Emillia, runne you to the cittadell,
And tell my lord and lady what has hapt:
Will you goe on, I pray, this is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello *with a light.* †

Oth. It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoule,
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte ſtarres:
It is the cauſe, yet I'le not ſhed her blood,
Nor ſcarre that whiter ſkin of hers, then ſnow,
And ſmooth, as monumentall alablaſter;
Yet ſhe muſt die, elſe ſhee'll betray more men,
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
I can againe, thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,
Thou cunning patterne of excelling nature,
I know not where is that *Promethian* heate,
That can thy light *returne* ‡: when I haue pluckt the roſe,
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It muſt needes wither; I'le ſmell it on the tree,
A balmy breath, that doth almoſt perſwade

§ *fie* omitted. * *now.* † and *Deſdemona* in her bed. ‡ *relumine.*

Iuſtice

Iuſtice her ſelfe to breake her *ſword once more* ‖,
Be thus, when thou art dead, and I will kill thee.
And loue thee after : *once* † more, and this the laſt,

He kiſſes her.

So ſweete was ne're ſo fatall : I muſt weepe,
But they are cruell teares ; this *ſorrowes* * heauenly,
It ſtrikes *when* ‡ it does loue : ſhe wakes.

Def. Who's there. *Othello ?*

Oth. I, *Deſdemona.*

Def. Will you come to bed my lord ?

Oth. Haue you prayed to night, *Deſdemona ?*

Def. I my lord.

Oth. If you bethinke your ſelfe of any crime,
Vnreconcil'd as yet to heauen and grace,
Sollicite for it ſtraite.

Def. Alas my lord, what *may* § you meane by that ?

Oth. Well doe it, and be briefe, I will walke by,
I would not kill thy vnprepared ſpirit,
No, heauen fore-fend, I would not kill thy ſoule.

Def. Talke you of killing !

Oth. I, I doe.

Def. Then heauen haue mercy on me.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Def. If you ſay ſo, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Def. And yet I feare you, for you are fatall then,
When your eyes roule ſo : why I ſhould feare, I know not,
Since guiltineſſe I know not, but yet I feele I feare.

Oth. Thinke on thy ſinnes.

Def. They are loues I beare to you.

Oth. And for that thou dieſt.

‖ *ſword ; one more.* † *one.* * *ſorrow's.* ‡ *where.* § *do.*

Def.

Def. That death's vnnaturall, that kills for louing,
Alas, why gnaw you ſo your neather lip?
Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame,
Theſe are portents: but yet I hope
They doe not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be ſtill.

Def. I will, ſo, what's the matter?

Oth. That *handkercher* † which I ſo lou'd, and gaue thee,
Thou gaueſt to *Caſſio.*

Def. No, by my life and ſoule,
Send for the man and aſke him.

Oth. Sweete ſoule take heed, take heed of periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Def. I but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, preſently:
Therefore confeſſe thee freely of thy ſinne,
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remoue, nor choke the ſtrong *conceit* *,
That I do groane withall: thou art to die.

Def. Then Lord haue mercy on me.

Oth. I ſay Amen.

Def. And haue you mercy too:
I neuer did offend you in my life,——neuer lou'd *Caſſio,*
But with ſuch generall warranty of heauen,
As I might loue: I neuer gaue him token.

Oth. By heauen I ſaw my *handkercher* † in his hand,
O periured woman, thou doeſt ſtone *thy* ‡ heart,
And makeſt me call, what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a ſacrifice;
I ſaw the *handkercher* †.

Def. He found it then,
I neuer gaue it him, ſend for him hither,
And § let him confeſſe a truth.

† *handkerchiefe.* * *conception.* ‡ *my.* § *And*, omitted.

Oth.

Oth. He has confeſt.
Def. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath—*vds death* ‖.
Def. How, vnlawfully?
Oth. I.
Def. He will not ſay ſo.
Oth. No, his mouth is ſtop'd,
Honeſt *Iago* hath tane order for't.
Def. My feare interprets then,—what is he dead?
Oth. Had all his haires bin liues,
My great reuenge had ſtomacke for 'em all.
Def. Alas he is betraid, and I vndone.
Oth. O ſtrumpet,—weepeſt thou for him to my face?
Def. O banniſh me, my lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Downe ſtrumpet.
Def. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.
Oth. Nay, an you ſtriue.
Def. But halfe an houre, * but while I ſay one prayer.
Oth. Tis too late.

He ſtifles her.

Def. O Lord, Lord, Lord †.

Emillia *calls within.*

Em. My lord, my lord, what ho, my lord, my lord.
Oth. What voyce is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine,—ſo, ſo.
Em. What ho, my lord, my lord.
Oth. Who's there?
Em. O good my lord, I'de ſpeake a word with you.

‖ *uside thee.*
* Oth. *Being done there is no pauſe.*
Def. But while, &c.
† *Def. &c. &c.* omitted.

Oth.

Oth. Yes, tis *Emillia*, by and by: ſhee's dead:
'Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeake of *Caſſios* death;
The noyſe was here; ha, no more mouing,
Still as the graue: ſhall ſhe come in? were't good?
I thnike ſhe ſtirres againe; no, what's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhee'll ſure ſpeake to my wife.
My wife, my wife, *my* ‡ wife; I ha no wife;
O inſupportable: O heauy houre,
Me thinks it ſhould be now a huge ecclips
Of ſunne and moone, and that the affrighted globe,
Should yawne at alteration.

Em. I doe beſeech you I may ſpeake with you,—good my lord.

Oth. I had forgot thee: O come in *Emillia*.
Soft, by and by; let me the curtaines draw,

Ent. Emil.

Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?

Em. O my good lord, yonder's foule murders done.

Oth. What now?

Em. But now my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moone,
She comes more neere the earth, then ſhe was wont,
And makes men mad.

Em. Caſſio my lord has kil'd a yong *Venetian*,
Cal'd *Roderigo*.

Oth. Roderigo kild, and *Caſſio* kild?

Em. No, *Caſſio* is not kild.

Oth. Not *Caſſio* kild, then murders out of tune,
And ſweete reuenge growes harſh.

Deſ. O falſly, falſly murdered.

‡ *what.*

Em.

Em. O Lord *, what cry is that?
Oth. That? what?
Em. Out and alas, it *is*‡ my ladyes voyce.
Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O lady ſpeake againe,
Sweete *Deſdemona*, O ſweete miſtreſſe ſpeake.
Deſ. A guiltleſſe death I die.
Em. O who has done this deed?
Deſ. No body, I my ſelfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kinde lord, O farewell.

She dies.

Oth. Why, how ſhould ſhe be murdered?
Em. Alas, who knowes?
Oth. You heard her ſay, her ſelfe, it was not I.
Em. She ſayd ſo, I muſt needes report a truth.
Oth. She's like a lyer, gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kild her.
Em. O the more angell ſhe,
And you the blacker diuell.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and ſhe was a whore.
Em. Thou doſt bely her, and thou art a diuell.
Oth. She was falſe as water.
Em. Thou as raſh as fire,
To ſay that ſhe was falſe: O ſhe was heauenly true.
Oth. Caſſio did top her, aſke thy huſband elſe,
O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed, vpon iuſt grounds,
To this extremity, thy huſband knew it all.
Em. My huſband?
Oth. Thy huſband.
Em. That ſhe was falſe to wedlocke?
Oth. I, with *Caſſio*: nay, had ſhe bin true,
If heauen would make me ſuch another world,

* *Alas.* ‡ *was.*

Of

Of one intire and perfect crisolite,
I'de not haue sold her for it.
Em. My husband?
Oth. I, twas he that told me first,
An honest man he is, and hates the slime,
That sticks on filthy deedes.
Em. My husband?
Oth. What needes this iteration? woman, I say thy husband. *
Em. If he say so, may his pernitious soule
Rot halfe a graine a day: he lies to'th heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy bargaine.
Oth. Ha?
Em. Doe thy worst,
This deed of thine is no more worthy heauen,
Then thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Em. Thou hast not halfe the power to doe me harme,
As I haue to be hurt: O gull, O dolt,
As ignorant as dirtt; thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword, I'le make thee know,
Tho I lost twenty liues: helpe, helpe, O helpe;
The Moore has kild my mistresse, murder, murder.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, *and others.*

Mon. What is the matter, how now generall?
Em. O, are you come *Iago?* you haue done well,
That men must lay their murder on your neck.
All. What is the matter?

* Em. *Oh mistres, villainy hath made mockes with love:*
My husband say that she was false?
Oth. *He woman, I say thy husband; dost understand the word?*
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Em. Diſproue this villaine, if thou bee'ſt a man;
He ſayes thou toldſt him that his wife was falſe,
I know thou didſt not, thou art not ſuch a villaine:
Speake, for my heart is full.

Iag. I told him what I thought, and told no more,
Then what he found himſelfe was apt and true.

Em. But did you euer tell him ſhe was falſe?

Iag. I did.

Em. You told a lie, an odious damned lie;
Vpon my ſoule, a lie, a wicked lie:
She falſe with *Caſſio*; did you ſay with *Caſſio?*

Iag. With *Caſſio* miſtreſſe; go to, charme your tongue.

Em. I will not charme my tongue, I am bound to ſpeake. †

Iag. What are you mad, I charge you get you home.

Em. Good gentlemen let me haue leaue to ſpeake,
Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're goe home.

Oth. Oh, oh, oh.

Oth. *falls on the bed.*

Em. Nay, lay thee downe, and rore,
For thou haſt kild the ſweeteſt innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.

Oth. O ſhe was foule:
I ſcarce did know you vncle, there lies your niece,

† *My miſtreſſe here lies murdered in her bed.*
All. *Oh heauens forefend.*
Em. *And your reports haue ſet the murderer on.*
Oth. *Nay, ſtare not maſters, it is true indeed.*
Gra. *Tis a ſtrange truth.*
Mon. *Oh monſtrous act!*
Em. *Villainy, villany, villany;*
I thinke vpon't, I thinke, I ſmell a villany;
I thought ſo then; Ile kill my ſelfe for griefe,
O villany, villany.

Whoſe

Whoſe breath indeed, theſe hands haue newly ſtopt,
I know this act ſhewes terrible and grim.
Gra. Poore *Deſdemona*, I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy match was mortall to him, and pure griefe,
Shore his old thread *atwaine* * : did he liue now,
This ſight would make him doe a deſperate turne,
Yea curſe his better angell from his ſide,
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. Tis pittifull, but yet *Iago* knowes,
That ſhe with *Caſſio*, *hath* † the act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed ; *Caſſio* confeſt it,
And ſhe did gratifie his amorous workes,
With the recogniſance and pledge of loue,
Which I firſt gaue her ; I ſaw it in his hand,
It was a handkercher ; an antique token
My father gaue my mother.
Em. O God, O heauenly God.
Iag. *Zouns* ‡, hold your peace.
Em. 'Twill out, 'twill : I hold my peace ſir, no,
I'le be in ſpeaking, liberall as the ayre,
Let heauen, and men, and diuells, let em all,
All, all cry ſhame againſt me, yet I'le ſpeake.
Iag. Be wiſe, and get you home.
Em. I will not.
Gra. Fie, your ſword vpon a woman ?
Em. O thou dull Moore, that handkercher thou ſpeakſt on,
I found by fortune, and did giue my huſband :
For often with a ſolemne earneſtneſſe,
More then indeed belong'd to ſuch a trifle,
He beg'd of me to ſteale it.
Iag. Villainous whore.

* *in twaine.* † *had.* ‡ *Come.*

Em. She gaue it *Caſſio?* no alas I found it,
And I did giu't my huſband.

Iag. Filth thou lieſt.

Em. By heauen I doe not, I doe not gentlemen,
O murderous coxcombe! what ſhould ſuch a foole
Doe with ſo good a woman?

The Moore runnes at Iago, Iago *kils his wife.*

Oth. Are there no ſtones in heauen,
But what ſerues for the thunder? *pretious* ‖ villaine.

Gra. The woman falls, ſure he has kild his wife.

Em. I, I, O lay me by my miſtreſſe ſide.

Exit Iago.

Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kild.

Mon. Tis a notorious villaine, take your weapon,
Which I haue here recouered from the Moore:
Come, guard the dore without, let him not paſſe,
But kill him rather, I'le after that ſame villaine,
For tis a damned ſlaue.

Exit Mont. and Gratiano.

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But euery puny whipſter gets my ſword,
But why ſhould honour out liue honeſty?
Let it goe all.

Em. * Moore, ſhe was chaſt, ſhe lou'd thee cruell Moore,
So come my ſoule to bliſſe, as I ſpeake true;
So ſpeaking as I thinke, I die, I die.

She dies.

Oth. I haue another weapon in this chamber,
It is a ſword of *Spaine*, the iſebrookes temper;

‖ *pernicious.*

* *What did thy ſong bode lady?*
Harke, canſt thou heare me? I will play the ſwan,
And die in muſicke: willow, willow, willow.
Moore, &c.

O here

O here it is; vncle I muſt comc forth.

Gra. *within.*

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee deere,
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.
Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and ſpeake to me,
Or naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.
Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold, I haue a weapon,
A better neuer did it ſelfe ſuſtaine
Vpon a ſouldiers thigh: I haue ſeene the day,
That with this little arme, and this good ſword,
I haue made my way through more impediments,
Then twenty times *you* * ſtop: but O vaine boaſt,
Who can controule his fate? tis not ſo now, ‡
Pale as thy ſmocke, when we we ſhall meete at *count* §,
This looke of thine, will hurle my ſoule from heauen,
And fiends will ſnatch at it: cold, cold, my girle,
Euen like thy chaſtity; O curſed ſlaue:
Whippe me you diuells,
From the poſſeſſion of this heauenly ſight,
Blow me about in winds, roaſt me in ſulphure,
Waſh me in ſteepe downe gulphes of liquid fire:
O *Deſdemona*, *Deſdemoua*, dead, O o, o.

* *your.*

‡ *Be not affraid, though you doe ſee me weapon'd;*
Here is my iournies end, here is my butte,
The very ſea-marke of my utmoſt ſaile.
Doe you goe backe diſmaid? tis a loſt feare,
Man but a ruſh againſt Othello's *breaſt,*
And be retires. Where ſhould Othello *goe?*
How doſt thou looke now? O ill-ſtar'd wench.
Pale, &c.

§ *compte.*

Enter Lodouico, Montano, Iago, *and officers.*

Caſſio *in a chaire.*

Lod. Where is this raſh and moſt infortunate man.
Oth. That he that was *Othello*, here I am.
Lod. Where is *this* † viper, bring the villaine forth.
Oth. I looke downe towards his feet, but that's a fable
If thou beeſt a diuell, I cannot kill thee.
Lod. Wring ‡ his ſword from him.
Iag. I bleed ſir, but not kil'd.
Oth. I am not ſorry neither, I'de haue thee liue,
For in my ſenſe tis happineſſe to die.
Lod. O thou *Othello*, that wert once ſo good,
Falne in the practiſe of a damned ſlaue,
What ſhould be ſaid to thee?
Oth. Why any thing,
An honourable murderer if you will:
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his villainy:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio's* death?
Oth. I.
Caſ. Deare generall, I did neuer giue you cauſe.
Oth. I doe beleeue it, and I aſke you pardon,
Will *you* § pray demand that demy diuell,
Why he hath thus inſnar'd my ſoule and body?
Iag. Demand me nothing, what you know you know,
From this time forth I neuer will ſpeake word.
Lod. What not to pray?
Grat. Torments will op'e your lips.
Oth. Well, thou doeſt beſt.
Lod. Sir, you ſhall vnderſtand what hath befalne,
Which, as I thinke you know not: here is a letter,

† *that.* ‡ *Wrench.* § *you I.*

Found

Found in the pocket of the ſlaine *Roderigo*;
And here another ; the one of them imports
The death of *Caſſio*; to be vndertooke—by *Roderigo*.
Oth. O villaine.
Caſ. Moſt heatheniſh, and moſt groſſe.
Lod. Now heres another diſcontented paper,
Found in his pocket too, and this it ſeemes,
Roderigo meant to haue ſent this damned villaine,
But that belike, *Iago*, in the *nicke* *
Came in, and ſatisfied him.
Oth. O the pernitious catieffe !
How came you *Caſſio* by a handkercher,
That was my wifes ?
Caſ. I found it in my chamber,
And he himſelfe confeſt *it* ‡ euen now,
That there he dropt it, for a ſpeciall purpoſe ;
Which wrought to his deſire.
Oth. O foole, foole, foole.
Caſ. There is beſides in *Roderigoes* letter
How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him,
Braue me vpon the watch, whereon it came,
That I was caſt ; and euen but now he ſpake,
After long ſeeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.
Lod. You muſt forſake this roome, and goe with vs,
Your power and your command is taken off,
And *Caſſio* rules in *Cypres :* for this ſlaue,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his : you ſhall cloſe priſoner reſt,
Till that the nature of your fault be knowne
To the *Venetian* State ; come, bring him away.

* *interim.* ‡ *it but.*

Oth. Soft you, a word or two,
I haue done the ſtate ſome ſeruice, and they know't;
No more of that: I pray you in your letters,
When you ſhall theſe unlucky deedes relate,
Speake of *them as they are* §; nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet downe ought in malice, then *muſt you* ‖ ſpeake,
Of one that lou'd not wiſely, but too well:
Of one not eaſily iealous, but being wrought,
Perplext in the extreame; of one whoſe hand,
Like the baſe *Indian*, threw a pearle away,
Richer then all his tribe: of one whoſe ſubdued eyes,
Albeit vnuſed to the melting moode,
Drops teares as faſt as the *Arabian* trees,
Their medicinall gum; ſet you downe this,
And ſay beſides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant and a turband *Turke*,
Beate a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the ſtate;
I took bi'th throate the circumciſed dog,
And ſmote him thus.

He ſtabs himſelfe.

Lod. O bloody period.
Gra. All that's ſpoke is mard.
Oth. I kiſt thee ere I kild thee, no way but this,
Killing my ſelfe, to die vpon a kiſſe.

He dies.

Caſ. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.
Lod. O *Spartane* dog,
More fell then anguiſh, hunger, or the ſea,
Looke on the tragicke lodging of this bed:
This is thy worke, the obiect poiſons ſight,

§ *me as I am.* ‖ *you muſt.*

Let

Let it be hid: *Gratiano*, keepe the houſe,
And ceaze vpon the fortunes of the Moore:
For they ſucceed to you, to you lord gouernour,
Remaines the cenſure of this helliſh villaine,
The time, the place, the torture: O inforce it,
My ſelfe will ſtraite aboord, and to the ſtate,
This heauy act with heauy heart relate.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

SHAKE-SPEARES

SONNETS.

Neuer before Imprinted.

AT LONDON

By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are to be folde by *Iohn Wright*, dwelling at Christ Church gate.

1609.

TO. THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER. OF.
THESE. INSVING. SONNETS.
Mr. W.H. ALL. HAPPINESSE.
AND. THAT. ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.

BY.

OVR. EVER-LIVING. POET.

WISHETH.

THE. WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTVRER. IN.
SETTING.
FORTH.

T. T.

SHAKE-SPEARES,

SONNETS.

FROM faireſt creatures we deſire increaſe,
That thereby beauties roſe might neuer die,
But as the riper ſhould by time deceaſe,
His tender heire might beare his memory:
But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,
Feed'ſt thy lights flame with ſelfe ſubſtantiall fewell,
Making a famine where aboundance lies,
Thy ſelfe thy foe, to thy ſweete ſelfe too cruell:
Thou that art now the worlds freſh ornament,
And only herauld to the gaudy ſpring,
Within thine owne bud burieſt thy content,
And tender chorle makſt waſt in niggarding:
Pitty the world, or elſe this glutton be,
To eate the worlds due, by the graue and thee.

II.

WHEN fortie winters ſhall beſeige thy brow,
And digge deepe trenches in thy beauties field,
Thy youthes proud liuery ſo gaz'd on now,
Wil be a totter'd weed of ſmal worth held:

Then

Then being aſkt, where all thy beautie lies,
Where all the treaſure of thy luſty daies;
To ſay within thine owne deepe ſunken eyes,
Where an all-eating ſhame, and thriftleſſe praiſe.
How much more praiſe deſeru'd thy beauties vſe,
If thou couldſt anſwere this faire child of mine
Shall ſum my count, and make my old excuſe
Proouing his beautie by ſucceſſion thine.
This were to be new made when thou art ould.
And ſee thy blood warme when thou feel'ſt it could,

III.

LOOKE in thy glaſſe and tell the face thou veweſt,
Now is the time that face ſhould forme an other,
Whoſe freſh repaire if now thou not reneweſt,
Thou doo'ſt beguile the world, vnbleſſe ſome mother.
For where is ſhe ſo faire whoſe vn-eard wombe
Diſdaines the tillage of thy huſbandry?
Or who is he ſo fond will be the tombe,
Of his ſelfe loue to ſtop poſterity?
Thou art thy mothers glaſſe and ſhe in thee
Calls backe the louely Aprill of her prime,
So thou through windowes of thine age ſhalt ſee,
Diſpight of wrinkles this thy goulden time.
But if thou liue remembred not to be,
Die ſingle and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

VNTHRIFTY louelineſſe why doeſt thou ſpend,
Vpon thy ſelfe thy beauties legacy?
Natures bequeſt giues nothing but doth lend,
And being franck ſhe lends to thoſe are free:

Then

Then beautious nigard why dooſt thou abuſe,
The bountious largeſſe giuen thee to giue?
Profitles vſerer why dooſt thou vſe
So great a ſumme of ſummes yet can'ſt not liue?
For hauing traffike with thy ſelfe alone,
Thou of thy ſelfe thy ſweet ſelfe doſt deceaue,
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable *audit* can'ſt thou leaue?
Thy vnus'd beauty muſt be tomb'd with thee,
Which vſed liues th' executor to be.

V.

THOSE howers that with gentle worke did frame,
The louely gaze where euery eye doth dwell
Will play the tirants to the very ſame,
And that vnfaire which fairely doth excell:
For neuer reſting time leads ſummer on,
To hidious winter and confounds him there,
Sap-checkt with froſt and luſtie leau's quite gon,
Beauty ore-ſnow'd and barenes euery where,
Then were not ſummers diſtillation left
A liquid priſoner pent in walls of glaſſe,
Beauties effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor noe remembrance what it was.
But flowers diſtil'd though they with winter meete,
Leeſe but their ſhow, their ſubſtance ſtill liues ſweet.

VI.

THEN let not winters wragged hand deface,
In thee thy ſummer ere thou be diſtil'd:
Make ſweet ſome viall; treaſure thou ſome place,
With beauties treaſure ere it be ſelfe kil'd:

That vſe is not forbidden vſery,
Which happies thoſe that pay the willing lone;
That's for thy ſelfe to breed an other thee,
Or ten times happier be it ten for one,
Ten times thy ſelfe were happier then thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee,
Then what could death doe if thou ſhould'ſt depart,
Leauing thee liuing in poſterity?
Be not ſelfe-wild for thou art much too faire,
To be deaths conqueſt and make wormes thine heire.

VII.

LOE in the orient when the gracious light,
Lifts vp his burning head, each vnder eye
Doth homage to his new appearing ſight,
Seruing with lookes his ſacred maieſty,
And hauing clĩmb'd the ſteepe vp heauenly hill,
Reſembling ſtrong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortall lookes adore his beauty ſtill,
Attending on his goulden pilgrimage:
But when from high-moſt pich with wery car,
Like feeble age he reeleth from the day,
The eyes (fore duttious) now conuerted are
From his low tract and looke an other way:
So thou thy ſelfe out-going in thy noon:
Vnlok'd on dieſt vnleſſe thou get a ſonne.

VIII.

MVſick to heare, why hear'ſt thou muſick ſadly,
Sweets with ſweets warre not, ioy delights in ioy:
Why lou'ſt thou that which thou receauſt not gladly,
Or elſe receau'ſt with pleaſure thine annoy?

If

If the true concord of well tuned ſounds,
By vnions married do offend thine eare,
They do but ſweetly chide thee, who confounds
In ſingleneſſe the parts that thou ſhould'ſt beare:
Marke how one ſtring ſweet huſband to an other,
Strikes each in each by mutuall ordering;
Reſembling ſier, and child, and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleaſing note do ſing:
Whoſe ſpeechleſſe ſong being many, ſeeming one,
Sings this to thee thou ſingle wilt proue none.

IX.

IS it for feare to wet a widdowes eye,
That thou conſum'ſt thy ſelfe in ſingle life?
Ah; if thou iſſuleſſe ſhalt hap to die,
The world will waile thee like a makeleſſe wife,
The world wil be thy widdow and ſtill weepe,
That thou no forme of thee haſt left behind,
When euery priuat widdow well may keepe,
By childrens eyes, her huſbands ſhape in minde:
Looke what an vnthrift in the world doth ſpend
Shifts but his place, for ſtill the world inioyes it
But beauties waſte hath in the world an end,
And kept vnvſde the vſer ſo deſtroyes it:
No loue toward others in that boſome ſits
That on himſelfe ſuch murdrous ſhame commits.

X.

FOR ſhame deny that thou bear'ſt loue to any
Who for thy ſelfe art ſo vnprouident
Graunt if thou wilt, thou art belou'd of many,
But that thou none lou'ſt is moſt euident:

For thou art ſo poſſeſt with murdrous hate,
That gainſt thy ſelfe thou ſtickſt not to conſpire,
Seeking that beautious roofe to ruinate
Which to repaire ſhould be thy chiefe deſire:
O change thy thought, that I may change my minde,
Shall hate be fairer log'd then gentle loue?
Be as thy preſence is gracious and kind,
Or to thy ſelfe at leaſt kind harted proue,
Make thee an other ſelfe for loue of me,
That beauty ſtill may liue in thine or thee.

XI.

AS faſt as thou ſhalt wane ſo faſt thou grow'ſt,
In one of thine, from that which thou departeſt,
And that freſh bloud which yongly thou beſtow'ſt,
Thou maiſt call thine, when thou from youth conuerteſt,
Herein liues wiſdome, beauty, and increaſe,
Without this follie, age, and could decay,
If all were minded ſo, the times ſhould ceaſe,
And threeſcoore yeare would make the world away:
Let thoſe whom nature hath not made for ſtore,
Harſh, featureleſſe, and rude, barrenly perriſh,
Looke whom ſhe beſt indow'd, ſhe gaue the more;
Which bountious guift thou ſhouldſt in bounty cherriſh.
She caru'd thee for her ſeale, and ment thereby,
Thou ſhouldſt print more, not let that coppy die.

XII.

WHEN I doe count the clock that tels the time,
And ſee the braue day ſunck in hidious night,
When I behold the violet paſt prime,
And ſable curls or ſiluer'd ore with white:

When

When lofty trees I ſee barren of leaues,
Which erſt from heat did canopie the herd
And ſommers greene all girded vp in ſheaues
Borne on the beare with white and briſtly beard:
Then of thy beauty do I queſtion make
That thou among the waſtes of time muſt goe,
Since ſweets and beauties do them-ſelues forſake,
And die as faſt as they ſee others grow,
And nothing gainſt times ſieth can make defence
Saue breed to braue him, when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O That you were your ſelfe, but loue you are
No longer yours, then you your ſelfe here liue,
Againſt this cumming end you ſhould prepare,
And your ſweet ſemblance to ſome other giue.
So ſhould that beauty which you hold in leaſe
Find no determination, then you were
You ſelfe again after your ſelfes deceaſe,
When your ſweet iſſue your ſweet forme ſhould beare.
Who lets ſo faire a houſe fall to decay,
Which huſbandry in honour might vphold,
Againſt the ſtormy guſts of winters day
And barren rage of deaths eternall cold?
O none but vnthrifts, deare my loue you know,
You had a father, let your ſon ſay ſo.

XIV.

NOT from the ſtars do I my iudgement plucke,
And yet me thinkes I haue aſtronomy,
But not to tell of good, or euil lucke,
Of plagues, of dearths, or ſeaſons quallity,

Nor can I fortune to breefe mynuits tell;
Pointing to each his thunder, raine and winde,
Or ſay with princes if it ſhal go wel,
By oft predict that I in heauen finde,
But from thine eies my knowledge I deriue,
And conſtant ſtars in them I read ſuch art
As truth and beautie ſhal together thriue
If from thy ſelfe, to ſtore thou wouldſt conuert:
Or elſe of thee this I prognoſticate,
Thy end is truthes and beauties doome and date.

XV.

WHEN I conſider euery thing that growes
Holds in perfection but a little moment.
That this huge ſtage preſenteth nought but ſhowes
Whereon the ſtars in ſecret influence comment.
When I perceiue that men as plants increaſe,
Cheared and checkt euen by the ſelfe-ſame ſkie:
Vaunt in their youthfull ſap, at height decreaſe,
And were their braue ſtate out of memory.
Then the conceit of this inconſtant ſtay,
Sets you moſt rich in youth before my ſight,
Where waſtfull time debateth with decay
To change your day of youth to ſullied night,
And all in war with time for loue of you
As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

XVI.

BVT wherefore do not you a mightier waie
Make warre vppon this bloudie tirant time?
And fortifie your ſelfe in your decay
With meanes more bleſſed then my barren rime?

Now

Now ſtand you on the top of happie houres,
And many maiden gardens yet vnſet,
With vertuous wiſh would beare your liuing flowers,
Much liker then your painted counterfeit:
So ſhould the lines of life that life repaire
Which this (times penſel or my pupill pen)
Neither in inward worth nor outward faire
Can make you liue your ſelfe in eies of men,
To giue away your ſelfe, keeps your ſelfe ſtill,
And you muſt liue drawne by your owne ſweet ſkill.

XVII.

WHO will beleeue my verſe in time to come
If it were fild with your moſt high deſerts?
Though yet heauen knowes it is but as a tombe
Which hides your life, and ſhewes not halfe your parts:
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in freſh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would ſay this poet lies,
Such heauenly touches nere toucht earthly faces.
So ſhould my papers (yellowed with their age)
Be ſcorn'd, like old men of leſſe truth then tongue,
And your true rights be termd a poets rage,
And ſtretched miter of an antique ſong.
But were ſome childe of yours aliue that time,
You ſhould liue twiſe in it, and in my rime.

XVIII.

SHALL I compare thee to a ſummers day?
Thou art more louely and more temperate:
Rough windes do ſhake the darling buds of Maie,
And ſommers leaſe hath all too ſhort a date:

Sometime too hot the eye of heauen ſhines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
And euery faire from faire ſome-time declines,
By chance, or natures changing courſe vntrim'd:
But thy eternall ſommer ſhall not fade,
Nor looſe poſſeſſion of that faire thou ow'ſt,
Nor ſhall death brag thou wandr'ſt in his ſhade,
When in eternall lines to time thou grow'ſt,
So long as men can breath or eyes can ſee,
So long liues this, and this giues life to thee,

XIX.

DEuouring time blunt thou the lyons pawes,
And make the earth deuoure her owne ſweet brood,
Plucke the keene teeth from the fierce tygers yawes,
And burne the long liu'd Phænix in her blood,
Make glad and ſorry ſeaſons as thou fleet'ſt,
And do what ere thou wilt ſwift-footed time
To the wide world and all her fading ſweets:
But I forbid thee one moſt hainous crime,
O carue not with thy howers my loues faire brow,
Nor draw noe lines there with thine antique pen.
Him in thy courſe vntainted doe allow,
For beauties patterne to ſucceeding men.
Yet doe thy worſt ould time diſpight thy wrong,
My loue ſhall in my verſe euer liue young.

XX.

A Womans face with natures owne hand painted,
Haſte thou the maſter miſtris of my paſſion,
A womans gentle hart but not acquainted
With ſhifting change as is falſe womens faſhion,

An

An eye more bright then theirs, leſſe falſe in rowling:
Gilding the obiect where-vpon it gazeth,
A man in hew all hews in his controwling,
Which ſteales mens eyes and womens ſoules amaſeth.
And for a woman wert thou firſt created,
Till nature as ſhe wrought thee fell a dotinge,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpoſe nothing.
But ſince ſhe prickt thee out for womens pleaſure,
Mine be thy loue and thy loues vſe their treaſure.

XXI.

SO is it not with me as with that muſe,
Stird by a painted beauty to his verſe,
Who heauen it ſelfe for ornament doth vſe,
And euery faire with his faire doth reherſe,
Making a coopelment of proud compare
With ſunne and moone, with earth and ſeas rich gems:
With Aprills firſt borne flowers and all things rare,
That heauens ayre in this huge rondure hems,
O let me true in loue but truly write,
And then beleeue me, my loue is as faire,
As any mothers childe, though not ſo bright
As thoſe gould candells fixt in heauens ayer:
Let them ſay more that like of heare-ſay well,
I will not prayſe that purpoſe not to ſell.

XXII.

MY glaſſe ſhall not perſwade me I am ould,
So long as youth and thou are of one date,
But when in thee times forrwes I behould,
Then look I death my daies ſhould expiate.

For

For all that beauty that doth couer thee,
Is but the ſeemely rayment of my heart,
Which in thy breſt doth liue, as thine in me.
How can I then be elder then thou art?
O therefore loue be of thy ſelfe ſo wary,
As I not for my ſelfe, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart which I will keepe ſo chary
As tender nurſe her babe from faring ill,
Preſume not on thy heart when mine is ſlaine,
Thou gau'ſt me thine not to giue backe againe.

XXIII.

AS an vnperfect actor on the ſtage,
Who with his feare is put beſides his part,
Or ſome fierce thing repleat with too much rage,
Whoſe ſtrengths abondance weakens his owne heart;
So I for feare of truſt, forget to ſay,
The perfect ceremony of loues right,
And in mine owne loues ſtrength ſeeme to decay,
Ore-charg'd with burthen of mine owne loues might:
O let my books be then the eloquence,
And domb preſagers of my ſpeaking breſt,
Who pleade for loue, and look for recompence,
More then that tonge that more hath more expreſt.
O learne to read what ſilent loue hath writ,
To heare wit eies belongs to loues fine wiht.

XXIV.

MINE eye hath play'd the painter and hath ſteeld,
Thy beauties forme in table of my heart,
My body is the frame wherein ti's held,
And perſpectiue it is beſt painters art.

For

For through the painter muſt you ſee his ſkill,
To finde where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in my boſomes ſhop is hanging ſtil.
That hath his windowes glazed with thine eyes :
Now ſee what good-turnes eyes for eies haue done,
Mine eyes haue drawne thy ſhape, and thine for me
Are windowes to my breſt, where-through the ſun
Delights to peepe, to gaze therein on thee
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art
They draw but what they ſee, know not the hart.

XXV.

LET thoſe who are in fauor with their ſtars,
Of publike honour and proud titles boſt,
Whilſt I whome fortune of ſuch tryumph bars
Vnlookt for ioy in that I honour moſt;
Great princes fauorites their faire leaues ſpread,
But as the marygold at the ſuns eye,
And in them-ſelues their pride lies buried,
For at a frowne they in their glory die.
The painefull warrier famoſed for worth,
After a thouſand victories once foild,
Is from the booke of honour raſed quite,
And all the reſt forgot for which he toild :
Then happy I that loue and am beloued
Where I may not remoue, nor be remoued.

XXVI.

LORD of my loue, to whome in vaſſalage
Thy merrit hath my dutie ſtrongly knit;
To thee I ſend this written ambaſſage
To witneſſe duty, not to ſhew my wit.

Duty

Duty ſo great, which wit ſo poore as mine
May make ſeeme bare, in wanting words to ſhew it ;
But that I hope ſome good conceipt of thine
In thy ſoules thought (all naked) will beſtow it :
Till whatſoeuer ſtar that guides my mouing,
Points on me gratiouſly with faire aſpect,
And puts apparrell on my tottered louing,
To ſhow me worthy of their ſweet reſpect,
Then may I dare to boaſt how I doe loue thee,
Til then, not ſhow my head where thou maiſt proue me.

XXVII.

WEARY with toyle, I haſt me to my bed,
The deare repoſe for lims with trauaill tired,
But then begins a iourny in my head
To worke my mind, when boddies work's expired.
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zelous pilgrimage to thee,
And keepe my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darknes which the blind doe ſee.
Saue that my ſoules imaginary ſight
Preſents their ſhaddoe to my ſightles view,
Which like a iewell (hunge in gaſtly night)
Makes blacke night beautious, and her old face new.
Loe thus by day my lims, by night my mind,
For thee, and for my ſelfe, noe quiet finde.

XXVIII.

HOW can I then returne in happy plight
That am debard the benifit of reſt ?
When daies oppreſſion is not eazd by night,
But day by night and night by day opreſt.

And

And each (though enimes to ethers raigne)
Doe in conſent ſhake hands to torture me,
The one by toyle, the other to complaine
How far I toyle, ſtill farther off from thee.
I tell the day to pleaſe him thou art bright,
And do'ſt him grace when clouds doe blot the heauen :
So flatter I the ſwart complexiond night,
When ſparkling ſtars twire not thou guil'ſt th' eauen.
But day doth daily draw my ſorrowes longer,
And night doth nightly make greefes length ſeeme ſtronger.

XXIX.

WHEN in diſgrace with fortune and mens eyes,
I all alone beweepe my out-caſt ſtate,
And trouble deafe heauen with my bootleſſe cries,
And looke vpon my ſelfe and curſe my fate.
Wiſhing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends poſſeſt,
Deſiring this mans art, and that mans ſkope,
With what I moſt inioy contented leaſt,
Yet in theſe thoughts my ſelfe almoſt deſpiſing,
Haplye I thinke on thee, and then my ſtate,
(Like to the larke at breake of daye ariſing)
From ſullen earth ſings himns at heauens gate,
For thy ſweet loue remembred ſuch welth brings,
That then I ſkorne to change my ſtate with kings.

XXX.

WHEN to the ſeſſions of ſweet ſilent thought,
I ſommon vp remembrance of things paſt,
I ſigh the lacke of many a thing I ſought,
And with old woes new waile my deare times waſte :

Then

Then can I drowne an eye (vn-vſ'd to flow)
For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,
And weepe a freſh loues long ſince canceld woe,
And mone th' expence of many a vanniſht ſight.
Then can I greeue at greeuances fore-gon,
And heauily from woe to woe tell ore
The ſad account of fore-bemoned mone,
Which I new pay as if not payd before.
But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)
All loſſes are reſtord, and ſorrowes end.

XXXI.

THY boſome is indeared with all hearts
Which I by lacking haue ſuppoſed dead,
And there raignes loue and all loues louing parts,
And all thoſe friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obſequious teare
Hath deare religious loue ſtolne from mine eye,
As intereſt of the dead, which now appeare,
But things remou'd that hidden in there lie.
Thou art the graue where buried loue doth liue,
Hung with the tropheis of my louers gon,
Who all their parts of me to thee did giue,
That due of many, now is thine alone.
Their images I lou'd, I view in thee,
And thou (all they) haſt all the all of me.

XXXII.

IF thou ſuruiue my well contented daie,
When that churle death my bones with duſt ſhall couer
And ſhalt by fortune once more re-ſuruay:
Theſe poore rude lines of thy deceaſed louer:

Compare

Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,
And though they be out-ſtript by euery pen,
Reſerue them for my loue, not for their rime,
Exceeded by the hight of happier men.
Oh then voutſafe me but this louing thought,
Had my friends muſe growne with this growing age,
A dearer birth then this his loue had brought
To march in ranckes of better equipage:
But ſince he died and poets better proue,
Theirs for their ſtile Ile read, his for his loue.

XXXIII.

FVLL many a glorious morning haue I ſeene,
Flatter the mountaine tops with ſoueraine eie,
Kiſſing with golden face the meddowes greene;
Guilding pale ſtreames with heauenly alcumy:
Anon permit the baſeſt cloudes to ride,
With ougly rack on his celeſtiall face,
And from the for-lorne world his viſage hide
Stealing vnſeene to weſt with this diſgrace:
Euen ſo my ſunne one early morne did ſhine,
With all triumphant ſplendor on my brow,
But out alack, he was but one houre mine,
The region cloude hath maſk'd him from me now.
Yet him for this, my loue no whit diſdaineth,
Suns of the world may ſtaine, whē heauens ſun ſtainteh.

XXXIV.

WHY didſt thou promiſe ſuch a beautious day,
And make me trauaile forth without my cloake,
To let bace cloudes ore-take me in my way,
Hiding thy brau'ry in their rotten ſmoke.

Tis

Tis not enough that through the cloude thou breake,
To dry the raine on my ſtorme-beaten face,
For no man well of ſuch a ſalue can ſpeake,
That heales the wound, and cures not the diſgrace:
Nor can thy ſhame giue phiſicke to my griefe,
Though thou repent, yet I haue ſtill the loſſe,
Th' offenders ſorrow lends but weake reliefe
To him that beares the ſtrong offenſes loſſe.
Ah but thoſe teares are pearle which thy loue ſheeds,
And they are ritch, and ranſome all ill deeds.

XXXV.

NO more bee greeu'd at that which thou haſt done,
Roſes haue thornes, and ſiluer fountaines mud,
Cloudes and eclipſes ſtaine both moone and ſunne,
And loathſome canker liues in ſweeteſt bud.
All men make faults, and euen I in this,
Authorizing thy treſpas with compare,
My ſelfe corrupting ſaluing thy amiſſe,
Excuſing their ſins more then their ſins are:
For to thy ſenſuall fault I bring in ſence,
Thy aduerſe party is thy aduocate,
And gainſt my ſelfe a lawfull plea commence,
Such ciuill war is in my loue and hate,
That I an acceſſary needs muſt be,
To that ſweet theefe which ſourely robs from me,

XXXVI.

LET me confeſſe that we two muſt be twaine,
Although our vndeuided loues are one:
So ſhall thoſe blots that do with me remaine,
Without thy helpe, by me be borne alone.

In

In our two loues there is but one reſpect,
Though in our liues a ſeperable ſpight,
Which though it alter not loues ſole effect,
Yet doth it ſteale ſweete houres from loues delight,
I may not euer-more acknowledge thee,
Leaſt my bewailed guilt ſhould do thee ſhame,
Nor thou with publike kindneſſe honour me,
Vnleſſe thou take that honour from thy name:
But doe not ſo, I loue thee in ſuch ſort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

AS a decrepit father takes delight,
To ſee his actiue childe do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortunes deareſt ſpight
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of theſe all, or all, or more
Intitled in their parts, do crowned ſit,
I make my loue ingrafted to this ſtore:
So then I am not lame, poore, nor diſpiſ'd,
Whilſt that this ſhadow doth ſuch ſubſtance giue,
That I in thy abundance am ſuffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory liue:
Looke what is beſt, that beſt I wiſh in thee,
This wiſh I haue, then ten times happy me.

XXXVIII.

HOW can my muſe want ſubiect to inuent
While thou doſt breath that poor'ſt into my verſe,
Thine owne ſweete argument, to excellent,
For euery vulgar paper to rehearſe:

Oh giue thyſelfe the thankes if ought in me,
Worthy peruſal ſtand againſt thy ſight,
For who's ſo dumbe that cannot write to thee,
When thou thy ſelfe doſt giue inuention light ?
Be thou the tenth muſe, ten times more in worth
Then thoſe old nine which rimers inuocate,
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth.
Eternal numbers to out-liue long date.
If my ſlight muſe doe pleaſe theſe curious daies,
The paine be mine, but thine ſhal be the praiſe.

XXXIX.

OH how thy worth with manners may I ſinge,
When thou art all the better part of me ?
What can mine owne praiſe to mine owne ſelfe bring ;
And what i'st but mine owne when I praiſe thee,
Euen for this, let vs deuided liue,
And our deare loue looſe name of ſingle one,
That by this ſeperation I may giue :
That due to thee which thou deſeru'ſt alone :
Oh abſence what a torment wouldſt thou proue,
Were it not thy ſoure leiſure gaue ſweet leaue,
To entertaine the time with thoughts of loue,
Which time and thoughts ſo ſweetly doſt deceiue.
And that thou teacheſt how to make one twaine,
By praiſing him here who doth hence remaine.

XL.

TAKE all my loues, my loue, yea take them all,
What haſt thou then more then thou hadſt before ?
No loue, my loue, that thou maiſt true loue call,
All mine was thine, before thou hadſt this more :

Then

Then if for my loue, thou my loue receiueſt,
I cannot blame thee, for my loue thou vſeſt,
But yet be blam'd, if thou this ſelfe deceaueſt,
By wilfull taſte of what thy ſelfe refuſeſt.
I doe forgiue thy robb'rie gentle theefe
Although thou ſteale thee all my pouerty:
And yet loue knowes it is a greater griefe
To beare loues wrong, then hates knowne iniury.
Laſciuious grace, in whom all il wel ſhowes,
Kill me with ſpights yet we muſt not be foes.

XLI.

THOSE pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am ſome-time abſent from thy heart,
Thy beautie, and thy yeares full well befits,
For ſtill temptation followes where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be wonne,
Beautious thou art, therefore to be aſſailed.
And when a woman woes, what womans ſonne,
Will ſourely leaue her till he haue preuailed.
Aye me, but yet thou mighſt my ſeate forbeare,
And chide thy beauty, and thy ſtraying youth,
Who lead thee in their ryot euen there
Where thou art forſt to breake a two-fold truth:
Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine by thy beautie beeing falſe to me.

XLII.

THAT thou haſt her it is not all my griefe,
And yet it may be ſaid, I lou'd her deerely,
That ſhe hath thee is of my wayling cheefe,
A loſſe in loue that touches me more neerely.

Louing offendors thus I will excuſe yee,
Thou dooſt loue her, becauſe thou knowſt I loue her,
And for my ſake euen ſo doth ſhe abuſe me,
Suffring my friend for my ſake to approoue her,
If I looſe thee, my loſſe is my loues gaine,
And looſing her, my friend hath found that loſſe,
Both finde each other, and I looſe both twaine,
And both for my ſake lay on me this croſſe,
But here's the ioy, my friend and I are one,
Sweete flattery, then ſhe loues but me alone.

XLIII.

WHEN moſt I winke then doe mine eyes beſt ſee,
For all the day they view things vnreſpected,
But when I ſleepe, in dreames they looke on thee,
And darkely bright, are bright in darke directed.
Then thou whoſe ſhaddow ſhaddowes doth make bright,
How would thy ſhadowes forme, forme happy ſhow,
To the cleere day with thy much cleerer light,
When to vn-ſeeing eyes thy ſhade ſhines ſo?
How would (I ſay) mine eyes be bleſſed made,
By looking on thee in the liuing day?
When in dead night their faire imperfect ſhade,
Through heauy ſleepe on ſightleſſe eyes doth ſtay?
All dayes are nights to ſee till I ſee thee,
And nights bright daies when dreams do ſhew thee me,

XLIV.

IF the dull ſubſtance of my fleſh were thought,
Iniurious diſtance ſhould not ſtop my way,
For then diſpight of ſpace I would be brought,
From limits farre remote, where thou dooſt ſtay,

No

No matter then although my foote did ſtand
Vpon the fartheſt earth remoou'd from thee,
For nimble thought can iumpe both ſea and land,
As ſoone as thinke the place where he would be.
But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought
To leape large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that ſo much of earth and water wrought,
I muſt attend, times leaſure with my mone.
Receiuing naughts by elements ſo ſloe,
But heauie teares, badges of eithers woe.

XLV.

THE other two, ſlight ayre, and purging fire,
Are both with thee, where euer I abide,
The firſt my thought, the other my deſire,
Theſe preſent abſent with ſwift motion ſlide,
For when theſe quicker elements are gone
In tender embaſſie of loue to thee,
My life being made of foure, with two alone,
Sinkes downe to death, oppreſt with melancholie.
Vntill liues compoſition be recured,
By thoſe ſwift meſſengers return'd from thee,
Who euen but now come back againe aſſured,
Of their faire health, recounting it to me.
This told, I ioy, but then no longer glad,
I ſend them back againe and ſtraight grow ſad.

XLVI.

MINE eye and heart are at a mortall warre,
How to deuide the conqueſt of thy ſight,
Mine eye, my heart their pictures ſight would barre,
My heart, mine eye the freedome of that right,

My heart doth plead that thou in him dooſt lye,
(A cloſet neuer pearſt with chriſtall eyes)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And ſayes in him their faire appearance lyes.
To ſide this title is impannelled
A queſt of thoughts, all tennants to the heart,
And by their verdict is determined
The cleere eyes moyitie, and the deare hearts part.
As thus, mine eyes due is their outward part,
And my hearts right, their inward loue of heart.

XLVII.

BETWIXT mine eye and heart a league is tooke,
And each doth good turnes now vnto the other,
When that mine eye is famiſht for a looke.
Or heart in loue with ſighes himſelfe doth ſmother;
With my loues picture then my eye doth feaſt,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
An other time mine eye is my hearts gueſt,
And in his thoughts of loue doth ſhare a part.
So either by thy picture or my loue,
Thy ſelfe away, are preſent ſtill with me,
For thou nor farther then my thoughts canſt moue,
And I am ſtill with them, and they with thee.
Or if they ſleepe, thy picture in my ſight
Awakes my heart, to hearts and eyes delight.

XLVIII.

HOW carefull was I when I tooke my way,
Each trifle vnder trueſt barres to thruſt,
That to my vſe it might vn-vſed ſtay
From hands of falſehood, in ſure wards of truſt?

But

But thou, to whom my iewels trifles are,
Moſt worthy comfort, now my greateſt griefe,
Thou beſt of deereſt, and mine onely care,
Art left the prey of euery vulgar theefe.
Thee haue I not lockt vp in any cheſt,
Saue where thou art not, though I feele thou art,
Within the gentle cloſure of my breſt,
From whence at pleaſure thou maiſt come and part,
And euen thence thou wilt be ſtolne I feare,
For truth proues theeuiſh for a prize ſo deare.

XLIX.

AGAINST that time (if euer that time come)
When I ſhall ſee thee frowne on my defects,
When as thy loue hath caſt his vtmoſt ſumme,
Cauld to that audite by aduis'd reſpects,
Againſt that time when thou ſhalt ſtrangely paſſe,
And ſcarcely greete me with that ſunne thine eye,
When loue conuerted from the thing it was
Shall reaſons finde of ſetled grauitie.
Againſt that time do I inſconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine owne deſart,
And this my hand, againſt my ſelfe vpreare,
To guard the lawfull reaſons on thy part,
To leaue poore me, thou haſt the ſtrength of lawes,
Since why to loue, I can alledge no cauſe.

L.

HOW heauie doe I iourney on the way,
When what I ſeeke (my wearie trauels end)
Doth teach that eaſe and that repoſe to ſay
Thus farre the miles are meaſurde from thy friend.

The beaſt that beares me, tired with my woe,
Plods duly on, to beare that waight in me,
As if by ſome inſtinct the wretch did know
His rider lou'd not ſpeed being made from thee:
The bloody ſpurre cannot prouoke him on,
That ſome-times anger thruſts into his hide,
Which heauily he anſwers with a grone,
More ſharpe to me then ſpurring to his ſide,
For that ſame grone doth put this in my mind,
My greefe lies onward and my ioy behind.

LI.

THUS can my loue excuſe the ſlow offence,
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I ſpeed,
From where thou art, why ſhould I haſt me thence,
Till I returne of poſting is noe need.
O what excuſe will my poore beaſt then find,
When ſwift extremity can ſeeme but ſlow,
Then ſhould I ſpurre though mounted on the wind,
In winged ſpeed no motion ſhall I know,
Then can no horſe with my deſire keepe pace,
Therefore deſire (of perfects loue being made)
Shall naigh noe dull fleſh in his fiery race,
But loue, for loue, thus ſhall excuſe my iade,
Since from thee going, he went wilfull ſlow,
Towards thee Ile run, and giue him leaue to goe.

LII.

SO am I as the rich whoſe bleſſed key,
Can bring him to his ſweet vp-locked treaſure,
The which he will not eu'ry hower ſuruay,
For blunting the fine point of ſeldome pleaſure.

Therefore

Therefore are feaſts ſo ſollemne and ſo rare,
Since ſildom comming in the long yeare ſet,
Like ſtones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captaine iewells in the carconet.
So is the time that keepes you as my cheſt,
Or as the ward-robe which the robe doth hide,
To make ſome ſpeciall inſtant ſpeciall bleſt,
By new vnfoulding his impriſon'd pride.
Bleſſed are you whoſe worthineſſe giues ſkope,
Being had to tryumph, being lackt to hope.

LIII.

WHAT is your ſubſtance, whereof are you made,
That millions of ſtrange ſhaddowes on you tend?
Since euery one, hath euery one, one ſhade,
And you but one, can euery ſhaddow lend:
Deſcribe *Adonis* and the counterfet,
Is poorely immitated after you,
On *Hellens* cheeke all art of beautie ſet,
And you in *Grecian* tires are painted new:
Speake of the ſpring, and foyzon of the yeare,
The one doth ſhaddow of your beautie ſhow,
The other as your bountie doth appeare,
And you in euery bleſſed ſhape we know.
In all externall grace you haue ſome part,
But you like none, none you for conſtant heart.

LIV.

OH how much more doth beautie beautious ſeeme,
By that ſweet ornament which truth doth giue,
The roſe lookes faire, but fairer we it deeme
For that ſweet odor, which doth in it liue:

The

The canker bloomes haue full as deepe a die.
As the perfumed tincture of the roſes,
Hang on ſuch thornes, and play as wantonly,
When ſommers breath their maſked buds diſcloſes:
But for their virtue only is their ſhow,
They liue vnwoo'd, and vnreſpected fade,
Die to themſelues. Sweet roſes doe not ſo,
Of their ſweet deathes, are ſweeteſt odors made:
And ſo of you, beautious and louely youth,
When that ſhall vade, by verſe diſtils your truth.

LV.

NOT marble, nor the guilded monument,
Of princes ſhall out-liue this powrefull rime,
But you ſhall ſhine more bright in theſe contents
Then vnſwept ſtone, beſmeer'd with ſluttiſh time.
When waſtefull warre ſhall ſtatues ouer-turne,
And broiles roote out the worke of maſonry,
Nor *Mars* his ſword, nor warres quick fire ſhall burne:
The liuing record of your memory.
Gainſt death, and all obliuious emnity
Shall you pace forth, your praiſe ſhall ſtil finde roome,
Euen in the eyes of all poſterity
That weare this world out to the ending doome.
So til the iudgement that your ſelfe ariſe,
You liue in this, and dwell in louers eies.

LVI.

SWEET loue renew thy force, be it not ſaid
Thy edge ſhould blunter be then apetite,
Which but too daie by feeding is alaied,
To morrow ſharpned in his former might.

So

So loue be thou, although too daie thou fill
Thy hungrie eies, euen till they winck with fulneſſe,
Too morrow ſee againe, and doe not kill
The ſpirit of loue, with a perpetual dulneſſe:
Let this ſaid intrim like the ocean be
Which parts the ſhore, where two contracted new,
Come daily to the banckes, that when they ſee:
Returne of loue, more bleſt may be the view.
As cal it winter, which being ful of care,
Makes ſõmers welcome, thrice more wiſh'd, more rare.

LVII.

BEING your ſlaue what ſhould I doe but tend,
Vpon the houres, and times of your deſire?
I haue no precious time at al to ſpend,
Nor ſeruices to doe til you require.
Nor dare I chide the world without end houre,
Whilſt I (my ſoueraine) watch the clock for you,
Nor thinke the bitterneſſe of abſence ſowre,
When you haue bid your ſeruant once adieue.
Nor dare I queſtion with my iealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affaires ſuppoſe,
But like a ſad ſlaue ſtay and thinke of nought
Saue where you are, how happy you make thoſe.
So true a foole is loue, that in your will,
(Though you doe any thing) he thinkes no ill.

LVIII.

THAT God forbid, that made me firſt your ſlaue,
I ſhould in thought controule your times of pleaſure,
Or at your hand th'account of houres to craue,
Being your vaſſail bound to ſtaie your leiſure.

Oh

Oh let me ſuffer (being at your beck)
Th'impriſon'd abſence of your libertie,
And patience tame, to ſufferance bide each check,
Without accuſing you of iniury.
Be where you liſt, your charter is ſo ſtrong,
That you your ſelfe may priuiledge your time
To what you will, to you it doth belong,
Your ſelfe to pardon of ſelfe-doing crime.
I am to waite, though waiting ſo be hell,
Not blame your pleaſure be it ill or well.

LIX.

IF their bee nothing new, but that which is,
Hath beene before, how are our braines beguild,
Which laboring for inuention beare amiſſe
The ſecond burthen of a former child?
Oh that record could with a back-ward looke,
Euen of fiue hundreth courſes of the ſunne,
Show me your image in ſome antique booke,
Since minde at firſt in carrecter was done.
That I might ſee what the old world could ſay,
To this compoſed wonder of your frame,
Whether we are mended, or where better they,
Or whether reuolution be the ſame.
Oh ſure I am the wits of former daies,
To ſubiects worſe haue giuen admiring praiſe.

LX.

LIKE as the waues make towards the pibled ſhore,
So do our minuites haſten to their end,
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In ſequent toile all forwards do contend.

Natiuity

Natiuity once in the maine of light,
Crawles to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipſes gainſt his glory fight,
And time that gaue, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfixe the floriſh ſet on youth,
And delues the paralels in beauties brow,
Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,
And nothing ſtands but for his ſieth to mow.
And yet to times in hope, my verſe ſhall ſtand
Praiſing thy worth, diſpight his cruell hand.

LXI.

IS it thy wil, thy image ſhould keepe open
My heauy eielids to the weary night?
Doſt thou deſire my ſlumbers ſhould be broken,
While ſhadowes like to thee do mocke my ſight?
Is it thy ſpirit that thou ſend'ſt from thee
So farre from home into my deeds to prye,
To find out ſhames and idle houres in me,
The ſkope and tenure of thy ielouſie?
O no, thy loue though much, is not ſo great,
It is my loue that keepes mine eie awake,
Mine owne true loue that doth my reſt defeat,
To plaie the watch-man euer for thy ſake.
For thee watch I, whilſt thou doſt wake elſewhere,
From me farre of, with others all to neere.

LXII.

SINNE of ſelfe-loue poſſeſſeth al mine eie,
And all my ſoule, and al my euery part;
And for this ſinne there is no remedie,
It is ſo grounded inward in my heart.

Me thinkes no face ſo gratious is as mine,
No ſhape ſo true, no truth of ſuch account,
And for my ſelfe mine owne worth do define,
As I all other in all worths ſurmount.
But when my glaſſe ſhewes me my ſelfe indeed
Beated and chopt with tand antiquitie,
Mine owne ſelfe loue quite contrary I read
Selfe, ſo ſelfe louing were iniquity,
Tis thee (my ſelfe) that for my ſelfe I praiſe,
Painting my age with beauty of thy daies.

LXIII.

AGAINST my loue ſhall be as I am now
With times iniurious hand chruſht and ore-worne,
When houres haue dreind his blood and fild his brow
With lines and wrincles, when his youthfull morne
Hath trauaild on to ages ſteepie night,
And all thoſe beauties whereof now he's king
Are vaniſhing, or vaniſht out of ſight,
Stealing away the treaſure of his ſpring.
For ſuch a time do I now fortifie
Againſt confounding ages cruell knife,
That he ſhall neuer cut from memory
My ſweet loues beauty, though my louers life.
His beautie ſhall in theſe blacke lines be ſeene,
And they ſhall liue, and he in them ſtill greene.

LXIV.

WHEN I haue ſeene by times fell hand defaced
The rich proud coſt of outworne buried age,
When ſometime loftie towers I ſee downe raſed,
And braſſe eternall ſlaue to mortall rage.

When

When I haue ſeene the hungry ocean gaine
Aduantage on the kingdome of the ſhoare,
And the firme ſoile win of the watry maine,
Increaſing ſtore with loſſe, and loſſe with ſtore.
When I haue ſeene ſuch interchange of ſtate,
Or ſtate it ſelfe confounded, to decay,
Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminate
That time will come and take my loue away.
This thought is as a death which cannot chooſe
But weepe to haue, that which it feares to looſe.

LXV.

SINCE braſſe, nor ſtone, nor earth, nor boundleſſe ſea,
But ſad mortallity ore-ſwaies their power,
How with this rage ſhall beautie hold a plea,
Whoſe action is no ſtronger then a flower?
O how ſhall ſummers hunny breath hold out,
Againſt the wrackfull ſiedge of battring dayes,
When rocks impregnable are not ſo ſtoute,
Nor gates of ſteele ſo ſtrong but time decayes?
O fearefull meditation, where alack,
Shall times beſt iewell from times cheſt lie hid?
Or what ſtrong hand can hold his ſwift foote back,
Or who his ſpoile or beautie can forbid?
O none, vnleſſe this miracle haue might,
That in black inck my loue may ſtill ſhine bright.

LXVI.

TYR'D with all theſe for reſtfull death I cry,
As to behold deſert a begger borne,
And needie nothing trimd in iollitie,
And pureſt faith vnhappily forſworne,

And gilded honor ſhamefully miſplaſt,
And maiden vertue rudely ſtrumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully diſgrac'd,
And ſtrength by limping ſway diſabled,
And arte made tung tide by authoritie,
And folly (doctor-like) controuling ſkill,
And ſimple-truth miſcalde ſimplicitie,
And captiue-good attending captaine ill.
Tyr'd with all theſe, from theſe would I be gone,
Saue that to dye, I leaue my loue alone.

LXVII.

AH wherefore with infection ſhould he liue,
And with his preſence grace impietie,
That ſinne by him aduantage ſhould atchiue,
And lace it ſelfe with his ſocietie?
Why ſhould falſe painting immitate his cheeke,
And ſteale dead ſeeing of his liuing hew?
Why ſhould poore beautie indirectly ſeeke,
Roſes of ſhaddow, ſince his roſe is true?
Why ſhould he liue, now nature banckrout is,
Beggerd of blood to bluſh through liuely vaines,
For ſhe hath no exchecker now but his,
And proud of many, liues vpon his gaines?
O him ſhe ſtores, to ſhow what welth ſhe had,
In daies long ſince, before theſe laſt ſo bad.

LXVIII.

THUS is his cheeke the map of daies out-worne,
When beauty liu'd and dy'ed as flowers do now,
Before theſe baſtard ſignes of faire were borne,
Or durſt inhabit on a liuing brow:

Before

Before the goulden treſſes of the dead,
The right of ſepulchers, were ſhorne away,
To liue a ſcond life on ſecond head,
Ere beauties dead fleece made another gay :
In him thoſe holy antique howers are ſeene,
Without all ornament, it ſelfe and true,
Making no ſummer of an others greene,
Robbing no ould to dreſſe his beauty new,
And him as for a map doth nature ſtore,
To ſhew faulſe art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

THOSE parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend :
All toungs (the voice of ſoules) giue thee that end,
Vttring bare truth, euen ſo as foes commend.
Their outward thus with outward praiſe is crownd,
But thoſe ſame toungs that giue thee ſo thine owne,
In other accents doe this praiſe confound
By ſeeing farther then the eye hath ſhowne.
They looke into the beauty of thy mind,
And that in gueſſe they meaſure by thy deeds,
Then churls their thoughts (although their eies were kind)
To thy faire flower ad the rancke ſmell of weeds,
But why thy odor matcheth not thy ſhow,
The ſolye is this, that thou doeſt common grow.

LXX.

THAT thou art blam'd ſhall not be thy defect,
For ſlanders marke was euer yet the faire,
The ornament of beauty is ſuſpect,
A crow that flies in heauens ſweeteſt ayre.

So thou be good, ſlander doth but approue,
Their worth the greater beeing woo'd of time,
For canker vice the ſweeteſt buds doth loue,
And thou preſent'ſt a pure vnſtayined prime.
Thou haſt paſt by the ambuſh of young daies,
Either not aſſayld, or victor beeing charg'd,
Yet this thy praiſe cannot be ſoe thy praiſe,
To tye vp enuy, euermore inlarged,
If ſome ſuſpect of ill maſkt not thy ſhow,
Then thou alone kingdomes of hearts ſhouldſt owe.

LXXI.

NOE longer mourne for me when I am dead,
Then you ſhall heare the ſurly ſullen bell
Giue warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world with vildeſt wormes to dwell :
Nay if you read this line, remember not,
The hand that writ it, for I loue you ſo,
That I in your ſweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then ſhould make you woe.
O if (I ſay) you looke vpon this verſe,
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
Do not ſo much as my poore name reherſe ;
But let your loue euen with my life decay.
Leaſt the wiſe world ſhould looke into your mone,
And mocke you with me after I am gon.

LXXII.

O Leaſt the world ſhould taſke you to recite.
What merit liu'd in me that you ſhould loue
After my death (deare lone) for get me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy proue.

Vnleſſe

Vnleſſe you would deuiſe ſome vertuous lye,
To doe more for me then mine owne deſert,
And hang more praiſe vpon deceaſed I,
Then nigard truth would willingly impart :
O leaſt your true loue may ſeeme falce in this,
That you for loue ſpeake well of me vntrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And liue no more to ſhame nor me, nor you.
For I am ſhamd by that which I bring forth,
And ſo ſhould you, to loue things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

THAT time of yeeare thou maiſt in me behold,
When yellow leaues, or none, or few doe hange
Vpon thoſe boughes which ſhake againſt the could,
Bare rn'wd quiers, where late the ſweet birds ſang.
In me thou ſeeſt the twi-light of ſuch day,
As after ſun-ſet fadeth in the weſt,
Which by and by blacke night doth take away,
Deaths ſecond ſelfe that ſeals vp all in reſt.
In me thou ſeeſt the glowing of ſuch fire,
That on the aſhes of his youth doth lye,
As the death bed, whereon it muſt expire,
Conſum'd with that which it was nurriſht by.
This thou perceu'ſt, which makes thy loue more ſtrong,
To loue that well, which thou muſt leaue ere long.

LXXIV.

BVT be contented when that fell areſt,
With out all bayle ſhall carry me away,
My life hath in this line ſome intereſt,
Which for memoriall ſtill with thee ſhall ſtay.

When thou reueweſt this, thou doſt reuew,
The very part was conſecrate to thee,
The earth can haue but earth, which is his due,
My ſpirit is thine the better part of me,
So then thou haſt but loſt the dregs of life,
The pray of wormes, my body being dead,
The coward conqueſt of a wretches knife,
To baſe of thee to be remembred,
The worth of that, is that which it containes,
And that is this, and this with thee remaines.

LXXV.

SO are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as ſweet ſeaſon'd ſhewers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold ſuch ſtrife,
As twixt a miſer and his wealth his found.
Now proud as an inioyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will ſteale his treaſure,
Now counting beſt to be with you alone,
Then betterd that the world may ſee my pleaſure,
Some-time all ful with feaſting on your ſight,
And by and by cleane ſtarued for a looke,
Poſſeſſing or purſuing no delight
Saue what is had, or muſt from you be tooke.
Thus do I pine and ſurfet day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

WHY is my verſe ſo barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quicke change?
Why with the time do I not glance aſide
To new found methods, and to compounds ſtrange?

Why

Why write I ſtill all one, euer the ſame,
And keepe inuention in a noted weed,
That euery word doth almoſt fel my name,
Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O know ſweet loue I alwaies write of you,
And you and loue are ſtill my argument:
So all my beſt is dreſſing old words new,
Spending againe what is already ſpent:
For as the ſun is daily new and old,
So is my loue ſtill telling what is told.

LXXVII.

THY glaſſe will ſhew thee how thy beauties were,
Thy dyall how thy pretious mynuits waſte,
The vacant leaues thy mindes imprint will beare,
And of this booke, this learning maiſt thou taſte.
The wrinckles which thy glaſſe will truly ſhow,
Of mouthed graues will giue thee memorie,
Thou by thy dyals ſhady ſtealth maiſt know,
Times theeuiſh progreſſe to eternitie.
Looke what thy memorie cannot containe,
Commit to theſe waſte blacks, and thou ſhalt finde
Thoſe children nurſt, deliuerd from thy braine,
To take a new acquaintance of thy minde.
Theſe offices, ſo oft as thou wilt looke,
Shall profit thee, and much inrich thy booke.

LXXVIII.

SO oft haue I inuok'd thee for my muſe,
And found ſuch faire aſſiſtance in my verſe,
As euery alien pen hath got my vſe,
And vnder thee their poeſie diſperſe.

Thine eyes, that taught the dumbe on high to ſing,
And heauie ignorance aloft to flie,
Haue added fethers to the learneds wing,
And giuen grace a double maieſtie.
Yet be moſt proud of that which I compile,
Whoſe influence is thine, and borne of thee,
In others workes thou dooſt but mend the ſtile,
And arts with thy ſweete graces graced be.
But thou art all my art, and dooſt aduance
As high as learning, my rude ignorance,

LXXIX.

WHILST I alone did call vpon thy ayde,
My verſe alone had all thy gentle grace,
But now my gracious numbers are decayde,
And my ſick muſe doth giue an other place.
I grant (ſweet loue) thy louely argument
Deſerues the trauaile of a worthier pen,
Yet what of thee thy poet doth inuent,
He robs thee of, and payes it thee againe,
He lends thee vertue, and he ſtole that word,
From thy behauiour, beautie doth he giue,
And found it in thy cheeke: he can affoord
No praiſe to thee, but what in thee doth liue.
Then thanke him not for that which he doth ſay,
Since what he owes thee, thou thy ſelfe dooſt pay,

LXXX.

OH how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better ſpirit doth vſe your name,
And in the praiſe thereof ſpends all his might,
To make me toung-tide ſpeaking of your fame.

But

But ſince your worth (wide as the ocean is)
The humble as the proudeſt ſaile doth beare,
My ſawſie barke (inferior farre to his)
On your broad maine doth wilfully appeare.
Your ſhalloweſt helpe will hold me vp a floate,
Whilſt he vpon your ſoundleſſe deepe doth ride,
Or (being wrackt) I am a worthleſſe bote,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride.
Then if he thriue and I be caſt away,
The worſt was this, my loue was my decay.

LXXXI.

OR I ſhall liue your epitaph to make,
Or you ſuruiue when I in earth am rotten,
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortall life ſhall haue,
Though I (once gone) to all the world muſt dye,
The earth can yeeld me but a common graue,
When you intombed in mens eyes ſhall lye,
Your monument ſhall be my gentle verſe,
Which eyes not yet created ſhall ore-read,
And toungs to be, your beeing ſhall rehearſe,
When all the breathers of this world are dead,
You ſtill ſhall liue (ſuch vertue hath my pen)
Where breath moſt breaths, euen in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I Grant thou wert not married to my muſe,
And therefore maieſt without attaint ore-looke
The dedicated words which writers vſe
Of their faire ſubiect, bleſſing euery booke.

Thou art as faire in knowledge as in hew,
Finding thy worth a limmit paſt my praiſe,
And therefore art inforc'd to ſeeke anew,
Some freſher ſtampe of the time bettering dayes.
And do ſo loue, yet when they haue deuiſde,
What ſtrained touches rhethorick can lend,
Thou truly faire, wert truly ſimpathizde,
In true plaine words, by thy true telling friend.
And their groſſe painting might be better vs'd,
Where cheekes need blood, in thee it is abuſ'd.

LXXXIII.

I Neuer ſaw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your faire no painting ſet,
I found (or thought I found) you did exceed,
The barren tender of a poets debt;
And therefore haue I ſlept in your report,
That you your ſelfe being extant well might ſhow,
How farre a moderne quill doth come to ſhort,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow,
This ſilence for my ſinne you did impute,
Which ſhall be moſt my glory being dombe,
For I impaire not beautie being mute,
When others would giue life, and bring a tombe.
There liues more life in one of your faire eyes,
Then both your poets can in praiſe deuiſe.

LXXXIV.

WHO is it that ſayes moſt, which can ſay more,
Then this rich praiſe, that you alone, are you,
In whoſe confine immured is the ſtore,
Which ſhould example where your equall grew,

Leane

Leane penurie within that pen doth dwell,
That to his ſubiect lends not ſome ſmall glory,
But he that writes of you, if he can tell,
That you are you, ſo dignifies his ſtory.
Let him but coppy what in you is writ,
Not making worſe what nature made ſo cleere,
And ſuch a counter-part ſhall fame his wit,
Making his ſtile admired euery where.
You to your beautious bleſſings adde a curſe,
Being fond on praiſe, which makes your praiſes worſe.

LXXXV.

MY toung-tide muſe in manners holds her ſtill,
While comments of your praiſe richly compil'd,
Reſerue their character with goulden quill,
And precious phraſe by all the muſes fil'd.
I thinke good thoughts, whilſt other write good wordes,
And like vnlettered clarke ſtill crie amen,
To euery himne that able ſpirit affords,
In polliſht forme of well refined pen.
Hearing you praiſd, I ſay 'tis ſo, 'tis true,
And to the moſt of praiſe adde ſome-thing more,
But that is in my thought, whoſe loue to you
(Though words come hind-moſt) holds his ranke before.
Then others, for the breath of words reſpect,
Me for my dombe thoughts, ſpeaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

WAS it the proud full ſaile of his great verſe,
Bound for the prize of (all to precious) you
That did my ripe thoughts in my braine inhearce,
Making their tombe the wombe wherein they grew?

Was

Was it his ſpirit, by ſpirits taught to write,
Aboue a mortall pitch, that ſtruck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compiers by night
Giuing him ayde, my verſe aſtoniſhed.
He nor that affable familiar ghoſt
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my ſilence cannot boaſt,
I was not ſick of any feare from thence.
But when your countinance fild vp his line,
Then lackt I matter, that infeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

FArewell thou art too deare for my poſſeſſing,
And like enough thou knowſt thy eſtimate,
The charter of thy worth giues thee releaſing:
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,
And for that ritches where is my deſeruing?
The cauſe of this faire guift in me is wanting,
And ſo my pattent back againe is ſweruing.
Thy ſelfe thou gau'ſt, thy owne worth then not knowing,
Or mee to whom thou gau'ſt it, elſe miſtaking,
So thy great guift vpon miſpriſion growing,
Comes home againe, on better iudgement making.
Thus haue I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,
In ſleepe a king, but waking no ſuch matter.

LXXXVIII.

WHEN thou ſhalt be diſpoſde to ſet me light,
And place my merrit in the eie of ſkorne,
Vpon thy ſide, againſt my ſelfe Ile fight,
And proue thee virtuous, though thou art forſworne:

With

With mine owne weakeneſſe being beſt acquainted,
Vpon thy part I can ſet downe a ſtory
Of faults conceald, wherein I am attainted:
That thou in looſing me ſhall win much glory.
And I by this wil be a gainer too,
For bending all my louing thoughts on thee,
The iniuries that to my ſelfe I doe,
Doing thee vantage, duble vantage me.
Such is my loue, to thee I ſo belong,
That for thy right, my ſelfe will beare all wrong.

LXXXIX.

SAY that thou didſt forſake mee for ſome falt,
And I will comment vpon that offence,
Speake of my lameneſſe, and I ſtraight will halt:
Againſt thy reaſons making no defence.
Thou canſt not (loue) diſgrace me halfe ſo ill,
To ſet a forme vpon deſired change,
As Ile my ſelfe diſgrace, knowing thy wil,
I will acquaintance ſtrangle and looke ſtrange:
Be abſent from thy walkes and in my tongue,
Thy ſweet beloued name no more ſhall dwell,
Leaſt I (too much prophane) ſhould do it wronge:
And haplie of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, againſt my ſelfe Ile vow debate,
For I muſt nere loue him whom thou doſt hate.

XC.

THEN hate me when thou wilt, if euer, now,
Now while the world is bent my deeds to croſſe,
Ioyne with the ſpight of fortune, make me bow,
And doe not drop in for an after loſſe:

Ah

Ah doe not, when my heart hath ſcapte this ſorrow,
Come in the rereward of a conquerd woe,
Giue not a windy night a rainie morrow,
To linger out a purpoſd ouer-throw.
If thou wilt leaue me, do not leaue me laſt,
When other pettie griefes haue done their ſpight,
But in the onſet come, ſo ſhall I taſte
At firſt the very worſt of fortunes might.
And other ſtraines of woe, which now ſeeme woe,
Compar'd with loſſe of thee, will not ſeeme ſo.

XCI.

SOME glory in their birth, ſome in their ſkill,
Some in their wealth, ſome in their bodies force,
Some in their garments though new-fangled ill:
Some in their hawkes and hounds, ſome in their horſe.
And euery humor hath his adiunct pleaſure,
Wherein it findes a ioy aboue the reſt,
But theſe perticulers are not my meaſure,
All theſe I better in one generall beſt.
Thy loue is bitter then high birth to me,
Richer then wealth, prouder then garments coſt,
Of more delight then hawkes or horſes bee:
And hauing thee, of all mens pride I boaſt.
Wretched in this alone, that thou maiſt take,
All this away, and me moſt wretched make.

XCII.

BVT doe thy worſt to ſteale thy ſelfe away,
For tearme of life thou art aſſured mine,
And life no longer then thy loue will ſtay,
For it depends vpon that loue of thine.

Then

Then need I not to feare the worſt of wrongs,
When in the leaſt of them my life hath end,
I ſee, a better ſtate to me belongs
Then that, which on thy humor doth depend.
Thou canſt not vex me with inconſtant minde,
Since that my life on thy reuolt doth lie,
Oh what a happy title do I finde,
Happy to haue thy loue, happy to die!
But whats ſo bleſſed faire that feares no blot,
Thou maiſt be falce, and yet I know it not.

XCIII.

SO ſhall I liue, ſuppoſing thou art true,
Like a deceiued huſband, ſo loues face,
May ſtill ſeeme loue to me, though alter'd new:
Thy lookes with me, thy heart in other place.
For their can liue no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,
In manies lookes, the falce hearts hiſtory
Is writ in moods and frounes and wrinckles ſtrange.
But heauen in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face ſweet loue ſhould euer dwell,
What ere thy thoughts, or thy hearts workings be,
Thy lookes ſhould nothing thence, but ſweetneſſe tell.
How like *Eaues* apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy ſweet vertue anſwere not thy ſhow.

XCIV.

THEY that haue powre to hurt, and will doe none,
That doe not do the thing, they moſt do ſhowe,
Who mouing others, are themſelues as ſtone,
Vnmooued, could, and to temptation ſlow:

They

They rightly do inherrit heauens graces,
And huſband natures ritches from expence,
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others, but ſtewards of their excellence:
The ſommers flowre is to the ſommer ſweet,
Though to it ſelfe, it onely liue and die,
But if that flowre with baſe infection meete,
The baſeſt weed out-braues his dignity:
For ſweeteſt things turne ſowreſt by their deedes,
Lillies that feſter, ſmell far worſe then weeds.

XCV.

HOW ſweet and louely doſt thou make the ſhame,
Which like a canker in the fragrant roſe,
Doth ſpot the beautie of thy budding name?
Oh in what ſweets doeſt thou thy ſinnes incloſe!
That tongue that tells the ſtory of thy daies,
(Making laſciuious comments on thy ſport)
Cannot diſpraiſe, but in a kinde of praiſe,
Naming thy name, bleſſes an ill report.
Oh what a manſion haue thoſe vices got,
Which for their habitation choſe out thee,
Where beauties vaile doth couer euery blot,
And all things turnes to faire, that eies can ſee!
Take heed (deare heart) of this large priuiledge,
The hardeſt knife ill vs'd doth looſe his edge.

XCVI.

SOME ſay thy fault is youth, ſome wantoneſſe,
Some ſay thy grace is youth and gentle ſport,
Both grace and faults are lou'd of more and leſſe:
Thou makſt faults graces, that to thee reſort:

As

As on the finger of a throned queene,
The baſeſt iewell wil be well eſteem'd:
So are thoſe errors that in thee are ſeene,
To truths tranſlated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the ſterne wolfe betray,
If like a lambe he could his lookes tranſlate.
How many gazers mighſt thou lead away,
If thou wouldſt vſe the ſtrength of all thy ſtate?
But doe not ſo, I loue thee in ſuch ſort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

HOW like a winter hath my abſence beene
From thee, the pleaſure of the fleeting yeare?
What freezings haue I felt, what darke daies ſeene?
What old Decembers bareneſſe euery where?
And yet this time remou'd was ſommers time,
The teeming autumne big with ritch increaſe,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widdowed wombes after their lords deceaſe:
Yet this aboundant iſſue ſeem'd to me,
But hope of orphans, and vn-fathered fruite,
For ſommer and his pleaſures waite on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute.
Or if they ſing, tis with ſo dull a cheere,
That leaues looke pale, dreading the winters neere.

XCVIII.

FROM you haue I beene abſent in the ſpring,
When proud pide Aprill (dreſt in all his trim)
Hath put a ſpirit of youth in euery thing:
That heauie *Saturne* laught and leapt with him.

Yet

Yet nor the laies of birds, nor the ſweet ſmell
Of different flowers in odor and in hew,
Could make me any ſummers ſtory tell:
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lillies white,
Nor praiſe the deepe vermillion in the roſe,
They weare but ſweet, but figures of delight:
Drawne after you, you patterne of all thoſe.
Yet ſeem'd it winter ſtill, and you away,
As with your ſhaddow I with theſe did play.

XCIX.

THE forward violet thus did I chide,
Sweet theefe whence didſt thou ſteale thy ſweet that ſmels
If not from my loues breath, the purple pride,
Which on thy ſoft cheeke for complexion dwells?
In my loues veines thou haſt too groſely died,
The lillie I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marierom had ſtolne thy haire,
The roſes fearefully on thornes did ſtand,
Our bluſhing ſhame, an other white diſpaire:
A third nor red, nor white, had ſtolne of both,
And to his robbry had annext thy breath,
But for his theft in pride of all his growth
A vengfull canker eate him vp to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could ſee,
But ſweet, or culler it had ſtolne from thee.

C.

WHERE art thou muſe that thou forgetſt ſo long,
To ſpeake of that which giues thee all thy might?
Spendſt thou thy furie on ſome worthleſſe ſonge,
Darkning thy powre to lend baſe ſubiects light.

Returne

Returne forgetfull muſe, and ſtraight redeeme,
In gentle numbers time ſo idely ſpent,
Sing to the eare that doth thy laies eſteeme,
And giues thy pen both ſkill and argument.
Riſe reſty muſe, my loues ſweet face ſuruay,
If time haue any wrincle grauen there,
If any, be a ſatire to decay,
And make times ſpoiles diſpiſed euery where.
Giue my loue fame faſter then time waſts life,
So thou preuenſt his ſieth, and crooked knife.

CI.

O H truant muſe what ſhal be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty di'd?
Both truth and beauty on my loue depends:
So doſt thou too, and therein dignifi'd:
Make anſwere muſe, wilt thou not haply ſaie,
Truth needs no collour with his collour fixt,
Beautie no penſell, beauties truth to lay:
But beſt is beſt, if neuer intermixt.
Becauſe he needs no praiſe, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuſe not ſilence ſo, for't lies in thee,
To make him much out-liue a gilded tombe:
And to be praiſd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office muſe, I teach thee how,
To make him ſeeme long hence, as he ſhowes now.

CII.

M Y loue is ſtrengthned though more weake in ſeeming
I loue not leſſe, thogh leſſe the ſhow appeare,
That loue is marchandiz'd, whoſe ritch eſteeming,
The owners tongue doth publiſh euery where.

Our loue was new, and then but in the ſpring,
When I was wont to greet it with my laies,
As *Philomell* in ſummers front doth ſinge,
And ſtops his pipe in growth of riper daies:
Not that the ſummer is leſſe pleaſant now
Then when her mournefull himns did huſh the night,
But that wild muſick burthens euery bow,
And ſweets growne common looſe their deare delight.
Therefore like her, I ſome-time hold my tongue:
Becauſe I would not dull you with my ſonge.

CIII.

ALACK what pouerty my muſe brings forth,
That hauing ſuch a-ſkope to ſhow her pride,
The argument all bare is of more worth
Then when it hath my added praiſe beſide.
Oh blame me not if I no more can write!
Looke in your glaſſe and there appeares a face,
That ouer-goes my blunt inuention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me diſgrace.
Were it not ſinfull then ſtriuing to mend,
To marre the ſubiect that before was well,
For to no other paſſe my verſes tend,
Then of your graces and your gifts to tell.
And more, much more then in my verſe can ſit,
Your owne glaſſe ſhowes you, when you looke in it.

CIV.

TO me, faire friend you neuer can be old,
For as you were when firſt your eye I eyde,
Such ſeemes your beautie ſtill: three winters colde,
Haue from the forreſts ſhooke three ſummers pride,

Three

Three beautious ſprings to yellow autumne turn'd,
In proceſſe of the ſeaſons haue I ſeene,
Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,
Since firſt I ſaw you freſh which yet are greene.
Ah yet doth beauty like a dyall hand,
Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiu'd,
So your ſweete hew, which me thinkes ſtill doth ſtand
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceaued.
For feare of which, heare this thou age vnbred,
Ere you were borne was beauties ſummer dead.

CV.

LET not my loue be cal'd idolatrie,
Nor my beloued as an idoll ſhow,
Since all alike my ſongs and praiſes be
To one, of one, ſtill ſuch, and euer ſo.
Kinde is my loue to day, to morrow kinde,
Still conſtant in a wondrous excellence,
Therefore my verſe to conſtancie confin'de,
One thing expreſſing, leaues out difference.
Faire, kinde, and true, is all my argument,
Faire, kinde, and true, varrying to other words,
And in this change is my inuention ſpent,
Three theams in one, which wondrous ſcope affords.
Faire, kinde, and true, haue often liu'd alone.
Which three till now, neuer kept ſeate in one.

CVI.

WHEN in the chronicle of waſted time,
I ſee diſcriptions of the faireſt wights,
And beautie making beautifull old rime,
In praiſe of ladies dead, and louely knights.

Then in the blazon of ſweet beauties beſt,
Of hand, of foote, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I ſee their antique pen would haue expreſt,
Euen ſuch a beauty as you maiſter now.
So all their praiſes are but propheſies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring,
And for they look'd but with deuining eyes,
They had not ſtill enough your worth to ſing:
For we which now behold theſe preſent dayes,
Haue eyes to wonder, but lack toungs to praiſe.

CVII.

NOT mine owne feares, nor the prophetick ſoule,
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the leaſe of my true loue controule,
Suppoſde as forfeit to a confin'd doome.
The mortall moone hath her eclipſe indur'de,
And the ſad augurs mock their owne preſage,
Incertenties now crowne them-ſelues aſſur'de,
And peace proclaimes oliues of endleſſe age,
Now with the drops of this moſt balmie time,
My loue lookes freſh, and death to me ſubſcribes,
Since ſpight of him Ile liue in this poore rime,
While he inſults ore dull and ſpeachleſſe tribes.
And thou in this ſhalt finde thy monument,
When tyrants creſts and tombs of braſſe are ſpent.

CVIII.

WHAT's in the braine that inck may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true ſpirit,
What's new to ſpeake, what now to regiſter,
That may expreſſe my loue, or thy deare merit?

Nothing

Nothing ſweet boy, but yet like prayers diuine,
I muſt each day ſay ore the very ſame,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Euen as when firſt I hallowed thy faire name.
So that eternall loue in loues freſh caſe,
Waighes not the duſt and iniury of age,
Nor giues to neceſſary wrinckles place,
But makes antiquitie for aye his page,
Finding the firſt conceit of loue there bred,
Where time and outward forme would ſhew it dead.

CIX.

O Neuer ſay that I was falſe of heart,
Though abſence ſeem'd my flame to quallifie,
As eaſie might I from my ſelfe depart,
As from my ſoule which in thy breſt doth lye:
That is my home of loue, if I haue rang'd,
Like him that trauels I returne againe,
Iuſt to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
So that my ſelfe bring water for my ſtaine,
Neuer beleeue though in my nature raign'd,
All frailties that beſiege all kindes of blood,
That it could ſo prepoſterouſlie be ſtain'd,
To leaue for nothing all thy ſumme of good:
For nothing this wide vniuerſe I call,
Saue thou my roſe, in it thou art my all.

CX.

ALAS 'tis true, I haue gone here and there,
And made my ſelfe a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine owne thoughts, ſold cheap what is moſt deare,
Made old offences of affections new.

Moſt true it is, that I haue lookt on truth
Aſconce and ſtrangely: but by all aboue,
Theſe blenches gaue my heart an other youth,
And worſe eſſaies prou'd thee my beſt of loue,
Now all is done, haue what ſhall haue no end,
Mine appetite I neuer more will grin'de
On newer proofe, to trie an older friend,
A God in loue, to whom I am confin'd.
Then giue me welcome, next my heauen the beſt,
Euen to thy pure and moſt moſt louing breſt.

CXI.

O For my ſake doe you wiſh fortune chide,
The guiltie goddeſſe of my harmfull deeds,
That did not better for my life prouide,
Then publick meanes which publick manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receiues a brand,
And almoſt thence my nature is ſubdu'd
To what it workes in, like the dyers hand,
Pitty me then, and wiſh I were renu'de,
Whilſt like a willing pacient I will drinke,
Potions of eyſell gainſt my ſtrong infection,
No bitterneſſe that I will bitter thinke,
Nor double pennance to correct cõrrection.
Pittie me then deare friend, and I aſſure yee,
Euen that your pittie is enough to cure mee.

CXII.

YOUR loue and pittie doth th'impreſſion fill,
Which vulgar ſcandall ſtampt vpon my brow,
For what care I who calles me well or ill,
So you o're-greene my bad, my good alow?

You

You are my all the world, and I muſt ſtriue,
To know my ſhames and praiſes from your tounge,
None elſe to me, nor I to none aliue,
That my ſteel'd ſence or changes right or wrong,
In ſo profound abiſme I throw all care
Of others voyces, that my adders ſence,
To cryttick and to flatterer ſtopped are :
Marke how with my neglect I doe diſpence.
You are ſo ſtrongly in my purpoſe bred,
That all the world beſides me thinkes y'are dead.

CXIII.

SINCE I left you, mine eye is in my minde,
And that which gouernes me to goe about,
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seemes ſeeing, but effectually is out :
For it no forme deliuers to the heart
Of bird, of flowre, or ſhape which it doth lack,
Of his quick obiects hath the minde no part,
Nor his owne viſion houlds what it doth catch :
For if it ſee the rud'ſt or gentleſt ſight,
The moſt ſweet-fauor or deformedſt creature,
The mountaine, or the ſea, the day, or night :
The croe, or doue, it ſhapes them to your feature.
Incapable of more repleat, with you,
My moſt true minde thus maketh mine vntrue.

CXIV.

OR whether doth my minde being crown'd with you
Drinke vp the monarks plague this flattery ?
Or whether ſhall I ſay mine eie ſaith true,
And that your loue taught it this alcumie ?

To make of monſters, and things indigeſt,
Such cherubines as your ſweet ſelfe reſemble,
Creating euery bad a perfect beſt
As faſt as obiects to his beames aſſemble:
Oh tis the firſt, tis flatry in my ſeeing,
And my great minde moſt kingly drinkes it vp,
Mine eie well knowes what with his guſt is greeing,
And to his pallat doth prepare the cup.
If it be poiſon'd, tis the leſſer ſinne,
That mine eye loues it and doth firſt beginne.

CXV.

THOSE lines that I before haue writ doe lie,
Euen thoſe that ſaid I could not loue you deerer,
Yet then my iudgement knew no reaſon why,
My moſt full flame ſhould afterwards burne cleerer.
But reckening time, whoſe milliond accidents
Creepe in twixt vowes, and change decrees of kings,
Tan ſacred beautie, blunt the ſharp'ſt intents,
Diuert ſtrong minds to th'courſe of altring things:
Alas why fearing of times tiranie,
Might I not then ſay now I loue you beſt,
When I was certaine ore in-certainty,
Crowning the preſent, doubting of the reſt.
Loue is a babe, then might I not ſay ſo
To giue full growth to that which ſtill doth grow.

CXVI.

LET me not to the marriage of true mindes
Admit impediments, loue is not loue
Which alters when it alteration findes,
Or bends with the remouer to remoue.

O no,

O no, it is an euer fixed marke
That lookes on tempeſts and is neuer ſhaken;
It is the ſtar to euery wandring barke,
Whoſe worths vnknowne, although his higth be taken,
Lou's not times foole, though roſie lips and cheeks
Within his bending ſickles compaſſe come,
Loue alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,
But beares it out euen to the edge of doome:
If this be error and vpon me proued,
I neuer writ, nor no man euer loued.

CXVII.

ACCUSE me thus, that I haue ſcanted all,
Wherein I ſhould your great deſerts repay,
Forgot vpon your deareſt loue to call,
Whereto al bonds do tie me day by day,
That I haue frequent binne with vnknown mindes,
And giuen to time your owne deare purchas'd right,
That I haue hoyſted ſaile to al the windes
Which ſhould tranſport me fartheſt from your ſight.
Booke both my wilfulneſſe and errors downe,
And on iuſt proofe ſurmiſe, accumilate,
Bring me within the leuel of your frowne,
But ſhoote not at me in your wakened hate:
Since my appeale ſaies I did ſtriue to prooue
The conſtancy and virtue of your loue.

CXVIII.

LIKE as to make our appetites more keene
With eager compounds we our pallat vrge,
As to preuent our malladies vnſeene,
We ſicken to ſhun ſickneſſe when we purge.

Euen

Euen ſo being full of your nere cloying ſweetneſſe,
To bitter ſawces did I frame my feeding ;
And ſicke of wel-fare found a kind of meetneſſe,
To be diſeas'd ere that there was true needing.
Thus pollicie in loue t'anticipate
The ills that were, not grew to faults aſſured,
And brought to medicine a healthfull ſtate
Which rancke of goodneſſe would by ill be cured.
But thence I learne and find the leſſon true,
Drugs poyſon him that ſo fell ſicke of you.

CXIX.

WHAT potions haue I drunke of *Syren* teares
Diſtil'd from lymbecks foule as hell within,
Applying feares to hopes, and hopes to feares,
Still looſing when I ſaw my ſelfe to win ?
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilſt it hath thought it ſelfe ſo bleſſed neuer ?
How haue mine eies out of their ſpheares bene fitted
In the diſtraction of this madding feuer ?
O benefit of ill, now I find true
That better is, by euil ſtill made better.
And ruin'd loue when it is built anew
Growes fairer then at firſt, more ſtrong, far greater.
So I returne rebukt to my content,
And gaine by ills thriſe more then I haue ſpent.

CXX.

THAT you were once vnkind be-friends mee now,
And for that ſorrow, which I then didde feele,
Needes muſt I vnder my tranſgreſſion bow,
Vnleſſe my nerues were braſſe or hammered ſteele.

For

For if you were by my vnkindeſſe ſhaken
As I by yours, y'haue paſt a hell of time,
And I a tyrant haue no leaſure taken
To waigh how once I ſuffered in your crime.
O that our night of wo might haue remembred
My deepeſt ſence, how hard true ſorrow hits,
And ſoone to you, as you to me then tendred
The humble ſalue, which wounded boſomes fits!
But that your treſpaſſe now becomes a fee,
Mine ranſoms yours, and yours muſt ranſome mee.

CXXI.

'TIS better to be vile then vile eſteemed,
When not to be receiues reproach of being,
And the iuſt pleaſure loſt, which is ſo deemed,
Not by our feeling, but by others ſeeing.
For why ſhould others falſe adulterat eyes
Giue ſalutation to my ſportiue blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer ſpies;
Which in their wils count bad what I think good?
Noe, I am that I am, and they that leuell
At my abuſes, reckon vp their owne,
I may be ſtraight though they themſelues be beuel
By their ranke thoughtes, my deedes muſt not be ſhown
Vnleſſe this generall euill they maintaine,
All men are bad and in their badneſſe raigne.

CXXII.

THY guift, thy tables, are within my braine
Full characterd with laſting memory,
Which ſhall aboue that idle rancke remaine
Beyond all date euen to eternity.

Or

Or at the leaſt, ſo long as braine and heart
Haue facultie by nature to ſubſiſt,
Til each to raz'd obliuion yeeld his part
Of thee, thy record neuer can be miſt:
That poore retention could not ſo much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy deare loue to ſkore,
Therefore to giue them from me was I bold,
To truſt thoſe tables that receaue thee more,
To keepe an adiunckt to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulneſſe in mee.

CXXIII.

NO! Time, thou ſhalt not boſt that I doe change,
Thy pyramyds buylt vp with newer might
To me are nothing nouell, nothing ſtrange,
They are but dreſſings of a former ſight:
Our dates are breefe, and therefor we admire,
What thou doſt foyſt vpon vs that is ould,
And rather make them borne to our deſire,
Then thinke that we before haue heard them tould:
Thy regiſters and thee I both defie,
Not wondring at the preſent, nor the paſt,
For thy records, and what we ſee doth lye,
Made more or les by thy continuall haſt:
This I doe vow and this ſhall euer be,
I will be true diſpight thy ſyeth and thee.

CXXIV.

YF my deare loue were but the childe of ſtate,
It might for fortunes baſterd be vnfathered,
As ſubiect to times loue, or to times hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gatherd.

No

No it was buylded far from accident,
It ſuffers not in ſmilinge pomp, nor falls
Vnder the blow of thralled diſcontent,
Whereto th'inuiting time our faſhion calls:
It feares not policy that heriticke,
Which workes on leaſes of ſhort numbred howers,
But all alone ſtands hugely pollitick,
That it nor growes with heat, nor drownes with ſhowres.
To this I witnes call the foles of time,
Which die for goodnes, who haue liu'd for crime.

CXXV.

WER 't ought to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honoring,
Or layd great baſes for eternity,
Which proues more ſhort then waſt or ruining?
Haue I not ſeene dwellers on forme and fauor
Loſe all, and more by paying too much rent
For compound ſweet; forgoing ſimple ſauor,
Pittifull thriuors in their gazing ſpent.
Noe, let me be obſequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblacion, poore but free,
Which is not mixt with ſeconds, knows no art,
But mutuall render onely me for thee.
Hence, thou ſubbornd informer, a trew ſoule
When moſt impeacht, ſtands leaſt in thy controule.

CXXVI.

O Thou my louely boy who in thy power,
Doeſt hould times fickle glaſſe, his ſickle, hower;
Who haſt by wayning growne, and therein ſhou'ſt,
Thy louers withering, as thy ſweet ſelfe grow'ſt.

If

If nature (ſoueraine miſteres ouer wrack)
As thou goeſt onwards ſtill will plucke thee backe,
She keepes thee to this purpoſe, that her ſkill.
May time diſgrace, and wretched mynuit kill.
Yet feare her O thou minnion of her pleaſure,
She may detaine, but not ſtill keepe her treſure!
Her *audite* (though delayd) anſwer'd muſt be,
And her *quietus* is to render thee.

( )
( )

CXXVII.

IN the ould age blacke was not counted faire,
Or if it weare it bore not beauties name:
But now is blacke beauties ſucceſſiue heire,
And beautie ſlanderd with a baſtard ſhame,
For ſince each hand hath put on natures power,
Fairing the foule with arts faulſe borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name no holy boure,
But is prophan'd, if not liues in diſgrace.
Therefore my miſterſſe eyes are rauen blacke,
Her eyes ſo ſuted, and they mourners ſeeme,
At ſuch who not borne faire no beauty lack,
Slandring creation with a falſe eſteeme,
Yet ſo they mourne becomming of their woe,
That euery toung ſaies beauty ſhould looke ſo.

CXXVIII.

HOW oft when thou my muſike muſike playſt,
Vpon that bleſſed wood whoſe motion ſounds
With thy ſweet fingers when thou gently ſwayſt
The wiry concord that mine eare confounds,

Do

Do I enuie thoſe iackes that nimble leape,
To kiſſe the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilſt my poore lips which ſhould that harueſt reape,
At the woods bouldnes by thee bluſhing ſtand.
To be ſo tikled they would change their ſtate,
And ſituation with thoſe dancing chips,
Ore whome their fingers walke with gentle gate,
Making dead wood more bleſt then liuing lips,
Since ſauſie iackes ſo happy are in this,
Giue them their fingers, me thy lips to kiſſe.

CXXIX.

TH' expence of ſpirit in a waſte of ſhame
Is luſt in action, and till action, luſt,
Is periurd, murdrous, blouddy full of blame,
Sauage, extreame, rude, cruell, not to truſt,
Inioyd no ſooner but diſpiſed ſtraight,
Paſt reaſon hunted, and no ſooner had
Paſt reaſon hated as a ſwollowed bayt.
On purpoſe layd to make the taker mad.
Made in purſut and in poſſeſſion ſo,
Had, hauing, and in queſt, to haue extreame,
A bliſſe in proofe and proud and very wo,
Before a ioy propoſd behind a dreame,
All this the world well knowes yet none knowes well,
To ſhun the heauen that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

MY miſtres eyes are nothing like the ſunne,
Currall is farre more red, then her lips red,
If ſnow be white, why then her breſts are dun :
If haires be wiers, black wiers grow on her head :

I haue

I haue ſeene roſes damaſkt, red and white,
But no ſuch roſes ſee I in her cheekes,
And in ſome perfumes is there more delight,
Then in the breath that from my miſtres reekes.
I loue to heare her ſpeake, yet well I know,
That muſicke hath a farre more pleaſing ſound:
I graunt I neuer ſaw a goddeſſe goe,
My miſtres when ſhee walkes treads on the ground.
And yet by heauen I thinke my loue as rare,
As any ſhe beli'd with falſe compare.

CXXXI.

THOU art as tirannous, ſo as thou art,
As thoſe whoſe beauties proudly make them cruell:
For well thou know'ſt to my deare doting hart
Thou art the faireſt and moſt precious iewell.
Yet in good faith ſome ſay that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make loue grone;
To ſay they erre, I dare not be ſo bold,
Although I ſweare it to my ſelfe alone.
And to be ſure that is not falſe I ſweare
A thouſand grones but thinking on thy face,
One on anothers necke do witneſſe beare
Thy blacke is faireſt in my iudgements place.
In nothing art thou blacke ſaue in thy deeds,
And thence this ſlaunder as I thinke proceeds.

CXXXII.

THINE eies I loue, and they as pittying me,
Knowing thy heart torment me with diſdaine,
Haue put on black, and louing mourners bee,
Looking with pretty ruth vpon my paine.

And

And truly not the morning ſun of heauen
Better becomes the gray cheeks of th'eaſt,
Nor that full ſtarre that vſhers in the eauen
Doth halfe that glory to the ſober weſt
As thoſe two morning eyes become thy face:
O let it then as well beſeeme thy heart
To mourne for me ſince mourning doth thee grace,
And ſute thy pitty like in euery part.
Then will I ſweare beauty her ſelfe is blacke,
And all they foule that thy complexion lacke.

CXXXIII.

BESHREW that heart that makes my heart to groane
For that deepe wound it gines my friend and me;
I'ſt not ynough to torture me alone,
But ſlaue to ſlauery my ſweet'ſt friend muſt be.
Me from my ſelfe thy cruell eye hath taken,
And my next ſelfe thou harder haſt ingroſſed,
Of him, my ſelfe, and thee I am forſaken,
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be croſſed:
Poiſon my heart in thy ſteele boſomes warde,
But then my friends heart let my poore heart bale,
Who ere keepes me, let my heart be his garde,
Thou canſt not then vſe rigor in my iaile.
And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

SO now I haue confeſt that he is thine,
And I my ſelfe am morgag'd to thy will,
My ſelfe Ile forfeit, ſo that other mine,
Thou wilt reſtore to be my comfort ſtill:

But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art couetous, and he is kinde,
He learnd but ſuretie-like to write for me,
Vnder that bond that him as faſt doth binde.
The ſtatute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou vſurer that put'ſt forth all to vſe,
And ſue a friend, came debter for my ſake,
So him I looſe through my vnkinde abuſe.
Him haue I loſt, thou haſt both him and me,
He paies the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

WHO euer hath her wiſh, thou haſt thy *Will*,
And *Will* too boote, and *Will* in ouer-plus,
More then enough am I that vexe thee ſtill,
To thy ſweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou whoſe will is large and ſpatious,
Not once vouchſafe to hide my will in thine,
Shall will in others ſeeme right gracious,
And in my will no faire acceptance ſhine:
The ſea all water, yet receiues raine ſtill,
And in aboundance addeth to his ſtore,
So thou beeing rich in *Will* adde to thy *Will*,
One will of mine to make thy large *Will* more.
Let no vnkinde, no faire beſeechers kill,
Thinke all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

IF thy ſoule check thee that I come ſo neere,
Sweare to thy blind ſoule that I was thy *Will*,
And will thy ſoule knowes is admitted there.
Thus farre for loue, my loue-ſute ſweet fullfill.

Will,

Will, will fulfill the treaſure of thy loue,
I fill it full with wils, and my will one,
In things of great receit with eaſe we prooue,
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me paſſe vntold,
Though in thy ſtores account I one muſt be,
For nothing hold me ſo it pleaſe thee hold,
That nothing me, a ſome-thing ſweet to thee.
Make but my name thy loue, and loue that ſtill,
And then thou loueſt me for my name is *Will*.

CXXXVII.

THOU blinde foole loue, what dooſt thou to mine eyes,
That they behold and ſee not what they ſee:
They know what beautie is, ſee where it lyes,
Yet what the beſt is, take the worſt to be.
If eyes corrupt by ouer-partiall lookes,
Be anchord in the baye where all men ride,
Why of eyes falſehood haſt thou forged hookes,
Whereto the iudgement of my heart is tide?
Why ſhould my heart thinke that a ſeuerall plot,
Which my heart knowes the wide worlds common place?
Or mine eyes ſeeing this, ſay this is not
To put faire truth vpon ſo foule a face,
In things right true my heart and eyes haue erred,
And to this falſe plague are they now transferred.

CXXXVIII.

WHEN my loue ſweares that ſhe is made of truth,
I do beleeue her though I know ſhe lyes,
That ſhe might thinke me ſome vntuterd youth,
Vnlearned in the worlds falſe ſubtilties.

Thus vainely thinking that ſhe thinkes me young,
Although ſhe knowes my dayes are paſt the beſt,
Simply I credit her falſe ſpeaking tongue,
On both ſides thus is ſimple truth ſuppreſt:
But wherefore ſayes ſhe not ſhe is vniuſt?
And wherefore ſay not I that I am old?
O loues beſt habit is in ſeeming truſt,
And age in loue, loues not t'haue yeares told.
Therefore I lye with her, and ſhe with me,
And in our faults by lyes we flattered be.

CXXXIX.

O Call not me to iuſtifie the wrong,
That thy vnkindneſſe layes vpon my heart,
Wound me not with thine eye but with thy toung,
Vſe power with power, and ſlay me not by art,
Tell me thou lou'ſt elſe-where; but in my ſight,
Deare heart forbeare to glance thine eye aſide,
What needſt thou wound with cunning when thy might
Is more then my ore-preſt defence can bide?
Let me excuſe thee, ah my loue well knowes,
Her prettie lookes haue beene mine enemies,
And therefore from my face ſhe turnes my foes,
That they elſe-where might dart their iniuries:
Yet do not ſo, but ſince I am neere ſlaine,
Kill me out-right with lookes, and rid my paine.

CXL.

BE wiſe as thou art cruell, do not preſſe
My toung-tide patience with too much diſdaine;
Leaſt ſorrow lend me words and words expreſſe,
The manner of my pittie wanting paine.

If

If I might teach thee witte better it weare,
Though not to loue, yet loue to tell me ſo,
As teſtie ſick-men when their deaths be neere,
No newes but health from their phiſitions know.
For if I ſhould diſpaire I ſhould grow madde,
And in my madneſſe might ſpeake ill of thee,
Now this ill wreſting world is growne ſo bad,
Madde ſlanderers by madde eares beleeued be.
That I may not be ſo, nor thou be lyde,
Beare thine eyes ſtraight, though thy proud heart goe wide.

CXLI.

IN faith I doe not loue thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thouſand errors note,
But 'tis my heart that loues what they diſpiſe,
Who in diſpight of view is pleaſd to dote.
Nor are mine eares with thy toungs tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling to baſe touches prone,
Nor taſte, nor ſmell, deſire to be inuited
To any ſenſuall feaſt with thee alone:
But my fiue wits, nor my fiue ſences can
Diſwade one fooliſh heart from ſeruing thee,
Who leaues vnſwai'd the likeneſſe of a man,
Thy proud hearts ſlaue and vaſſall wretch to be:
Ouely my plague thus farre I count my gaine,
That ſhe that makes me ſinne, awards me paine.

CXLII.

LOUE is my ſinne, and thy deare vertue hate,
Hate of my ſinne, grounded on ſinfull louing,
O but with mine, compare thou thine owne ſtate,
And thou ſhalt finde it merrits not reprooving,

Or if it do, not from thoſe lips of thine,
That haue prophan'd their ſcarlet ornaments,
And ſeald falſe bonds of loue as oft as mine,
Robd others beds reuenues of their rents.
Be it lawfull I loue thee as thou lou'ſt thoſe.
Whome thine eyes wooe as mine importune thee,
Roote pittie in thy heart that when it growes,
Thy pitty may deſerue to pittied bee.
If thou dooſt ſeeke to haue what thou dooſt hide,
By ſelfe example mai'ſt thou be denide.

CXLIII.

LO E as a carefull huſwife runnes to catch,
One of her fethered creatures broake away,
Sets downe her babe and makes all ſwift diſpatch
In purſuit of the thing ſhe would haue ſtay:
Whilſt her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whoſe buſie care is bent,
To follow that which flies before her face:
Not prizing her poore infants diſcontent;
So runſt thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilſt I thy babe chace thee a farre behind,
But if thou catch thy hope turne back to me:
And play the mothers part kiſſe me, be kind.
So will I pray that thou maiſt haue thy *Will*,
If thou turne back and my loude crying ſtill.

CXLIV.

TWO loues I haue of comfort and diſpaire,
Which like two ſpirits do ſuggieſt me ſtill,
The better angell is a man right faire:
The worſer ſpirit a woman collour'd il.

To

To win me ſoone to hell my femall euill,
Tempteth my better angel from my ſight,
And would corrupt my ſaint to be a diuel:
Wooing his purity with her fowle pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd finde,
Suſpect I may, yet not directly tell,
But being both from me both to each friend,
I geſſe one angel in an others hel.
Yet this ſhal I nere know but liue in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

THOSE lips that loues owne hand did make,
Breath'd forth the ſound that ſaid I hate,
To me that languiſht for her ſake:
But when ſhe ſaw my wofull ſtate,
Straight in her heart did mercie come,
Chiding that tongue that euer ſweet,
Was vſde in giuing gentle dome:
And tought it thus a new to greete:
I hate ſhe alterd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day,
Doth follow night who like a fiend
From heauen to hell is flowne away.
I hate, from hate away ſhe threw,
And ſau'd my life ſaying not you.

CXLVI.

POORE ſoule the center of my ſinfull earth,
My ſinfull earth theſe rebbell powres that thee array,
Why doſt thou pine within and ſuffer dearth
Painting thy outward walls ſo coſtlie gay?

Why ſo large coſt hauing ſo ſhort a leaſe,
Dſt thou vpon thy fading manſion ſpend?
Shall wormes inheritors of this exceſſe,
Eate vp thy charge? is this thy bodies end?
Then ſoule liue thou vpon thy ſeruants loſſe,
And let that pine to aggrauat thy ſtore;
Buy tearmes diuine in ſelling houres of droſſe:
Within be fed, without be rich no more,
So ſhalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, ther's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

MY loue is as a feauer longing ſtill,
For that which longer nurſeth the diſeaſe,
Feeding on that which doth preſerue the ill,
Th'vncertaine ſicklie appetite to pleaſe:
My reaſon the phiſition to my loue,
Angry that his preſcriptions are not kept
Hath left me, and I deſperate now approoue,
Deſire is death, which phiſick did except.
Paſt cure I am, now reaſon is paſt care,
And frantick madde with euer-more vnreſt,
My thoughts and my diſcourſe as mad mens are,
At randon from the truth vainely expreſt.
For I haue ſworne thee faire, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as darke as night.

CXLVIII.

OMe! what eyes hath loue put in my head,
Which haue no correſpondence with true ſight,
Or if they haue, where is my iudgment fled,
That cenſures falſely what they ſee aright?

If

If that be faire whereon my falſe eyes dote,
What meanes the world to ſay it is not ſo?
If it be not, then loue doth well denote,
Loues eye is not ſo true as all mens: no,
How can it? O how can loues eye be true,
That is ſo vext with watching and with teares?
No maruaile then though I miſtake my view,
The ſunne it ſelfe ſees not, till heauen cleeres.
O cunning loue, with teares thou keepſt me blinde,
Leaſt eyes well ſeeing thy foule faults ſhould finde.

CXLIX.

CANST thou O cruell, ſay I loue thee not,
When I againſt my ſelfe with thee partake:
Doe I not thinke on thee when I forgot
Am of my ſelfe, all tirant for thy ſake?
Who hateth thee that I doe call my friend,
On whom froun'ſt thou that I doe faune vpon,
Nay if thou lowrſt on me doe I not ſpend
Reuenge vpon my ſelfe with preſent mone?
What merrit do I in my ſelfe reſpect,
That is ſo proude thy ſeruice to diſpiſe,
When all my beſt doth worſhip thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.
But loue hate on for now I know thy minde,
Thoſe that can ſee thou lou'ſt, and I am blind.

CL.

OH from what powre haſt thou this powrefull might,
With inſufficiency my heart to ſway,
To make me giue the lie to my true ſight,
And ſwere that brightneſſe doth not grace the day?

Whence

Whence haſt thou this becomming of things il,
That in the very refuſe of thy deeds,
There is ſuch ſtrength and warrantiſe of ſkill,
That in my minde thy worſt all beſt exceeds ?
Who taught thee how to make me loue thee more,
The more I heare and ſee iuſt cauſe of hate,
Oh though I loue what others doe abhor,
With others thou ſhouldſt not abhor my ſtate.
If thy vnworthineſſe raiſd loue in me,
More worthy I to be belou'd of thee.

CLI.

LOUE is too young to know what conſcience is,
Yet who knowes not conſcience is borne of loue,
Then gentle cheater vrge not my amiſſe,
Leaſt guilty of my faults thy ſweet ſelfe proue.
For thou betraying me, I doe betray
My nobler part to my groſe bodies treaſon,
My ſoule doth tell my body that he may,
Triumph in loue, fleſh ſtaies no farther reaſon,
But ryſing at thy name doth point out thee,
As his triumphant prize, proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poore drudge to be
To ſtand in thy affaires, fall by thy ſide.
No want of conſcience hold it that I call,
Her loue, for whoſe deare loue I riſe and fall.

CLII.

IN louing thee thou know'ſt I am forſworne,
But thou art twice forſworne to me loue ſwearing,
In act thy bed-vow broake and new faith torne,
In vowing new hate after new loue bearing.

But

But why of two othes breach doe I accuſe thee,
When I breake twenty : I am periur'd moſt
For all my vowes are othes but to miſuſe thee :
And all my honeſt faith in thee is loſt.
For I haue ſworne deepe othes of thy deepe kindneſſe :
Othes of thy loue, thy truth, thy conſtancie,
And to inlighten thee gaue eyes to blindneſſe,
Or made them ſwere againſt the thing they ſee.
For I haue ſworne thee faire : more periurde eye,
To ſwere againſt the truth ſo foule a lie.

CLIII.

CVPID laid by his brand and fell a ſleepe,
A maide of *Dyans* this aduantage found,
And his loue-kindling fire did quickly ſteepe
In a could vallie-fountaine of that ground :
Which borrowd from this holie fire of loue,
A dateleſſe liuely heat ſtill to indure,
And grew a ſeething bath which yet men proue,
Againſt ſtrang malladies a ſoueraigne cure :
But at my miſtres eie loues brand new fired
The boy for triall needes would touch my breſt,
I ſick withall the helpe of bath deſired,
And thether hied a ſad diſtemperd gueſt.
But found no cure, the bath for my helpe lies,
Where *Cupid* got new fire ; my miſtres eye.

CLIV.

THE little loue-god lying once a ſleepe,
Laid by his ſide his heart inflaming brand,
Whilſt many nymphes that vou'd chaſt life to keep,
Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand,

The

The fayreſt votary tooke up that fire,
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd,
And ſo the generall of hot deſire,
Was ſleeping by a virgin hand diſarm'd.
This brand ſhe quenched in a coole well by,
Which from loues fire tooke heat perpetuall,
Growing a bath and healthfull remedy,
For men diſeaſd, but I my miſtriſſe thrall,
Came there for cure and this by that I proue,
Loues fire heates water, water cooles not loue.

FINIS.

A LOUERS

A

LOUERS COMPLAINT.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE.

FROM off a hill whoſe concaue wombe reworded,
A plaintfull ſtory from a ſiſtring vale
My ſpirrits t'attend this doble voyce accorded,
And downe I laid to liſt the ſad tun'd tale,
Ere long eſpied a fickle maid full pale
Tearing of papers breaking rings a twaine,
Storming her world with ſorrowes, wind and raine.

Vpon her head a plattid hiue of ſtraw,
Which fortified her viſage from the ſunne,
Whereon the thought might thinke ſometime it ſaw,
The carkas of a beauty ſpent and donne,
Time had not ſithed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit, but ſpight of heauens fell rage,
Some beauty peept, through lettice of ſear'd age.

Oft did ſhe heaue her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited charecters:
Laundring the ſilken figures in the brine,
That ſeaſoned woe had pelleted in teares,
And often reading what contents it beares:
As often ſhriking vndiſtinguiſht wo,
In clamours of all ſize both high and low.

Some-times

Some-times her leueld eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battry to the ſpheres intend :
Sometime diuerted their poore balls are tide,
To th'orbed earth ; ſometimes they do extend,
Their view right on, anon their gaſes lend,
To euery place at once and no where fixt,
The mind and ſight diſtractedly commxit.

Her haire nor loofe nor ti'd in formall plat,
Proclaimd in her a careleſſe hand of pride ;
For ſome vntuck'd deſcended her ſheu'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheeke beſide,
Some in her threeden fillet ſtill did bide,
And trew to bondage would not breake from thence,
Though ſlackly braided in looſe negligence.

A thouſand fauours from a maund ſhe drew,
Of amber chriſtall and of bedded iet,
Which one by one ſhe in a riuer threw,
Vpon whoſe weeping margent ſhe was ſet,
Like vſery applying wet to wet,
Or monarches hands that lets not bounty fall,
Where want cries ſome ; but where exceſſe begs all.

Of folded ſchedulls had ſhe many a one,
Which ſhe perus'd, ſighd, tore and gaue the flud,
Crackt many a ring of poſied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their ſepulchers in mud,
Found yet mo letters ſadly pend in blood,
With ſleided ſilke, feate and affectedly
Enſwath'd and ſeald to curious ſecrecy.

Theſe

Theſe often bath'd ſhe in her fluxiue eies,
And often kiſt, and often gaue to teare,
Cried O falſe blood thou regiſter of lies,
What vnapproued witnes dooſt thou beare!
Inke would haue ſeem'd more blacke and damned heare!
This ſaid in top of rage the lines ſhe rents,
Big diſcontent, ſo breaking their contents.

A reuerend man that graz'd his cattell ny,
Sometime a bluſterer that the ruffle knew
Of court of cittie, and had let go by
The ſwifteſt houres obſerued as they flew,
Towards this afflicted fancy faſtly drew:
And priuiledg'd by age deſires to know
In breefe the grounds and motiues of her wo.

So ſlides he downe vppon his greyned bat;
And comely diſtant ſits he by her ſide,
When hee againe deſires her, being ſatte,
Her greeuance with his hearing to deuide:
If that from him there may be ought applied
Which may her ſuffering extaſie aſſwage
Tis promiſt in the charitie of age.

Father ſhe ſaies, though in mee you behold
The iniury of many a blaſting houre;
Let it not tell your iudgement I am old,
Not age, but ſorrow, ouer me hath power;
I might as yet haue bene a ſpreading flower
Freſh to my ſelfe, if I had ſelfe applyed
Loue to my ſelfe, and to no loue beſide.

But

But wo is mee, too early I attended
A youthfull ſuit it was to gaine my grace ;
O one by natures outwards ſo commended,
That maidens eyes ſtacke ouer all his face,
Loue lackt a dwelling and made him her place.
And when in his faire parts ſhee didde abide,
Shee was new lodg'd and newly deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curles,
And euery light occaſion of the wind
Vpon his lippes their ſilken parcels hurles,
Whats ſweet to do, to do wil aptly find,
Each eye that ſaw him did inchaunt the minde :
For on his viſage was in little drawne,
What largeneſſe thinkes in parradiſe was ſawne.

Smal ſhew of man was yet vpon his chinne,
His phenix downe began but to appeare
Like vnſhorne veluet, on that termleſſe ſkin
Whoſe bare out-brag'd the web it ſeem'd to were.
Yet ſhewed his viſage by that coſt more deare,
And nice affections wauering ſtood in doubt
If beſt were as it was, or beſt without.

His qualities were beautious as his forme,
For maiden tongu'd he was and thereof free ;
Yet if men mou'd him, was he ſuch a ſtorme
As oft twixt May and Aprill is to ſee,
When windes breath ſweet, vnruly though they bee.
His rudeneſſe ſo with his authoriz'd youth,
Did liuery falſeneſſe in a pride of truth.

Wel could hee ride, and often men would ſay
That horſe his mettell from his rider takes
Proud of ſubiection, noble by the ſwaie,
What rounds, what bounds, what courſe what ſtop he makes
And controuerſie hence a queſtion takes
Whether the horſe by him became his deed,
Or he his mannad'g, by'th wel doing ſteed.

But quickly on this ſide the verdict went,
His reall habitude gaue life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accompliſht in him-ſelfe not in his caſe:
All ayds them-ſelues made fairer by their place,
Can for addicions, yet their purpos'd trimme
Peec'd not his grace but were al grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his ſubduing tongue
All kinde of arguments and queſtion deepe,
Al replication prompt, and reaſon ſtrong
For his aduantage ſtill did wake and ſleep,
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weepe:
He had the dialect and different ſkil,
Catching al paſſions in his craft of will.

That hee didde in the general boſome raigne
Of young, of old, and ſexes both inchanted,
To dwel with him in thoughts, or to remaine
In perſonal duty, following where he haunted,
Conſent's bewitcht, ere he deſire haue granted,
And dialogu'd for him what he would ſay,
Aſkt their own wils and made their wils obey.

Many there were that did his picture gette
To ſerue their eies, and in it put their mind,
Like fooles that in th' imagination ſet
The goodly obiects which abroad they find
Of lands and manſions, theirs in thought aſſign'd,
And labouring in moe pleaſures to beſtow them,
Then the true gouty landlord which doth owe them.

So many haue that neuer toucht his hand
Sweetly ſuppos'd them miſtreſſe of his heart :
My wofull ſelfe that did in freedome ſtand,
And was my owne fee ſimple (not in part)
What with his art in youth and youth in art
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reſeru'd the ſtalke and gaue him al my flower.

Yet did I not as ſome my equals did
Demaund of him, nor being deſired yeelded,
Finding my ſelfe in honour ſo forbidde,
With ſafeſt diſtance I mine honour ſheelded,
Experience for me many bulwarkes builded,
Of proofs new bleeding which remaind the foile
Of this falſe iewell, and his amorous ſpoile.

But ah who euer ſhun'd by precedent,
The deſtin'd ill ſhe muſt her ſelfe aſſay,
Or forc'd examples gainſt her owne content
To put the by-paſt perrils in her way ?
Counſaile may ſtop a while what will not ſtay ;
For when we rage, adviſe is often ſeene
By blunting vs to make our wits more keene.

Nor

Nor giues it ſatisfaction to our blood,
That wee muſt curbe it vppon others proofe ;
To be forbod the ſweets that ſeemes ſo good,
For feare of harmes that preach in our behoofe ;
O appetite from iudgement ſtand aloofe !
The one a pallate hath that needs will taſte,
Though reaſon weepe and cry it is thy laſt.

For further I could ſay this mans vntrue,
And knew the patternes of his foule beguiling,
Heard where his plants in other orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were guilded in his ſmiling,
Knew vowes, were euer brokers to defiling,
Thought characters and words meerly but art,
And baſtards of his foule adulterat heart.

And long vpon theſe termes I held my citty,
Till thus hee gan beſiege me : gentle maid
Haue of my ſuffering youth ſome feeling pitty
And be not of my holy vowes affraid,
Thats to ye ſworne to none was euer ſaid,
For feaſts of loue I haue bene call'd vnto
Till now did nere inuite nor neuer vow.

All my offences that abroad you ſee
Are errors of the blood none of the mind :
Loue made them not, with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor trew nor kind,
They ſought their ſhame that ſo their ſhame did find,
And ſo much leſſe of ſhame in me remaines,
By how much of me their reproch containes.

Among the many that mine eyes haue ſeene,
Not one whoſe flame my hart ſo much as warmed,
Or my affection put to th, ſmalleſt teene,
Or any of my leiſures euer charmed,
Harme haue I done to them but nere was harmed,
Kept hearts in liueries, but mine owne was free,
And raignd commaunding in his monarchy.

Looke heare what tributes wounded fancies ſent me,
Of palyd pearles and rubies red as blood :
Figuring that they their paſſions likewiſe lent me
Of greefe and bluſhes, aptly vnderſtood
In bloodleſſe white, and the encrimſon'd mood,
Effects of terror and deare modeſty,
Encampt in hearts but fighting outwardly.

And lo behold theſe tallents of their heir,
With twiſted mettle amorouſly empleacht
I haue receau'd from many a ſeueral faire,
Their kind acceptance, wepingly beſeecht,
With th'annexions of faire gems inricht,
And deepe brain'd ſonnets that did amplifie
Each ſtones deare nature, worth and quallity.

The Diamond ? why twas beautifull and hard,
Whereto his inuis'd properties did tend,
The deepe greene emrald in whoſe freſh regard,
Weake ſights their ſickly radience do amend.
The heauen hewd ſaphir and the opall blend
With obiects manyfold ; each ſeuerall ſtone,
With wit well blazond ſmil'd or made ſome mone.

Lo all theſe trophies of affections hot,
Of penſiu'd and ſubdew'd deſires the tender,
Nature hath chargd me that I hoord them not,
But yeeld them vp where I my ſelfe muſt render :
That is to you my origin and ender :
For theſe of force muſt your oblations be,
Since I their aulter, you en patrone me.

Oh then aduance (of yours) that phraſeles hand,
Whoſe white weighes downe the airy ſcale of praiſe,
Take all theſe ſimilies to your owne command,
Hollowed with ſighes that burning lunges did raiſe :
What me your miniſter for you obaies
Workes vnder you, and to your audit comes
Their diſtract parcells, in combined ſummes.

Lo this deuice was ſent me from a nun,
Or ſiſter ſanctified of holieſt note,
Which late her noble ſuit in court did ſhun,
Whoſe rareſt hauings made the bloſſoms dote,
For ſhe was ſought by ſpirits of ritcheſt cote,
But kept cold diſtance, and did thence remoue,
To ſpend her liuing in eternall loue.

But oh my ſweet what labour iſt to leaue,
The thing we haue not, maſtring what not ſtriues,
Playing the place which did no forme receiue,
Playing patient ſports in vnconſtraind giues,
She that her fame ſo to her ſelfe contriues.
The ſcarres of battaile ſcapeth by the flight,
And makes her abſence valiant, not her might.

Oh pardon me in that my boaſt is true,
The accident which brought me to her eie,
Vpon the moment did her force ſubdewe,
And now ſhe would the caged cloiſter flie:
Religious loue put out religions eye:
Not to be tempted would ſhe be enur'd,
And now to tempt all liberty procure.

How mightie then you are, oh heare me tell,
The broken boſoms that to me belong,
Haue emptied all their fountaines in my well:
And mine I powre your ocean all amonge:
I ſtrong ore them and you ore me being ſtrong,
Muſt for your victorie vs all congeſt,
As compound loue to phiſick your cold breſt.

My parts had powre to charme a ſacred ſunne,
Who diſciplin'd I dieted in grace,
Beleeu'd her eies, when they t'aſſaile begun,
All vowes and conſecrations giuing place:
O moſt potentiall loue, vowe, bond, nor ſpace
In thee hath neither ſting, knot, nor confine
For thou art all and all things els are thine.

When thou impreſſeſt what are precepts worth
Of ſtale example? when thou wilt inflame,
How coldly thoſe impediments ſtand forth
Of wealth of filliall feare, lawe, kindred fame,
Loues armes are peace, gainſt rule, gainſt ſence, gainſt ſhame
And ſweetens in the ſuffring pangues it beares,
The *Alloes* of all forces, ſhockes and feares.

Now

Now all theſe hearts that doe on mine depend,
Feeling it breake, with bleeding groanes they pine,
And ſupplicant their ſighes to you extend
To leaue the battrie that you make gainſt mine,
Lending ſoft audience, to my ſweet deſigne,
And credent ſoule, to that ſtrong bonded oth,
That ſhall preferre and vndertake my troth.

This ſaid, his watrie eies he did diſmount,
Whoſe ſightes till then were leaueld on my face,
Each cheeke a riuer running from a fount,
With bryniſh currant dowe-ward flowed a pace:
Oh how the channell to the ſtreame gaue grace!
Who glaz'd with chriſtall gate the glowing roſes,
That flame through water which their hew incloſes.

Oh father, what a hell of witch-craft lies,
In the ſmall orb of one perticular teare?
But with the invndation of the eies:
What rocky heart to water will not weare?
What breſt ſo cold that is not warmed heare,
Or cleft effect, cold modeſty hot wrath:
Both fire from hence, and chill extincture hath.

For loe his paſſion but an art of craft,
Euen there reſolu'd my reaſon into teares,
There my white ſtole of chaſtity I daft,
Shooke off my ſober gardes, and ciuill feares,
Appeare to him as he to me appeares:
All melting, though our drops this diffrence bore,
His poiſon'd me, and mine did him reſtore.

In him a plentitude of ſubtle matter,
Applied to cautills, all ſtraing formes receiues,
Of burning bluſhes, or of weeping water,
Or ſounding paleneſſe : and he takes and leaues,
In eithers aptneſſe as it beſt deceiues :
To bluſh at ſpeeches ranck, to weepe at woes
Or to turne white and ſound at tragick ſhowes.

That not a heart which in his leuell came,
Could ſcape the haile of his all hurting ayme,
Shewing fair nature is both kinde and tame :
And vaild in them did winne whom he would maime,
Againſt the thing he ſought, he would exclaime,
When he moſt burnt in hart-wiſht luxurie,
He preacht pure maide, and praiſd cold chaſtitie.

Thus meerely with the garment of a grace,
The naked and concealed feind he couerd,
That th' vnexperient gaue the tempter place,
Which like a cherubin aboue them houerd,
Who young and ſimple would not be ſo louerd.
Aye me I fell, and yet do queſtion make,
What I ſhould doe againe for ſuch a ſake.

O that infected moyſture of his eye,
O that falſe fire which in his cheeke ſo glowd :
O that forc'd thunder from his heart did flye
O that ſad breath his ſpungie lungs beſtowed,
O all that borrowed motion ſeeming owed,
Would yet againe betray the fore-betrayed,
And new peruert a reconciled maide.

FINIS.

THE TRUE CHRONICLE HISTORY OF KING LEIR,

AND

HIS THREE DAUGHTERS,

GONORILL, RAGAN, and CORDELLA.

As it hath bene diuers and fundry times lately acted.

LONDON,

Printed by *Simon Stafford* for *Iohn Wright,* and are to bee sold at his shop at Christes church dore, next *Newgate-market.* 1605.

THE TRUE CHRONICLE HISTORIE OF KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

ACTVS I.

Enter king Leir *and nobles.*

THUS to our griefe the obſequies performd
Of our (too late) deceaſt and deareſt queen,
Whoſe ſoule I hope, poſſeſt of heauēly ioyes,
Doth ride in triumph 'mōgſt the cherubins;
Let vs requeſt your graue aduice, my lords,
For the diſpoſing of our princely daughters,
For whom our care is ſpecially imployd,
As nature bindeth to aduaunce their ſtates,
In royall marriage with ſome princely mates:
For wanting now their mothers good aduice,
Vnder whoſe gouernment they haue receyued
A perfit patterne of a vertuous life:
Left as it were a ſhip without a ſterne,
Or ſilly ſheepe without a paſtors care;
Although our ſelues doe dearely tender them,
Yet are we ignorant of their affayres:
For fathers beſt do know to gouerne ſonnes;

But

But daughters ſteps the mothers counſell turnes.
A ſonne we want for to ſucceed our crowne,
And courſe of time hath cancelled the date
Of further iſſue from our withered loynes:
One foote already hangeth in the graue,
And age hath made deepe furrowes in my face:
The world of me, I of the world am weary,
And I would fayne reſigne theſe earthly cares,
And thinke vpon the welfare of my ſoule:
Which by no better meanes may be effected,
Then by reſigning vp the crowne from me.
In equall dowry to my daughters three.

Skalliger. A worthy care, my liege, which well declares,
The zeale you bare vnto our *quondam* queene:
And ſince your grace hath licens'd me to ſpeake,
I cenſure thus; your maieſty knowing well,
What ſeuerall ſuters your princely daughters haue,
To make them eche a ioynter more or leſſe,
As is their worth, to them that loue profeſſe.

Leir. No more, nor leſſe, but euen all alike,
My zeale is fixt, all faſhiond in one mould:
Wherefore vnpartiall ſhall my cenſure be,
Both old and young ſhall haue alike for me,

Nobl. My gracious lord, I hartily do wiſh,
That God had lent you an heyre indubitate,
Which might haue ſet vpon your royall throne,
When fates ſhould looſe the priſon of your life,
By whoſe ſucceſſion all this doubt might ceaſe;
And as by you, by him we might haue peace.
But after-wiſhes euer come too late,
And nothing can reuoke the courſe of fate:
Wherefore, my liege, my cenſure deemes it beſt,
To match them with ſome of your neighbour kings,
Bordring within the bounds of *Albion*,

By

By whoſe vnited friendſhip, this our ſtate
May be protected 'gainſt all forrayne hate.
Leir. Herein, my lords, your wiſhes ſort with mine,
And mine (I hope) do ſort with heauenly powers:
For at this inſtant two neere neyghbouring kings,
Of *Cornwall* and of *Cambria*, motion loue
To my two daughters, *Gonorill* and *Ragan*.
My youngeſt daughter, fayre *Cordella*, vowes
No liking to a monarch, vnleſſe loue allowes.
She is ſollicited by diuers peeres;
But none of them her partiall fancy heares.
Yet, if my policy may her beguyle,
Ile match her to ſome king within this ile,
And ſo eſtabliſh ſuch a perfit peace,
As fortunes force ſhall ne're preuayle to ceaſe.
Perillus. Of vs and ours, your gracious care, my lord,
Deſerues an euerlaſting memory,
To be inrol'd in chronicles of fame,
By neuer-dying perpetuity:
Yet to become ſo prouident a prince,
Loſe not the title of a louing father:
Do not force loue, where fancy cannot dwell,
Leſt ſtreames being ſtopt, aboue the banks do ſwell.
Leir. I am reſolu'd, and euen now my mind
Doth meditate a ſudden ſtratagem,
To try which of my daughters loues me beſt:
Which till I know, I cannot be in reſt.
This graunted, when they ioyntly ſhall contend,
Eche to exceed the other in their loue:
Then at the vantage will I take *Cordella*,
Euen as ſhe doth proteſt ſhe loues me beſt,
Ile ſay, then, daughter, graunt me one requeſt,
To ſhew thou loueſt me as thy ſiſters doe,
Accept a huſband, whom my ſelfe will woo.

This

This ſayd, ſhe cannot well deny my ſute,
Although (poore ſoule) her ſences will be mute :
Then will I tryumph in my policy,
And match her with a king of *Brittany*.
Skal. Ile to them before, and bewray your ſecrecy.
Per. Thus fathers think their children to beguile,
And oftentimes themſelues do firſt repent,
When heauenly powers do fruſtrate their intent.

Exeunt.

Enter Gonorill *and* Ragan.

Gon. I maruell, *Ragan*, how you can indure
To ſee that proud pert peat, our youngeſt ſiſter,
So ſlightly to account of vs, her elders,
As if we were no better then her ſelfe !
We cannot haue a quaynt deuice ſo ſoone,
Or new made faſhion, of our choyce inuention ;
But if ſhe like it, ſhe will haue the ſame,
Or ſtudy newer to exceed vs both.
Beſides, ſhe is ſo nice and ſo demure ;
So ſober, courteous, modeſt, and preciſe,
That all the court hath work ynough to do,
To talke how ſhe exceedeth me and you.
Ra. What ſhould I do ? would it were in my power,
To find a cure for this contagious ill :
Some deſperate medicine muſt be ſoone applyed,
To dimme the glory of her mounting fame ;
Els ere't be long, ſheele haue both prick and praiſe,
And we muſt be ſet by for working dayes.
Doe you not ſee what ſeuerall choyce of ſuters
She daily hath, and of the beſt degree ?
Say, amongſt all, ſhe hap to fancy one,
And haue a huſband when as we haue none :

Why

Why then, by right, to her we muſt giue place,
Though it be ne're ſo much to our diſgrace.
Gon. By my virginity, rather then ſhe ſhall haue
A huſband before me,
Ile marry one or other in his ſhirt:
And yet I haue made halfe a graunt already
Of my good will vnto the king of *Cornwall.*
Ra. Sweare not ſo deeply (ſiſter) here cõmeth my L. *Skalliger.*
Something his haſty comming doth import.

Enter Skal.

Skal. Sweet princeſſes, I am glad I met you heere ſo luckily,
Hauing good newes which doth concerne you both,
And craueth ſpeedy expedition.
Ra. For Gods ſake tell vs what it is, my lord,
I am with child vntill you vtter it.
Skal. Madam, to ſaue your longing, this it is:
Your father in great ſecrecy to day,
Told me, he meanes to marry you out of hand,
Vnto the noble prince of *Cambria*;
You, madam, to the king of *Cornwalls* grace:
Your yonger ſiſter he would fayne beſtow
Vpon the rich king of *Hibernia:*
But that he doubts, ſhe hardly will conſent;
For hitherto ſhe ne're could fancy him.
If ſhe do yeeld, why then, betweene you three,
He will deuide his kingdome for your dowries.
But yet there is a further myſtery,
Which, ſo you will conceale, I will diſcloſe.
Gon. What e're thou ſpeakſt to vs, kind *Skalliger,*
Thinke that thou ſpeakſt it only to thy ſelfe.

Skal,

Skal. He earneſtly deſireth for to know,
Which of you three do beare moſt loue to him,
And on your loues he ſo extremely dotes,
As neuer any did, I thinke, before.
He preſently doth meane to ſend for you,
To be reſolu'd of this tormenting doubt:
And looke, whoſe anſwere pleaſeth him the beſt,
They ſhall haue moſt vnto their marriages.

Ra. O that I had ſome pleaſing mermayds voyce,
For to inchaunt his ſenceleſſe ſences with!

Skal. For he ſuppoſeth that *Cordella* will
(Striuing to go beyond you in her loue)
Promiſe to do what euer he deſires:
Then will he ſtraight enioyne her for his ſake,
The *Hibernian* king in marriage for to take.
This is the ſumme of all I haue to ſay;
Which being done, I humbly take my leaue,
Not doubting but your wiſdomes will foreſee,
What courſe will beſt vnto your good agree.

Gon. Thanks, gentle *Skalliger*, thy kindnes vndeſerued,
Shall not be vnrequited, if we liue.

Exit Skalliger.

Ra. Now haue we fit occaſion offred vs,
To be reueng'd vpon her vnperceyu'd.

Gon. Nay, our reuenge we will inflict on her,
Shall be accounted piety in vs:
I will ſo flatter with my doting father,
As he was ne're ſo flattred in his life.
Nay, I will ſay, that if it be his pleaſure,
To match me to a begger, I will yeeld:
For why, I know what euer I do ſay,
He meanes to match me with the *Cornwall* king.

Ra. Ile ſay the like: for I am well aſſured,
What e're I ſay to pleaſe the old mans mind,

Who

Who dotes, as if he were a child agayne,
I ſhall inioy the noble *Cambrian* prince:
Only, to feed his humour, will ſuffice,
To ſay, I am content with any one
Whom heele appoynt me; this will pleaſe him more.
Then e're *Apolloes* muſike pleaſed *Ioue*,
Gon. I ſmile to think, in what a wofull plight
Cordella will be, when we anſwere thus:
For ſhe will rather dye, then giue conſent
To ioyne in marriage with the *Iriſh* king:
So will our father think, ſhe loueth him not,
Becauſe ſhe will not graunt to his deſire,
Which we will aggrauate in ſuch bitter termes,
That he will ſoone conuert his loue to hate:
For he, you know, is alwayes in extremes.
Rag. Not all the world could lay a better plot,
I long till it be put in practice. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leir *and* Perillus.

Leir. Perillus, go ſeeke my daughters,
Will them immediately come and ſpeak with me.
Per. I will, my gracious lord. *Exit.*
Leir. Oh, what a combat feeles my panting heart,
'Twixt childrens loue, and care of common weale!
How deare my daughters are vnto my ſoule,
None knowes, but he, that knowes my thoghts and ſecret deeds.
Ah, little do they know the deare regard,
Wherein I hold their future ſtate to come:
When they ſecurely ſleepe on beds of downe,
Theſe aged eyes do watch for their behalfe:
While they like wantons ſport in youthfull toyes,
This throbbing heart is pearſt with dire annoyes.
As doth the ſun exceed the ſmalleſt ſtarre,
So much the fathers loue exceeds the childs.

Yet my complaynts are cauſleſſe: for the world
Affords not children more conformable:
And yet, me thinks, my mind preſageth ſtill
I know not what; and yet I feare ſome ill.

Enter Perillus, *with the three daughters.*

Well, here my daughters come: I haue found out
A preſent meanes to rid me of this doubt.
Gon. Our royall lord and father, in all duty,
We come to know the tenour of your will,
Why you ſo haſtily haue ſent for vs.
Leir. Deare *Gonorill*, kind *Ragan*, ſweet *Cordella*,
Ye floriſhing branches of a kingly ſtocke,
Sprung from a tree that once did flouriſh greene,
Whoſe bloſſomes now are nipt with winters froſt,
And pale grym death doth wayt vpon my ſteps,
And ſummons me vnto his next aſſizes.
Therefore, deare daughters, as ye tender the ſafety
Of him that was the cauſe of your firſt being,
Reſolue a doubt which much moleſts my mind,
Which of you three to me would proue moſt kind;
Which loues me moſt, and which at my requeſt
Will ſooneſt yeeld vnto their fathers heſt.
Gon. I hope, my gracious father makes no doubt
Of any of his daughters loue to him:
Yet for my part, to ſhew my zeale to you,
Which cannot be in windy words rehearſt,
I prize my loue to you at ſuch a rate,
I thinke my life inferiour to my loue.
Should you inioyne me for to tye a milſtone
About my neck, and leape into the ſea,
At your commaund I willingly would doe it:
Yea, for to doe you good, I would aſcend

The higheſt turret in all *Brittany*,
And from the top leape headlong to the ground:
Nay, more, ſhould you appoynt me for to marry
The meaneſt vaſſayle in the ſpacious world,
Without reply I would accompliſh it:
In briefe, commaund what euer you deſire,
And if I fayle, no fauour I require.

Leir. O, how thy words reuiue my dying ſoule!

Cor. O, how I doe abhorre this flattery!

Leir. But what ſayth *Ragan* to her fathers will?

Rag. O, that my ſimple vtterance could ſuffice,
To tell the true intention of my heart,
Which burnes in zeale of duty to your grace,
And neuer can be quench'd, but by deſire
To ſhew the ſame in outward forwardneſſe.
Oh, that there were ſome other mayd that durſt
But make a challenge of her loue with me;
Ide make her ſoone confeſſe ſhe neuer loued
Her father halfe ſo well as I doe you.
I then, my deeds ſhould proue in playner caſe,
How much my zeale aboundeth to your grace:
But for them all, let this one meane ſuffice.
To ratify my loue before your eyes:
I haue right noble ſuters to my loue,
No worſe then kings, and happely I loue one:
Yet, would you haue me make my choyce anew,
Ide bridle fancy, and be rulde by you.

Leir. Did neuer *Philomel* ſing ſo ſweet a note.

Cord. Did neuer flatterer tell ſo falſe a tale.

Leir. Speak now, *Cordella*, make my ioyes at full,
And drop downe nectar from thy hony lips.

Cor. I cannot paynt my duty forth in words,
I hope my deeds ſhall make report for me:

But looke what loue the child doth owe the father,
The ſame to you I beare, my gracious lord.
Gon Hete is an anſwere anſwerleſſe indeed:
Were you my daughter, I ſhould ſcarcely brooke it.
Rag. Doſt thou not bluſh, proud peacock as thou art,
To make our father ſuch a ſlight reply?
Leir. Why how now, minion, are you growne ſo proud?
Doth our deare loue make you thus peremptory?
What, is your loue become ſo ſmall to vs,
As that you ſcorne to tell vs what it is?
Do you loue vs, as euery child doth loue
Their father? True indeed, as ſome,
Who by diſobedience ſhort their fathers dayes,
And ſo would you; ſome are ſo father-ſick,
That they make meanes to rid them from the world;
And ſo would you: ſome are indifferent,
Whether their aged parents liue or dye;
And ſo are you. But, didſt thou know, proud gyrle,
What care I had to foſter thee to this,
Ah, then thou wouldſt ſay as thy ſiſters do:
Our life is leſſe, then loue we owe to you.
Cord. Deare father, do not ſo miſtake my words,
Nor my playne meaning be miſconſtrued;
My toung was neuer vſde to flattery.
Gon. You were not beſt ſay I flatter: if you do,
My deeds ſhall ſhew, I flatter not with you.
I loue my father better then thou canſt.
Cor. The prayſe were great, ſpoke from anothers mouth:
But it ſhould ſeeme your neighbours dwell far off.
Rag. Nay, here is one, that will confirme as much
As ſhe hath ſayd, both for my ſelfe and her.
I ſay, thou doſt not wiſh my fathers good.
Cord. Deare father.—

Leir,

Leir. Peace, baſtard impe, no iſſue of king *Leir*,
I will not heare thee ſpeake one tittle more.
Call not me father, if thou loue thy life,
Nor theſe thy ſiſters once preſume to name:
Looke for no helpe henceforth from me or mine;
Shift as thou wilt, and truſt vnto thy ſelfe:
My kingdome will I equally deuide
'Twixt thy two ſiſters to their royall dowre,
And will beſtow them worthy their deſerts:
This done, becauſe thou ſhalt not haue the hope,
To haue a childs part in the time to come,
I preſently will diſpoſſeſſe my ſelfe,
And ſet vp theſe vpon my princely throne.

Gon. I euer thought that pride would haue a fall.

Ra. Plaine dealing, ſiſter: your beauty is ſo ſheene,
You need no dowry, to make you be a queene.

Exeunt Leir, Gonorill, Ragan.

Cord. Now whither, poore forſaken, ſhall I goe,
When mine owne ſiſters tryumph in my woe?
But vnto him which doth protect the iuſt,
In him will poore *Cordella* put her truſt.
Theſe hands ſhall labour, for to get my ſpending;
And ſo Ile liue vntill my dayes haue ending.

Per. Oh, how I grieue, to ſee my lord thus fond,
To dote ſo much vpon vayne flattering words.
Ah, if he but with good aduice had weyghed,
The hidden tenure of her humble ſpeech,
Reaſon to rage ſhould not haue giuen place,
Nor poore *Cordella* ſuffer ſuch diſgrace. *Exit.*

Enter the Gallian *king with* Mumford, *and three nobles more.*

King. Diſſwade me not, my lords, I am reſolu'd,
This next fayre wynd to ſayle for *Brittany*,

In ſome diſguiſe, to ſee if flying fame
Be not too prodigall in the wondrous prayſe
Of theſe three nymphes, the daughters of king *Leir*.
If preſent view do anſwere abſent prayſe,
And eyes allow of what our eares haue heard,
And *Venus* ſtand auſpicious to my vowes,
And fortune fauour what I take in hand;
I will returne ſeyz'd of as rich a prize
As *Iaſon*, when he wanne the golden fleece.

Mum. Heauens graūt you may; the match were ful of honor,
And well beſeeming the young *Gallian* king.
I would your grace would fauour me ſo much,
As make me partner of your pilgrimage.
I long to ſee the gallant *Brittiſh* dames,
And fked mine eyes vpon their rare perfections:
For till I know the contrary, Ile ſay,
Our dames in *Fraunce* are far more fayre then they.

Kin. Lord *Mumford*, you haue ſaued me a labour,
In offring that which I did meane to aſke:
And I moſt willingly accept your oompany.
Yet firſt I will inioyne you to obſerue
Some few conditions which I ſhall propoſe.

Mum. So that you do not tye mine eyes for looking
After the amorous glaunces of fayre dames:
So that you do not tye my toung from ſpeaking,
My lips from kiſſing when occaſion ſerues,
My hands from congees, and my knees to bow
To gallant gyrles; which were a taſke more hard,
Then fleſh and bloud is able to indure:
Commaund what elſe you pleaſe, I reſt content.

Kin. To bind thee from a thing thou canſt not leaue,
Were but a meane to make thee ſeeke it more:
And therefore ſpeake, looke, kiſſe, ſalute for me;

In

In theſe my ſelfe am like to ſecond thee.
Now heare thy taſke. I charge thee from the time
That firſt we ſet ſayle for the *Britiſh* ſhore,
To vſe no words of dignity to me,
But in the friendlieſt manner that thou canſt,
Make vſe of me as thy companion:
For we will go diſguiſde in palmers weeds,
That no man ſhall miſtruſt vs what we are.

Mum. If that be all, Ile fit your turne I warrant you. I am ſome kin to the *Blunts*, and I think, the blunteſt of all my kindred; therefore if I bee too blunt with you, thanke your ſelfe for praying me to be ſo.

King. Thy pleaſant company will make the way ſeeme ſhort.
It reſteth now, that in my abſence hence,
I do commit the gouernment to you
My truſty lords and faythfull counſellers.
Time cutteth off the reſt I haue to ſay:
The wynd blowes fayre, and I muſt needs away.

Nobles. Heauens ſend your voyage to as good effect,
As we your land do purpoſe to protect. *Exeunt.*

Enter the king of Cornwall *and his man booted and ſpurd, a riding wand, and a letter in his hand.*

Corn. But how far diſtant are we from the court?

Ser. Some twenty miles, my lord, or thereabouts.

Corn, It ſeemeth to me twenty thouſand myles:
Yet hope I to be there within this houre. *To himſelfe.*

Ser. Then are you like to ride alone for me.
I thinke my lord is weary of his life.

Corn. Sweet *Gonorill,* I long to ſee thy face,
Which haſt ſo kindly gratified my loue.

Enter the king of Cambria *booted and ſpurd, and his man with a wand and a letter.*

Cam. Get a freſh horſe: for by my ſoule I ſweare,

He lookes on the letter.

I am paſt patience, longer to forbeare
The wiſhed ſight of my beloued miſtris,
Deare *Ragan*, ſtay and comfort of my life.

Ser. Now what in Gods name doth my lord intend?

To himſelfe.

He thinks he ne're ſhall come at's iourneyes end.
I would he had old *Dedalus* waxen wings,
That he might flye, ſo I might ſtay behind:
For e're we get to *Troynouant*, I ſee,
He quite will tyre himſelfe, his horſe and me.

Cornwall *and* Cambria *looke one vpon another, and ſtart to ſee eche other there.*

Corn. Brother of *Cambria*, we greet you well,
As one whom here we little did expect.

Cam. Brother of *Cornwall*, met in happy time:
I thought as much to haue met with the ſouldan of *Perſia*,
As to haue met you in this place, my lord.
No doubt, it is about ſome great affayres,
That makes you here ſo ſlenderly accompanied.

Corn. To ſay the truth, my lord, it is no leſſe,
And for your part ſome haſty wind of chance
Hath blowne you hither thus vpon the ſudden.

Cam. My lord, to break off further circumſtances,
For at this time I cannot brooke delayes:
Tell you your reaſon, I will tell you mine.

Corn.

Corn. In fayth content, and therefore to be briefe;
For I am ſure my haſte's as great as yours:
I am ſent for, to come vnto king *Leir*,
Who by theſe preſent letters promiſeth
His eldeſt daughter, louely *Gonorill*,
To me in mariage, and for preſent dowry,
The moity of halfe his regiment.
The ladies loue I long ago poſſeſt:
But vntill now I neuer had the fathers.

Cam. You tell me wonders, yet I will relate
Strange newes, and henceforth we muſt brothers call;
Witneſſe theſe lynes: his honourable age,
Being weary of the troubles of his crowne,
His princely daughter *Ragan* will beſtow
On me in mariage, with halfe his ſeigniories,
Whom I would gladly haue accepted of,
With the third part, her complements are ſuch.

Corn. If I haue one halfe, and you haue the other,
Then betweene vs we muſt needs haue the whole.

Cam. The hole! how meane you that? zlood, I hope,
We ſhall haue two holes betweene vs.

Corn. Why, the whole kingdome.

Cam. I, that's very true.

Cor. What then is left for his third daughters dowry,
Louely *Cordella*, whom the world admires?

Cam. Tis very ſtrange, I know not what to thinke,
Vnleſſe they meane to make a nunne of her.

Corn. 'Twere pity ſuch rare beauty ſhould be hid
Within the compaſſe of a cloyſters wall:
But howſoe're, if *Leirs* words proue true,
It will be good, my lord, for me and you.

Cam. Then let vs haſte, all danger to preuent,
For feare delayes doe alter his intent. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Gonorill *and* Ragan.

Gon. Sister, when did you see *Cordella* last,
That pretty piece, that thinks none good ynough
To speake to her, because (sir-reuerence)
She hath a little beauty extraordinary?

Ra. Since time my father warnd her from his presence,
I neuer saw her, that I can remember.
God giue her ioy of her surpassing beauty;
I thinke, her dowry will be small ynough.

Gon. I haue incenst my father so against her,
As he will neuer be reclaymd agayne.

Rag. I was not much behind to do the like.

Gon. Faith, sister, what moues you to beare her such good will?

Rag. In truth, I thinke, the same that moueth you;
Because she doth surpasse vs both in beauty.

Gon. Beshrew your fingers, how right you can gesse:
I tell you true, it cuts me to the heart.

Rag. But we will keepe her low enough, I warrant,
And clip her wings for mounting vp too hye.

Gon. Who euer hath her, shall haue a rich mariage of her.

Rag. She were right fit to make a parsons wife:
For they, men say, do loue faire women well,
And many times doe marry them with nothing.

Gon. With nothing! marry God forbid: why, are there any such.

Rag. I meane, no money.

Gon. I cry you mercy, I mistooke you much:
And she is far too stately for the church;
Sheele lay her husbands benefice on her back,
Euen in one gowne, if she may haue her will.

Ra. In faith, poore soule, I pitty her a little.
Would she were lesse fayre, or more fortunate.

Well

Well, I thinke long vntill I ſee my *Morgan*,
The gallant prince of *Cambria*, here arriue.
Gon. And ſo do I, vntill the *Cornwall* king
Preſent himſelfe, to conſummate my ioyes.
Peace, here, commeth my father.

Enter Leir, Perillus *and others.*

Leir. Ceaſe, good my lords, and ſue not to reuerſe
Our cenſure, which is now irreuocable,
We haue diſpatched letters of contract
Vnto the kings of *Cambria* and of *Cornwall*;
Our hand and ſeale will iuſtify no leſſe:
Then do not ſo diſhonour me, my lords,
As to make ſhipwrack of our kingly word.
I am as kind as is the pellican,
That kils it ſelfe, to ſaue her young ones liues:
And yet as ielous as the princely eagle,
That kils her young ones, if they do but dazell
Vpon the radiant ſplendor of the ſunne.
Within this two dayes I expect their coming.

Enter kings of Cornwall *and* Cambria.

But in good time, they are arriu'd already.
This haſte of yours, my lords, doth teſtify
The feruent loue you beare vnto my daughters:
And think your ſelues as welcome to king *Leir*,
As euer *Pryams* children were to him.
Corn. My gracious lord, and father too, I hope,
Pardon, for that I made no greater haſte:
But were my horſe as ſwift as was my will,
I long ere this had ſeene your maieſty.
Cam. No other ſcuſe of abſence can I frame,

Then

Then what my brother hath inform'd your grace:
For our vndeſerued welcome, we do vowe,
Perpetually to reſt at your commaund.

Corn. But you, ſweet loue, illuſtrious *Gonorill*,
The regent, and the ſoueraigne of my ſoule,
Is *Cornwall* welcome to your excellency?

Gon. As welcome, as *Leander* was to *Hero*,
Or braue *Aeneas* to the *Carthage* queene:
So and more welcome is your grace to me.

Cam. O, may my fortune proue no worſe then his,
Since heauens do know, my fancy is as much.
Deare *Ragan*, ſay, if welcome vnto thee,
All welcomes elſe will little comfort me.

Rag. As gold is welcome to the couetous eye,
As ſleepe is welcome to the traueller,
As is freſh water to ſea-beaten men,
Or moyſtned ſhowres vnto the parched ground,
Or any thing more welcomer then this,
So and more welcome louely *Morgan* is.

Leir. What reſteth then, but that we conſummate,
The celebration of theſe nuptiall rites?
My kingdome I do equally deuide.
Princes, draw lots, and take your chaunce as falles.

Then they draw lots.

Theſe I reſigne as freely vnto you,
As earſt by true ſucceſſion they were mine.
And here I do freely diſpoſſeſſe my ſelfe,
And make you two my true adopted heyres:
My ſelfe will ſoiorne with my ſonne of *Cornwall*,
And take me to my prayers and my beades.
I know, my daughter *Ragan* will be ſorry,
Becauſe I do not ſpend my dayes with her:
Would I were able to be with both at once;
They are the kindeſt gyrles in *Chriſtendome*.

Per.

Per. I haue bin ſilent all this while, my lord,
To ſee if any worthyer then my ſelfe,
Would once haue ſpoke in poore *Cordellaes* cauſe:
But loue or feare tyes ſilence to their toungs.
Oh, heare me ſpeake for her, my gracious lord,
Whoſe deeds haue not deſeru'd this ruthleſſe doome,
As thus to diſinherit her of all.

Leir. Vrge this no more, and if thou loue thy life:
I ſay, ſhe is no daughter, that doth ſcorne
To tell her father how ſhe loueth him.
Who euer ſpeaketh hereof to mee agayne,
I will eſteeme him for my mortall foe.
Come, let vs in, to celebrate with ioy,
The happy nuptialls of theſe louely payres.

Exeunt omnes, manet Perillus.

Per. Ah, who ſo blind, as they that will not ſee
The neere approch of their owne miſery?
Poore lady, I extremely pitty her:
And whileſt I liue, eche drop of my heart blood,
Will I ſtrayne forth, to do her any good. *Exit.*

Enter the Gallian *king, and* Mumford, *diſguiſed like pilgrims.*

Mum. My lord, how do you brook this *Brittiſh* ayre?

King. My lord? I told you of this fooliſh humour,
And bound you to the contrary, you know.

Mum. Pardon me for once, my lord; I did forget.

King. My lord agayne? then let's haue nothing elſe,
And ſo be tane for ſpyes, and then tis well.

Mum. Swounds, I could bite my toung in two for anger:
For Gods ſake name yourſelfe ſome proper name.

King. Call me *Treſillus:* Ile call thee *Denapoll.*

Mum. Might I be made the monarch of the world,
I could not hit vpon theſe names, I ſweare.

King.

King. Then call me *Will*, Ile call thee *Iacke*.
Mum. Well, be it ſo, for I haue well deſeru'd to be cal'd *Iack*.
King. Stand cloſe ; for here a *Brittiſh* lady cõmeth :

Enter Cordella.

A fayrer creature ne're mine eyes beheld.
Cord. This is a day of ioy vnto my ſiſters,
Wherein they both are maried vnto kings ;
And I, by byrth, as worthy as themſelues,
Am turnd into the world, to ſeeke my fortune.
How may I blame the fickle queene of chaunce,
That maketh me a patterne of her power ?
Ah, poore weake mayd, whoſe imbecility
Is far vnable to indure theſe brunts.
Oh, father *Leir*, how doſt thou wrong thy child,
Who alwayes was obedient to thy will !
But why accuſe I fortune and my father ?
No, no, it is the pleaſure of my God :
And I do willingly imbrace the rod.
King. It is no goddeſſe ; for ſhe doth complayne
On fortune, and th'vnkindneſſe of her father.
Cord. Theſe coſtly robes ill fitting my eſtate,
I will exchange for other meaner habit.
Mum. Now if I had a kingdome in my hands,
I would exchange it for a milkmaids ſmock and petycoate,
That ſhe and I might ſhift our clothes together.
Cord. I will betake me to my threed and needle,
Aud earne my liuing with my fingers ends.
Mum. O braue ! God willing, thou ſhalt haue my cuſtome.
By ſweet S. *Denis*, here I ſadly ſweare,
For all the ſhirts and night-geare that I weare.
Cord. I will profeſſe and vow a maydens life.
Mum. Thē I proteſt thou ſhalt not haue my cuſtom.

King.

King. I can forbeare no longer for to ſpeak :
For if I do, I think my heart will breake.
Mum Sblood, *Wil,* I hope you are not in loue with my ſepſter.
King. I am in ſuch a laborinth of loue,
As that I know not which way to get out.
Mum. You'l ne're get out, vnleſſe you firſt get in.
King. I prithy *Iacke,* croſſe not my paſſions.
Mum. Prithy *Wil,* to her, and try her patience.
King. Thou faireſt creature, whatſoere thou art,
That euer any mortall eyes heheld,
Vouchſafe to me, who haue o'reheard thy woes,
To ſhew the cauſe of theſe thy ſad laments.
Cor. Ah pilgrims, what auailes to ſhew the cauſe,
When there's no meanes to find a remedy ?
King. To vtter griefe, doth eaſe a heart o'recharg'd.
Cor. To touch a ſore, doth aggrauate the payne.
King. The ſilly mouſe, by vertue of her teeth,
Releas'd the princely lyon from the net.
Cor. Kind palmer, which ſo much deſir'ſt to heare
The tragick tale of my vnhappy youth :
Know this in briefe, I am the hapleſſe daughter
Of *Leir,* ſometimes king of *Brittany.*
King. Why, who debarres his honourable age,
From being ſtill the king of *Brittany ?*
Cor. None, but himſelfe hath diſpoſſeſt himſelfe,
And giuen all his kingdome to the kings
Of *Cornwall* and of *Cambria,* with my ſiſters.
King. Hath he giuen nothing to your louely ſelfe ?
Cor. He lou'd me not, and therfore gaue me nothing,
Only becauſe I could not flatter him :
And in this day of tryumph to my ſiſters,
Doth fortune tryumph in my ouerthrow.
King. Sweet lady, ſay there ſhould come a king,

As

As good as eyther of you ſiſters huſbands,
To craue your loue, would you accept of him ?
Cor. Oh, doe not mocke with thoſe in miſery,
Nor do not think, though fortune haue the power,
To ſpoyle mine honour, and debaſe my ſtate,
That ſhe hath any intereſt in my mind :
For if the greateſt monarch on the earth,
Should ſue to me in this extremity,
Except my heart could loue, and heart could like,
Better then any that I euer ſaw,
His great eſtate no more ſhould moue my mind,
Then mountaynes moue by blaſt of euery wind.
King. Think not, ſweet nymph, tis holy palmers guiſe,
To grieued ſoules freſh torments to deuiſe :
Therefore in witneſſe of my true intent,
Let heauen and earth beare record of my words :
There is a young and luſty *Gallian* king,
So like to me, as I am to myſelfe,
That earneſtly doth craue to haue thy loue,
And ioyne with thee in *Hymens* ſacred bonds.
Cor. The like to thee did ne're theſe eyes behold ;
Oh liue to adde new torments to my griefe :
Why didſt thou thus intrap me unawares ?
Ah palmer, my eſtate doth not befit
A kingly mariage, as the caſe now ſtands.
Whilome when as I liu'd in honours height,
A prince perhaps might poſtulate my loue :
Now miſery, diſhonour and diſgrace,
Hath light on me, and quite reuerſt the caſe.
Thy king will hold thee wiſe, if thou furceaſe
The ſute, whereas no dowry will inſue.
Then be aduiſed, palmer, what to do :
Ceaſe for thy king, ſeeke for thy ſelfe to woo.
King. Your birth's too high for any, but a king.

Cor.

Cor. My mind is low ynough to loue a palmer,
Rather then any king vpon the earth.
King. O, but you neuer can indure their life,
Which is ſo ſtraight and full of penury.
Cor. O yes, I can, and happy if I might:
Ile hold thy palmers ſtaffe within my hand,
And thinke it is the ſcepter of a queene.
Sometime Ile ſet thy bonnet on my head,
And thinke I weare a rich imperiall crowne.
Sometime Ile helpe thee in thy holy prayers,
And thinke I am with thee in paradiſe.
Thus Ile mock fortune, as ſhe mocketh me,
And neuer will my louely choyce repent:
For hauing thee, I ſhall haue all content.
King. 'Twere ſin to hold her longer in ſuſpence,
Since that my ſoule hath vow'd ſhe ſhall be mine.
Ah, deare *Cordella*, cordiall to my heart,
I am no palmer, as I ſeeme to be,
But hither come in this vnknowne diſguiſe,
To view th' admired beauty of thoſe eyes.
I am the king of *Gallia*, gentle mayd,
(Although thus ſlenderly accompanied)
And yet thy vaſſayle by imperious loue,
And ſworne to ſerue thee euerlaſtingly.
Cor. What e're you be, of high or low diſcent,
All's one to me, I do requeſt but this:
That as I am, you will accept of me,
And I will haue you whatſoe're you be:
Yet well I know, you come of royall race,
I ſee ſuch ſparks of honour in your face:
Mum. Haue palmers weeds ſuch power to win fayre ladies?
Fayth, then I hope the next that falles is myne:
Vpon condition I no worſe might ſpeed,
I would for euer weare a palmers weed.

I like an honeſt and playne dealing wench,
That ſweares (without exceptions) I will haue you.
Theſe foppets, that know not whether to loue a man or no, except they firſt go aſke their mothers leaue, by this hand, I hate them ten tymes worſe then poyſon.

King. What reſteth then our happineſſe to procure ?

Mum. Fayth, go to church, to make the matter ſure.

King. It ſhall be ſo, becauſe the world ſhall ſay,
King *Leirs* three daughters were wedded in one day :
The celebration of this happy chaunce,
We will deferre, vntill we come to *Fraunce.*

Mum. I like the wooing, that's not long a doing.
Well, for her ſake, I know what I know :
Ile neuer marry whileſt I liue,
Except I haue one of theſe *Brittiſh* ladyes,
My humour is alienated from the mayds of *Fraunce.*

Exeunt.

Enter Perillus *ſolus.*

Per. The king hath diſpoſſeſt himſelfe of all,
Thoſe to aduaunce, which ſcarce will giue him thanks :
His youngeſt daughter he hath turnd away,
And no man knowes what is become of her.
He ſoiournes now in *Cornwall* with the eldeſt,
Who flattred him, vntill ſhe did obtayne
That at his hands, which now ſhe doth poſſeſſe :
And now ſhe ſees hee hath no more to giue,
It grieues her heart to ſee her father liue,
Oh, whom ſhould man truſt in this wicked age,
When children thus againſt their parents rage ?
But he, the myrrour of mild patience,
Puts vp all wrongs, and neuer giues reply :

Yet

Yet ſhames ſhe not in moſt opprobrious ſort,
To call him foole and doterd to his face,
And ſets her paraſites of purpoſe oft,
In ſcoffing wiſe to offer him diſgrace.
Oh yron age! O times! O monſtrous, vilde,
When parents are contemned of the child!
His penſion ſhe hath halfe reſtrain'd from him,
And will, e're long, the other halfe, I feare:
For ſhe thinks nothing is beſtowde in vayne,
But that which doth her fathers life maintayne.
Truſt not alliance; but truſt ſtrangers rather,
Since daughters proue diſloyall to the father.
Well, I will counſell him the beſt I can:
Would I were able to redreſſe his wrong.
Yet what I can, vnto my vtmoſt power,
He ſhall be ſure of to the lateſt houre. *Exit.*

Enter Gonorill *and* Skalliger.

Gon. I prithy, *Skalliger*, tell me what thou thinkſt:
Could any woman of our dignity
Endure ſuch quips and peremptory taunts,
As I do daily from my doting father?
Doth't not ſuffice that I him keepe of almes,
Who is not able for to keepe himſelfe?
But as if he were our better, he ſhould thinke
To check and ſnap me vp at euery word.
I cannot make me a new faſhioned gowne,
And ſet it forth with more then common coſt;
But his old doting doltiſh withered wit,
Is ſure to giue a ſenceleſſe check for it.
I cannot make a banquet extraordinary,
To grace my ſelfe, and ſpread my name abroad,
But he, old foole, is captious by and by,
And ſayth, the coſt would well ſuffice for twice.

Iudge then, I pray, what reaſon iſt, that I
Should ſtand alone charg'd with his vaine expence,
And that my ſiſter *Ragan* ſhould go free,
To whom he gaue as much, as vnto me?
I prithy, *Skalliger*, tell me, if thou know,
By any meanes to rid me of this woe.

Skal. Your many fauours ſtill beſtowde on me,
Binde me in duty to aduiſe your grace,
How you may ſooneſt remedy this ill.
The large allowance which he hath from you,
Is that which makes him ſo forget himſelfe:
Therefore abbridge it halfe, and you ſhall ſee,
That hauing leſſe, he will more thankfull be:
For why, abundance maketh vs forget
The fountaynes whence the benefits do ſpring.

Gon. Well, *Skalliger*, for thy kynd aduice herein,
I will not be vngratefull, if I liue:
I haue reſtrayned halfe his portion already,
And I will preſently reſtrayne the other,
That hauing no meanes to releeue himſelfe,
He may go ſeeke elſewhere for better helpe. *Exit.*

Skal. Go, viperous woman, ſhame to all thy ſexe:
The heauens, no doubt, will puniſh thee for this:
And me a villayne, that to curry fauour,
Haue giuen the daughter counſell 'gainſt the father.
But vs the world doth this experience giue,
That he that cannot flatter, cannot liue. *Exit.*

Enter king of Cornwall, Leir, Perillus *and nobles.*

Corn. Father, what ayleth you to be ſo ſad?
Me thinks, you frollike not as you were wont.

Leir. The neerer we do grow vnto our graues,
The leſſe we do delight in worldly ioyes.

Corn.

Corn. But if a man can frame himſelfe to myrth,
It is a meane for to prolong his life.
Leir. Then welcome ſorrow, *Leirs* only friend,
Who doth deſire his troubled dayes had end.
Corn. Comfort your ſelfe, father, here comes your daughter,
Who much will grieue, I know, to ſee you ſad.

Enter Gonorill.

Leir. But more doth grieue, I feare, to ſee me liue.
Corn. My *Gonorill*, you come in wiſhed time,
To put your father from theſe penſiue dumps.
In fayth, I feare that all things go not well.
Gon. What, do you feare, that I haue angred him?
Hath he complaynd of me vnto my lord?
Ile prouide him a piece of bread and cheeſe;
For in a time heele practiſe nothing elſe,
Then carry tales from one vnto another.
Tis all his practiſe for to kindle ſtrife,
'Twixt you, my lord, and me your louing wife:
But I will take an order, if I can,
To ceaſe th' effect, where firſt the cauſe began.
Corn. Sweet, be not angry in a partiall cauſe,
He ne're complayn'd of thee in all his life.
Father, you muſt not weygh a woman's words,
Leir. Alas, not I: poore ſoule, ſhe breeds yong bones,
And that is it makes her ſo tutchy ſure.
Gon. What, breeds young bones already! you will make
An honeſt woman of me then, belike.
O vild olde wretch! who euer heard the like,
That ſeeketh thus his owne child to defame?
Corn. I cannot ſtay to heare this diſcord ſound. *Exit.*
Gon. For any one that loues your company,

You may go pack, and ſeeke ſome other place,
To ſowe the ſeed of diſcord and diſgrace. *Exit.*

Leir. Thus, ſay or do the beſt that e're I can,
Tis wreſted ſtraight into another ſence,
This puniſhment my heauy ſinnes deſerue,
And more then this ten thouſand thouſand times:
Elſe aged *Leir* them could neuer find
Cruell to him, to whom he hath bin kind.
Why do I ouer-liue my ſelfe, to ſee
The courſe of nature quite reuerſt in me?
Ah, gentle death, if euer any wight
Did wiſh thy preſence with a perfit zeale:
Then come, I pray thee, euen with all my heart,
And end my ſorrowes with thy fatall dart.

He weepes.

Per. Ah, do not ſo diſconſolate your ſelfe,
Nor dew your aged cheeks with waſting teares.

Leir. What man art thou that takeſt any pity
Vpon the worthleſſe ſtate of old *Leir?*

Per. One, who doth beare as great a ſhare of griefe,
As if it were my deareſt fathers caſe.

Leir. Ah, good my friend, how ill art thou aduiſde,
For to conſort with miſerable men:
Go learne to flatter, where thou mayſt in time
Get fauour 'mongſt the mighty, and ſo clyme:
For now I am ſo poore and full of want,
As that I ne're can recompence thy loue.

Per. What's got by flattery, doth not long indure;
And men in fauour liue not moſt ſecure.
My conſcience tels me, if I ſhould forſake you,
I were the hateſulſt excrement on the earth:
Which well do know, in courſe of former time,
How good my lord hath bin to me and mine,

Leir.

Leir. Did I ere rayſe thee higher then the reſt
Of all thy anceſtors which were before ?
Per. I ne're did feeke it ; but by your good grace,
I ſtill inioyed my owne with quietneſſe.
Leir. Did I ere giue thee liuing, to increaſe
The due reuennues which thy father left ?
Per. I had ynough, my lord, and hauing that,
What ſhould you need to giue me any more ?
Leir. Oh, did I euer diſpoſſeſſe my ſelfe,
And giue thee halfe my kingdome in good will ?
Per. Alas, my lord, there were no reaſon, why
You ſhould haue ſuch a thought, to giue it me.
Leir. Nay, if thou talke of reaſon, then be mute ;
For with good reaſon I can thee confute.
If they, which firſt by natures ſacred law,
Do owe to me the tribute of their liues ;
If they to whom I alwayes haue bin kinde,
And bountifull beyond compariſon ;
If they, for whom I haue vndone my ſelfe,
And brought my age vnto this extreme want,
Do now reiect, contemne, deſpiſe, abhor me,
What reaſon moueth thee to ſorrow for me ?
Per. Where reaſon fayles, let teares confirme my loue,
And ſpeake how much your paſſions do me moue.
Ah, good my lord, condemne not all for one :
You haue two daughters left, to whom I know
You ſhall be welcome, if you pleaſe to go.
Leir. Oh, how thy words adde ſorrow to my ſoule,
To thinke of my vnkindneſſe to *Cordella !*
Whom cauſeleſſe I did diſpoſſeſſe of all.
Vpon th' vnkind ſuggeſtions of her ſiſters :
And for her ſake, I thinke this heauy doome
Is falne on me, and not without deſert :
Yet vnto *Ragan* was I alwayes kinde,

And gaue to her the halfe of all I had:
It may be, if I ſhould to her repayre,
She would be kinder, and intreat me fayre.
Per. No doubt ſhe would, and practiſe ere't be long,
By force of armes for to redreſſe your wrong.
Leir. Well, ſince thou doeſt aduiſe me for to go,
I am reſolu'd to try the worſt of wo. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ragan *ſolus.*

Rag. How may I bleſſe the howre of my natiuity,
Which bodeth vnto me ſuch happy ſtarres!
How may I thank kind fortune, that vouchſafes
To all my actions, ſuch deſir'd euent!
I rule the king of *Cambria* as I pleaſe:
The ſtates are all obedient to my will;
And looke what ere I ſay, it ſhall be ſo;
Not any one, that dareth anſwere no.
My eldeſt ſiſter liues in royall ſtate,
And wanteth nothing fitting her degree:
Yet hath ſhe ſuch a cooling card withall,
As that her hony ſauoureth much of gall.
My father with her is quarter-maſter ſtill,
And many times reſtraynes her of her will:
But if he were with me, and ſeru'd me ſo,
Ide ſend him packing ſome where elſe to go.
Ide entertayne him with ſuch ſlender coſt,
That he ſhould quickly wiſh to change his hoſt.

Exit.

Enter Cornwall, Gonorill, *and attendants.*

Corn. Ah, *Gonorill*, what dire vnhappy chaunce
Hath ſequeſtred thy father from our preſence,
That no report can yet be heard of him?

Some

Some great vnkindneſſe hath bin offred him,
Exceeding far the bounds of patience:
Elſe all the world ſhall neuer me perſwade,
He would forſake vs without notice made.

Gon. Alas, my lord, whom doth it touch ſo neere,
Or who hath intereſt in this griefe, but I,
Whom ſorrow had brought to her longeſt home,
But that I know his qualities ſo well?
I know, he is but ſtolne vpon my ſiſter
At vnawares, to ſee her how ſhe fares,
And ſpend a little time with her, to note
How all things goe, and how ſhe likes her choyce:
And when occaſion ſerues, heele ſteale from her,
And vnawares returne to vs agayne.
Therefore, my lord, be frolick, and reſolue
To ſee my father here agayne e're long.

Corn. I hope ſo too; but yet to be more ſure,
Ile ſend a poſte immediately to know
Whether he be arriued there or no. *Exit.*

Gon. But I will intercept the meſſenger,
And temper him before he doth depart,
With ſweet perſwaſions, and with ſound rewards,
That his report ſhall ratify my ſpeech,
And make my lord ceaſe further to inquire.
If he be not gone to my ſiſters court,
As ſure my mind preſageth that he is,
He happely may, by trauelling vnknowne wayes,
Fall ſicke, and as a common paſſenger,
Be dead and buried: would God it were ſo well;
For then there were no more to do, but this,
He went away, and none knowes where he is.
But ſay he be in *Cambria* with the king,
And there exclayme againſt me, as he will:
I know he is as welcome to my ſiſter,

As

As water is into a broken ſhip.
Well, after him Ile ſend ſuch thunderclaps
Of ſlaunder, ſcandall, and inuented tales,
That all the blame ſhall be remou'd from me,
And vnperceiu'd rebound vpon himſelfe.
Thus with one nayle another Ile expell,
And make the world iudge, that I vſde him well.

Enter the meſſenger that ſhould go to Cambria, *with a letter in his hand.*

Gon. My honeſt friend, whither away ſo faſt?
Meſ. To *Cambria*, madam, with letters frō the king.
Gon. To whom?
Meſſ. Vnto your father, if he be there.
Gon. Let me ſee them. *She opens them.*
Meſſ. Madam, I hope your grace will ſtand
Betweene me and my neck-verſe, if I be
Calld in queſtion, for opening the kings letters.
Gon. 'Twas I that opened them, it was not thou.
Meſ. I, but you need not care, and ſo muſt I,
A hanſome man, be quickly truſt vp,
And when a man's hang'd, all the world cannot ſaue him.
Gon. He that hangs thee, were better hang his father,
Or that but hurts thee in the leaſt degree,
I tell thee, we make great account of thee.
Meſ. I am o're-ioy'd, I ſurfet of ſweet words:
Kind queene, had I a hundred liues, I would
Spend ninety nyne of them for you, for that word.
Gon. I, but thou wouldſt keepe one life ſtill,
And that's as many as thou art like to haue.
Meſ. That one life is not too deare for my good queene; this ſword, this buckler, this head, this heart, theſe hands, armes, legs, tripes, bowels, and all the members elſe whatſoeuer, are at your diſpoſe; vſe me, truſt me, commaund me; if

if I fayle in any thing, tyé me to a dung cart, and make a ſcauengers horſe of me, and whip me, ſo long as I haue any ſkin on my back.

Gon. In token of further imployment, take that.

Flings him a purſe.

Meſ. A ſtrong bond, a firme obligation, good in law, good in law: if I keepe not the condition, let my necke be the forfeyture of my negligence.

Gon. I like thee well, thou haſt a good toung.

Meſ. And as bad a toung if it be ſet on it, as any oyſterwife at *Billinſgate* hath: why, I haue made many of my neighbours forſake their houſes with rayling vpon them, and go dwell elſe where; and ſo by my meanes houſes haue bin good cheape in our pariſh: my toung being well whetted with choller, is more ſharpe then a razer of *Palerno*.

Gon. O thou art a fit man for my purpoſe.

Meſ. Commend me not, ſweet queene, before you try me,
As my deſerts are, ſo do think of me.

Gon. Well ſayd, then this is thy tryall: inſtead of carrying the kings letters to my father, carry thou theſe letters to my ſiſter, which contayne matter quite contrary to the other: there ſhal ſhe be giuen to vnderſtand, that my father hath detracted her, giuen out ſlaundrous ſpeaches againſt her; and that hee hath moſt intollerably abuſed me, ſet my lord and me at variance, and made mutinyes amongſt the commons.
Theſe things (although it be not ſo)
Yet thou muſt affirme them to be true,
With othes and proteſtations as will ſerue,
To driue my ſiſter out of loue with him.
And cauſe my will accompliſhed to be.
This do, thou winſt my fauour for euer,
And makeſt a hye way of preferment to thee
And all thy friends.

Meſſ.

Meſſ. It ſufficeth, conceyt it is already done:
I will ſo toung-whip him, that I will
Leaue him as bare of credit, as a poulter
Leaues a cony, when ſhe pulls off his ſkin.

Gon. Yet there is a further matter.

Meſ. I thirſt to heare it.

Gon. If my ſiſter thinketh conuenient, as my letters importeth, to make him away, haſt thou the heart to effect it?

Meſſ. Few words are beſt in ſo ſmall a matter:
Theſe are but trifles. By this booke I will.

Kiſſe the paper.

Gon. About it preſently, I long till it be done.

Meſ. I fly, I fly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cordella *ſolus.*

I haue bin ouer-negligent to day,
In going to the temple of my God,
To render thanks for all his benefits,
Which he miraculouſly hath beſtowed on me,
In rayſing me out of my meane eſtate,
When as I was deuoyd of worldly friends,
And placing me in ſuch a ſweet content,
As far exceeds the reach of my deſerts.
My kingly huſband, myrrour of his time,
For zeale, for iuſtice, kindneſſe, and for care
To God, his ſubiects, me, and common weale,
By his appoyntment was ordaynd for me.
I cannot wiſh the thing that I do want;
I cannot want the thing but I may haue,
Saue only this which I ſhall ne're obtayne,
My fathers loue, oh this I ne're ſhall gayne.
I would abſtayne from any nutryment,
And pyne my body to the very bones:

Bare

Bare foote I would on pilgrimage ſet forth
Vnto the furtheſt quarters of the earth,
And all my life time would I ſackcloth weare,
And mourning-wiſe powre duſt vpon my head:
So he but to forgiue me once would pleaſe,
That his gray haires might go to heauen in peace,
And yet I know not how I him offended,
Or wherein iuſtly I haue deſerued blame.
Oh ſiſters! you are much to blame in this,
It was not he, but you that did me wrong,
Yet God forgiue both him, and you and me.
Euen as I doe in perfit charity.
I will to church, and pray vnto my Sauiour,
That ere I dye, I may obtayne his fauour. *Exit.*

Enter Leir *and* Perillus *faintly.*

Per. Reſt on me, my lord, and ſtay your ſelfe,
The way ſeemes tedious to your aged lymmes.
Leir. Nay, reſt on me, kind friend, and ſtay thy ſelfe,
Thou art as old as I, but more kind.
Per. Ah, good my lord, it ill befits, that I
Should leane vpon the perſon of a king.
Leir. But it fits worſe, that I ſhould bring thee forth,
That had no cauſe to come along with me,
Through theſe vncouth paths, and tirefull wayes,
And neuer eaſe thy faynting limmes a whit.
Thou haſt left all, I, all to come with me,
And I, for all, haue nought to guerdon thee.
Per. Ceaſe, good my lord, to aggrauate my woes,
With theſe kind words, which cuts my heart in two,
To think your will ſhould want the power to do.
Leir. Ceaſe, good *Perillus*, for to call me lord,
And think me but the ſhaddow of my ſelfe.

Per.

Per. That honourable title will I giue,
Vnto my lord, ſo long as I do liue.
Oh, be of comfort; for I ſee the place
Whereas your daughter keeps her reſidence.
And loe, in happy time the *Cambrian* prince
Is here arriu'd, to gratify our comming.

Enter the prince of Cambria, Ragan, *and nobles: looke vpon them, and whiſper together.*

Leir. Were I beſt ſpeak, or ſit me downe and dye?
I am aſham'd to tell this heauy tale.
Per. Then let me tell it, if you pleaſe, my lord:
'Tis ſhame for them that were the cauſe thereof.
Cam. What two old men are thoſe that ſeeme ſo ſad?
Me thinks, I ſhould remember well their lookes.
Rag. No, I miſtake not, ſure it is my father:
I muſt diſſemble kindneſſe now of force.

She runneth to him, and kneeles downe, ſaying:

Father, I bid you welcome, full of griefe,
To ſee your grace vſde thus vnworthily,
And ill befitting for your reuerend age,
To come on foot a iourney ſo indurable.
Oh, what diſaſter chaunce hath bin the cauſe,
To make your cheeks ſo hollow, ſpare and leane?
He cannot ſpeake for weeping: for Gods loue, come,
Let vs refreſh him with ſome needfull things,
And at more leyſure we may better know,
Whence ſprings the ground of this vnlookt for wo.
Cam. Come, father, e're we any further talke,
You ſhall refreſh you after this weary walk.

Exeunt, manet Ragan.

Rag.

Rag. Comes he to me with finger in the eye,
To tell a tale againſt my ſiſter here ?
Whom I do know, he greatly hath abuſde :
And now like a contentious crafty wretch,
He firſt begins for to complayne himſelfe,
When as himſelfe is in the greateſt fault.
Ile not be partiall in my ſiſters cauſe,
Nor yet beleeue his doting vayne reports :
Who for a trifle (ſafely) I dare ſay,
Vpon a ſpleene is ſtolen thence away :
And here (forſooth) he hopeth to haue harbour,
And to be moan'd and made on like a child :
But ere't be long, his comming he ſhall curſe,
And truely ſay, he came from bad to worſe :
Yet will I make fayre weather, to procure
Conuenient meanes, and then Ile ſtrike it ſure. *Exit.*

Enter meſſenger ſolus.

Meſ. Now happily I am arriued here,
Before the ſtately palace of the *Cambrian* king :
If *Leir* be here ſafe-ſeated, and in reſt,
To rowſe him from it I will do my beſt.

Enter Ragan.

Now bags of gold, your vertue is (no doubt)
To make me in my meſſage bold and ſtout.
The King of heauen preſerue your maieſty.
And ſend your highneſſe euerlaſting raigne.

Ra. Thanks, good my friend ; but what imports thy meſſage ?

Meſ. Kind greetings from the *Cornwall* queene :
The reſidue theſe letters will declare.

She opens the letters.

Rag. How fares our royall ſiſter ?

Meſ.

Meſ. I did leaue her at my parting, in good health.
She reads the letter, frownes and ſtamps.
See how her colour comes and goes agayne,
Now red as ſcarlet, now as pale as aſh :
She how ſhe knits her brow, and bytes her lips,
And ſtamps, and makes a dumbe ſhew of diſdayne,
Mixt with reuenge, and violent extreames.
Here will be more worke and more crownes for me.
Rag. Alas, poore ſoule, and hath he vſde her thus?
And is he now come hither, with intent
To ſet diuorce betwixt my lord and me ?
Doth he giue out, that he doth heare report,
That I do rule my huſband as I liſt,
And therefore meanes to alter ſo the caſe,
That I ſhall know my lord to be my head ?
Well, it were beſt for him to take good heed,
Or I will make him hop without a head,
For his preſumption, dottard that he is.
In *Cornwall* he hath made ſuch mutinies,
Firſt, ſetting of the king againſt the queene ;
Then ſtirring vp the commons 'gainſt the king ;
That had he there continued any longer,
He had bin call'd in queſtion for his fact.
So vpon that occaſion thence he fled,
And comes thus ſlily ſtealing vnto vs :
And now already ſince his comming hither,
My lord and he are growne in ſuch a league,
That I can haue no conference with his grace :
I feare, he doth already intimate
Some forged cauillations 'gainſt my ſtate :
Tis therefore beſt to cut him off in time,
Leſt ſlaunderous rumours once abroad diſperſt,
It is too late for them to be reuerſt.

Friend,

Friend, as the tennour of theſe letters ſhewes,
My ſiſter puts great confidence in thee.
Meſ. She neuer yet committed truſt to me,
But that (I hope) ſhe found me alwayes faythfull:
So will I be to any friend of hers,
That hath occaſion to imploy my helpe.
Rag. Haſt thou the heart to act a ſtratagem,
And giue a ſtabbe or two, if need require;
Meſſ. I haue a heart compact of adamant,
Which neuer knew what melting pitty meant.
I weigh no more the murdring of a man,
Then I reſpect the cracking of a flea,
When I doe catch her byting on my ſkin.
If you will haue your huſband or your father,
Or both of them ſent to another world,
Do but commaund me doo't, it ſhall be done.
Rag. It is ynough, we make no doubt of thee:
Meet vs to morrow here, at nyne a clock:
Meane while, farewell, and drink that for my ſake. *Exit.*
Meſ. I, this is it will make me do the deed:
Oh, had I every day ſuch cuſtomers,
This were the gainefulſt trade in *Chriſtendome!*
A purſe of gold giu'n for a paltry ſtabbe!
Why, heres a wench that longs to haue a ſtabbe.
Wel, I could giue it her, and ne're hurt her neither.

Enter the Gallian *king, and* Cordella.

King. When will theſe clouds of ſorrow once diſperſe.
And ſmiling ioy tryumph vpon thy brow?
When will this ſcene of ſadneſſe haue an end,
And pleaſant acts inſue, to moue delight?
When will my louely queene ceaſe to lament,
And take ſome comfort to her grieued thoughts?

If of thy ſelfe thou daignſt to haue no care,
Yet pitty me, whom thy griefe makes deſpayre.
Cor. O, grieue not you, my lord, you haue no cauſe;
Let not my paſſions moue your mind a whit:
For I am bound by nature, to lament
For his ill will, that life to me firſt lent.
If ſo the ſtocke be dryed with diſdayne,
Withered and fere the branch muſt needes remaine.
King. But thou art now graft in another ſtock;
I am the ſtock, and thou the louely branch:
And from my root continuall ſap ſhall flow,
To make thee flouriſh with perpetual ſpring.
Forget thy father and thy kindred now,
Since they forſake thee like inhumane beaſtes,
Thinke they are dead, ſince all their kindneſſe dyes,
And bury them, where black obliuion lyes.
Think not thou art the daughter of old *Leir*,
Who did vnkindly diſinherit thee:
But think thou art the noble *Gallian* queene,
And wife to him that dearely loueth thee:
Embrace the ioyes that preſent with thee dwell,
Let ſorrow packe and hide her ſelfe in hell.
Cord. Not that I miſſe my country or my kinne,
My old acquaintance or my ancient friends,
Doth any whit diſtemperate my mynd,
Knowing you, which are more deare to me,
Then country, kin, and all things els can be.
Yet pardon me, my gracious lord, in this:
For what can ſtop the courſe of nature's power?
As eaſy is it for foure-footed beaſts,
To ſtay themſelues vpon the liquid ayre,
And mount aloft into the element,
And ouerſtrip the feathered fowles in flight:
As eaſy is it for the ſlimy fiſh,

To

To liue and thriue without the helpe of water :
As eaſy is it for the blackamoore,
To waſh the tawny colour from his ſkin,
Which all oppoſe againſt the courſe of nature,
As I am able to forget my father.

King. Myrrour of vertue, *Phœnix* of our age !
Too kind a daughter for an vnkind father,
Be of good comfort; for I will diſpatch
Ambaſſadors immediately for *Brittayne*,
Vnto the king of *Cornwalls* court, whereas
Your father keepeth now his reſidence,
And in the kindeſt maner him intreat,
That ſetting former grieuances apart,
He will be pleaſde to come and viſit vs.
If no intreaty will ſuffice the turne,
Ile offer him the halfe of all my crowne :
If that moues not, weele furniſh out a fleet,
And ſayle to *Cornwall* for to viſit him ;
And there you ſhall be firmely reconcilde
In perfit loue, as earſt you were before.

Cor. Where toung cannot ſufficient thanks afford,
The king of heauen remunerate my lord.

King. Only be blithe, and frolick (ſweet) with me :
This and much more Ile do to comfort thee.

Enter meſſenger ſolus.

Meſ. It is a world to ſee now I am fluſh,
How many friends I purchaſe euery where !
How many ſeekes to creepe into my fauour,
And kiſſe their hands, and bend their knees to me !
No more, here comes the queene, now ſhall I know her mind,
And hope for to deriue more crownes from her.

Enter Ragã.

Rag. My friend, I ſee thou mind'ſt thy promiſe well,
And art before me here, me thinks, to day,
Meſ. I am a poore man, and it like your grace ;
But yet I alwayes loue to keepe my word.
Ra. Wel, keepe thy word with me, and thou ſhalt ſee,
That of a poore man I will make thee rich.
Meſ. I long to heare it, it might haue bin diſpatcht,
If you had told me of it yeſternight.
Ra. It is a thing of right ſtrange conſequence,
And well I cannot vtter it in words.
Meſ. It is more ſtrange, that I am not by this
Beſide my ſelfe, with longing for to heare it,
Were it to meet the deuill in his denne,
And try a bout with him for a ſcratcht face,
Ide vndertake it, if you would but bid me.
Ra. Ah, good my friend, that I ſhould haue thee do,
Is ſuch a thing, as I do ſhame to ſpeake;
Yet it muſt needs be done.
Meſ. Ile ſpeake it for thee, queene: ſhall I kill thy father ?
I know tis that, and if it be ſo, ſay,
Rag. I.
Meſ. Why, thats ynough.
Rag. And yet that is not all.
Meſ. What elſe ?
Rag. Thou muſt kill that old man that came with him.
Miſ. Here are two hands, for eche of them is one.
Rag. And for eche hand here is a recompence.

Giue him two purſes.

Meſ. Oh, that I had ten hands by myracle,
I could teare ten in pieces with my teeth,

So

So in my mouth yould put a purſe of gold.
But in what manner muſt it be effected ?
Rag. To morrow morning ere the breake of day,
I by a wyle will ſend them to the thicket,
That is about ſome two myles from the court,
And promiſe them to meet them there my ſelfe,
Becauſe I muſt haue priuate conference,
About ſome newes I haue receyu'd from *Cornwall.*
This is ynough, I know, they will not fayle,
And then be ready for to play thy part :
Which done, thou mayſt right eaſily eſcape,
And no man once miſtruſt thee for the fact :
But yet, before thou proſecute the act,
Shew him the letter, which my ſiſter ſent,
There let him read his owne inditement firſt,
And then proceed to execution :
But ſee thou faynt not ; for they will ſpeake fayre.
Meſ. Could he ſpeak words as pleaſing as the pipe
Of *Mercury*, which charm'd the hundred eyes
Of watchfull *Argos*, and inforc'd him ſleepe :
Yet here are words ſo pleaſing to my thoughts,
To the purſe.
As quite ſhall take away the ſound of his. *Exit.*
Rag. About it then, and when thou haſt diſpatcht,
Ile find a meanes to ſend thee after him *Exit.*

Enter Cornwall *and* Gonorill,

Corn. I wonder that the meſſenger doth ſtay,
Whom we diſpatcht for *Cambria* ſo long ſince :
If that his anſwere do not pleaſe vs well,
And he do ſhew good reaſon for delay,
Ile teach him how to dally with his king,
And to detayne vs in ſuch long ſuſpence.

Gon. My lord, I thinke the reaſon may be this :
My father meanes to come along with him ;
And therefore tis his pleaſure he ſhall ſtay,
For to attend vpon him on the way.
Corn. It may be ſo, and therfore till I know
The truth thereof, I will ſuſpend my iudgement.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. And't like your grace, there is an ambaſſador
Arriued from *Gallia*, and craues admittance to your maieſty.
Corn. From *Gallia ?* what ſhould his meſſage
Hither import ? is not your father happely
Gone thither ? well, whatſoere it be,
Bid him come in, he ſhall haue audience.

Enter ambaſſador.

What newes from *Gallia ?* ſpeake ambaſſador.
Am. The noble king and queene of *Gallia* firſt ſalutes,
By me, their honourable father, my lord *Leir :*
Next, they commend them kindly to your graces,
As thoſe whoſe wellfare they intirely wiſh.
Letters I haue to deliuer to my lord *Leir*,
And preſents too, if I might ſpeake with him.
Gon. If you might ſpeak with him ? why, do you thinke,
We are afrayd that you ſhould ſpeake with him ?
Am. Pardon me, madam ; for I thinke not ſo,
But ſay ſo only, 'cauſe he is not here.
Corn. Indeed, my friend, vpon ſome vrgent cauſe,
He is at this time abſent from the court :
But if a day or two you here repoſe,
Tis very likely you ſhall haue him here,
Or elſe haue certayne notice where he is.

Gon.

Gon. Are not we worthy to receiue your meſſage ?
Am. I had in charge to do it to himſelfe.
Gon. It may be then 'twill not be done in haſte.

To herſelfe.

How doth my ſiſter brooke the ayre of *Fraunce ?*
Am. Exceeding well, and neuer ſicke one houre,
Since firſt ſhe ſet her foot vpon the ſhore.
Gon. I am the more ſorry.
Am. I hope, not ſo, madam.
Gon. Didſt thou not ſay, that ſhe was euer ſicke,
Since the firſt houre that ſhe arriued there ?
Amb. No, madam, I ſayd quite contrary.
Gon. Then I miſtooke thee.
Corn. Then ſhe is merry, if ſhe haue her health.
Am. Oh no, her griefe exceeds, vntill the time,
That ſhe be reconcil'd unto her father.
Gon. God continue it.
Am. What, madam ?
Gon. Why, her health.
Am. Amen to that: but God releaſe her griefe,
And ſend her father in a better mind,
Then to continue alwayes ſo vnkind.
Corn. Ile be a mediator in her cauſe,
And ſeeke all meanes to expiat his wrath.
Am. Madam, I hope your grace will do the like.,
Gon. Should I be a meane to exaſperate his wrath
Againſt my ſiſter, whom I loue ſo deare ? no, no.
Am. To expiate or mittigate his wrath:
For he hath miſconceyued without a cauſe.
Gon. O, I, what elſe ?
Am. Tis pity it ſhould be ſo, would it were otherwiſe.
Gon. It were great pity it ſhould be otherwiſe.
Am. Then how, madam ?
Gon. Then that they ſhould be reconcilde againe.

Am. It ſhewes you beare an honourable mind.
Gon. It ſhewes thy vnderſtanding to be blind,
And that thou hadſt need of an interpreter :
Speakes to her ſelfe.
Well, I will know thy meſſage ere't be long,
And find a meane to croſſe it, if I can.
Corn. Come in, my friend, and frolick in our court,
Till certayne notice of my father come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leir *and* Perillus.

Per. My lord, you are vp to day before your houre,
Tis newes to you to be abroad ſo rathe.
Leir. Tis newes indeed, I am ſo extreme heauy,
That I can ſcarcely keepe my eye-lids open.
Per. And ſo am I, but I impute the cauſe
To riſing ſooner then we vſe to do,
Leir. Hither my daughter meanes to come diſguis'd :
Ile ſit me downe, and read vntill ſhe come.
Pull out a booke and ſit downe.
Per. Sheele not be long, I warrant you, my lord :
But ſay, a couple of theſe they call good fellowes,
Should ſtep out of a hedge, and ſet vpon vs,
We were in good caſe for to anſwere them.
Leir. 'Twere not for vs to ſtand vpon our hands.
Per. I feare, we ſcant ſhould ſtand vpon our legs.
But how ſhould we do to defend our ſelues ?
Leir. Euen pray to God, to bleſſe vs frō their hands :
For feruent prayer much ill hap withſtands.
Per. Ile ſit and pray with you for company ;
Yet was I ne're ſo heauy in my life.
They fall both aſleepe.

Enter the meſſenger or murtherer with two daggers in his hands.

Meſſ. Were it not a mad ieſt, if two or three of my profeſſiō ſhould meet me, and lay me downe in a ditch, and play robbe

robbe thiefe with me, and perforce take my gold away from me, whileſt I act this ſtratagem, and by this meanes the gray beards ſhould eſcape? Fayth, when I were at liberty againe, I would make no more to do, but go to the next tree, and there hang my ſelfe.

See them and ſtart.

But ſtay, me thinks, my youthes are here already,
And with pure zeale haue prayed themſelues aſleepe.
I thinke, they know to what intent they came,
And are prouided for another world.

He takes their bookes away.

Now could I ſtab them brauely, while they ſleepe,
And in a maner put them to no payne;
And doing ſo, I ſhewed them mighty friendſhip:
For feare of death is worſe then death it ſelfe.
But that my ſweet queene will'd me for to ſhew
This letter to them, ere I did the deed.
Maſſe, they begin to ſtirre: Ile ſtand aſide;
So ſhall I come vpon them vnawares.

They wake and riſe.

Leir. I maruell, that my daughter ſtayes ſo long.
Per. I feare, we did miſtake the place, my lord.
Leir. God graunt we do not miſcarry in the place:
I had a ſhort nap, but ſo full of dread,
As much amazeth me to think thereof.
Per. Feare not, my lord, dreames are but fantaſies,
And ſlight imaginations of the brayne.
Meſ. Perſwade him ſo, but Ile make him and you
Confeſſe, that dreames do often proue too true.
Per. I pray, my lord, what was the effect of it?
I may go neere to geſſe what it pretends.
Meſ. Leaue that to me, I will expound the dreame.
Leir. Me thought, my daughters, *Gonorill* and *Ragan*,

Stood

Stood both before me with ſuch grim aſpects,
Eche brandiſhing a faulchion in their hand,
Ready to lop a lymme off where it fell,
And in their other hands a naked poynyard,
Wherwith they ſtabd me in a hundred places,
And to their thinking left me there for dead :
But then my youngeſt daughter, fayre *Cordella*,
Came with a boxe of balſome in her hand,
And powred it into my bleeding wounds,
By whoſe good meanes I was recoured well,
In perfit health, as earſt I was before :
And with the feare of this I did awake,
And yet for feare my feeble ioynts do quake.

Meſ. Ile make you quake for ſomething preſently.
Stand, ſtand.

They reele.

Leir. We do, my friend, although with much adoe.

Meſ. Deliuer, deliuer.

Per. Deliuer vs, good Lord, from ſuch as he.

Meſ. You ſhould haue prayed before, while it was time,
And then perhaps, you might haue ſcapt my hands:
But you, like faithfull watch-men, fell aſleepe,
The whilſt I came and tooke your halberds from you.

Shew their bookes.

And now you want your weapons of defence,
How haue you any hope to be deliuered ?
This comes, becauſe you haue no better ſtay,
But fall aſleepe, when you ſhould watch and pray ?

Leir. My friend, thou ſeemſt to be a proper man.

Meſ. Sblood, how the old ſlaue clawes me by the elbow ?
He thinks, belike, to ſcape by ſcraping thus.

Per. And it may be, are in ſome need of money.

Meſ. That to be falſe, behold my euidence.

Shewes his purſes.

Leir.

Leir. If that I haue will do thee any good,
I giue it thee, euen with a right good will.

Take it.

Per. Here, take mine too, and wiſh with all my heart,
To do thee pleaſure, it were twice as much.

Take his, and weygh them both in his hands.

Meſ. Ile none of them, they are too light for me.

Puts them in his pocket.

Leir. Why then farewell: and if thou haue occaſion
In any thing, to vſe me to the queene,
'Tis like ynough that I can pleaſure thee.

They proffer to goe.

Meſ. Do you heare, do you heare, ſir?
If I had occaſion to vſe you to the queene,
Would you do one thing for me I ſhould aſke?

Leir. I, any thing that lyes within my power.
Here is my hand vpon it, ſo farewell.

Proffer to goe.

Meſ. Heare you ſir, heare you? pray, a word with you.
Me thinks, a comely honeſt ancient man
Should not diſſemble with one for a vantage.
I know, when I ſhall come to try this geare,
You will recant from all that you haue ſayd.

Per. Miſtruſt not him, but try him when thou wilt:
He is her father, therefore may do much.

Meſ. I know he is, and therefore meane to try him:
You are his friend too, I muſt try you both.

Ambo. Prithy do, prithy do.

Proffer to go out.

Meſ. Stay gray-beards then, and proue men of your words:
The queene hath tyed me by a ſolemne othe,
Here in this place to ſee you both diſpatcht:
Now for the ſafegard of my conſcience,
Do me the pleaſure for to kill your ſelues:

So

So ſhall you ſaue me labour for to do it,
And proue your ſelues true old men of your words.
And here I vow in ſight of all the world,
I ne're will trouble you whilſt I liue agayne.

Leir. Affright vs not with terrour, good my friend,
Nor ſtrike ſuch feare into our aged hearts.
Play not the cat, which dallieth with the mouſe;
And on a ſudden maketh her a pray:
But if thou art markt for the mau of death
To me and to my *Damion*, tell me playne,
That we may be prepared for the ſtroke,
And make our ſelues fit for the world to come.

Meſ. I am the laſt of any mortall race,
That ere your eyes are likely to behold,
And hither ſent of purpoſe to this place,
To giue a finall period to your dayes,
Which are ſo wicked, and haue liued ſo long,
That your owne children ſeeke to ſhort your life.

Leir. Camſt thou from *France*, of purpoſe to do this?

Meſ. From *France?* zoones, do I looke like a *Frenchman?* Sure I haue not mine owne face on; ſome body hath chang'd faces with me, and I know not of it: but I am ſure, my apparell is all *Engliſh*. Sirra, what meaneſt thou to aſke that queſtion? I could ſpoyle the faſhion of this face for anger. A *French* face!

Leir. Becauſe my daughter, whom I haue offended,
And at whoſe hands I haue deſeru'd as ill,
As euer any father did of child,
Is queene of *Fraunce*, no thanks at all to me,
But vnto God, who my iniuſtice ſee.
If it be ſo, that ſhee doth ſeeke reuenge,
As with good reaſon ſhe may iuſtly do,
I will moſt willingly reſigne my life,
A ſacrifice to mittigate her ire:

I neuer

I neuer will intreat thee to forgiue,
Becauſe I am vnworthy for to liue.
Therefore ſpeake ſoone, and I will ſoone make ſpeed:
Whether *Cordella* will'd thee do this deed?

Meſ. As I am a perfit gentleman, thou ſpeakſt *Freneh* to me:
I neuer heard *Cordellaes* name before,
Nor neuer was in *Fraunce* in all my life:
I neuer knew thou hadſt a daughter there,
To whom thou didſt proue ſo vnkind a churle:
But thy owne toung declares that thou haſt bin
A vyle old wretch, and full of heynous ſin.

Leir. Ah no, my friend, thou art deceyued much:
For her except, whom I confeſſe I wrongd,
Through doting frenzy, and o're-ielous loue.
There liues not any vnder heauens bright eye,
That can conuict me of impiety:
And therfore ſure thou doſt miſtake the marke:
For I am in true peace with all the world.

Meſ. You are the fitter for the King of heauen:
And therefore, for to rid thee of ſuſpence,
Know thou, the queenes of *Cambria* and *Cornwall*,
Thy owne two daughters, *Gonorill* and *Ragan*,
Appoynted me to maſſacre thee here.
Why wouldſt thou then perſwade me, that thou art
In charity with all the world? but now
When thy owne iſſue hold thee in ſuch hate,
That they haue hyred me t'abbridge thy fate,
Oh, fy vpon ſuch vyle diſſembling breath,
That would deceyue, euen at the poynt of death.

Per. Am I awake, or is it but a dreame?

Meſ. Feare nothing, man, thou art but in a dreame,
And thou ſhalt neuer wake vntill doomes day,
By then, I hope, thou wilt haue ſlept ynough.

Leir. Yet, gentle friend, graunt one thing ere I die,

Meſ.

Mef. Ile graunt you any thing, except your liues.
Leir. Oh, but aſſure me by ſome certayne token,
That my two daughters hyred thee to this deed :
If I were once reſolu'd of that, then I
Would wiſh no longer life, but craue to dye.
Mef. That to be true, in ſight of heauen I ſweare.
Leir. Sweare not by heauen, for feare of puniſhmēt :
The heauens are guiltleſſe of ſuch haynous acts.
Mef. I ſweare by earth, the mother of vs all.
Leir. Sweare not by earth ; for ſhe abhors to beare
Such baſtards, as are murtherers of her ſonnes.
Mef. Why then, by hell, and all the deuils I ſweare.
Leir. Sweare not by hell ; for that ſtands gaping wide,
To ſwallow thee, and if thou do this deed.

Thunder and lightning.

Mef. I would that word were in his belly agayne,
It hath frighted me euen to the very heart ;
This old man is ſome ſtrong magician :
His words haue turnd my mind from this exployt.
Then neyther heauen, earth, nor hell be witneſſe ;
But let this paper witneſſe for them all,

Shewes Gonorils *letter.*

Shall I relent, or ſhall I proſecute ?
Shall I reſolue, or were I beſt recant ?
I will not crack my credit with two queenes,
To whom I haue already paſt my word.
Oh, but my conſcience for this act doth tell,
I get heauens hate, earths ſcorne, and paynes of hell.

They bleſſe themſelues.

Per. Oh iuſt *Iehoua*, whoſe almighty power
Doth gouerne all things in this ſpacious world,
How canſt thou ſuffer ſuch outragious acts
To be committed without iuſt reuenge ?

O viperous

O viperous generation and accurſt,
To ſeeke his blood, whoſe blood did make them firſt !
Leir. Ah, my true friend in all extremity,
Let vs ſubmit vs to the will of God :
Things paſt all ſence, let vs not ſeeke to know;
It is Gods will, and therefore muſt be ſo.
My friend, I am prepared for the ſtroke :
Strike when thou wilt, and I forgiue thee here,
Euen from the very bottome of my heart.
Meſ. But I am not prepared for to ſtrike.
Leir. Farewell, *Perillus*, euen the trueſt friend,
That euer liued in aduerſity :
The lateſt kindneſſe Ile requeſt of thee,
Is that thou go vnto my daughter *Cordella*,
And carry her her fathers lateſt bleſſing :
Withall deſire her, that ſhe will forgiue me ;
For I haue wrongd her without any cauſe.
Now, lord, receyue me, for I come to thee,
And dye, I hope, in perfit charity.
Diſpatch, I pray thee, I haue liued too long.
Meſ. I, but you are unwiſe, to ſend an errand
By him that neuer meaneth to deliuer it :
Why, he muſt go along with you to heauen :
It were not good you ſhould go all alone.
Leir. No doubt, he ſhal, when by the courſe of nature,
He muſt ſurrender vp his due to death :
But that time ſhall not come, till God permit
Meſ. Nay, preſently, to beare you company.
I haue a paſport for him in my pocket,
Already ſeald, and he muſt needs ride poſte.

Shew a bagge of money.

Leir. The letter which I read, imports not ſo,
It only toucheth me, no word of him.

Meſſ.

Meſſ. I, but the queene commaunds it muſt be ſo,
And I am payd for him, as well as you.

Per. I, who haue borne you company in life,
Moſt willingly will beare a ſhare in death.
It ſkilleth not for me, my friend, a whit,
Nor for a hundred ſuch as thou and I.

Meſ. Mary, but it doth, ſir, by your leaue; your good dayes are paſt: though it bee no matter for you, tis a matter for me, proper men are not ſo rife.

Per. Oh, but beware, how thou doſt lay thy hand
Vpon the high anoynted of the Lord:
O, be aduiſed ere thou doſt begin:
Diſpatch me ſtraight, but meddle not with him.

Leir. Friend, thy commiſſion is to deale with me,
And I am he that hath deſerued all:
The plot was layd to take away my life:
And here it is, I do intreat thee take it:
Yet for my ſake, and as thou art a man,
Spare this my friend, that hither with me came:
I brought him forth, whereas he had not bin,
But for good will to beare me company.
He left his friends, his country and his goods,
And came with me in moſt extremity.
Oh, if he ſhould miſcarry here and dye,
Who is the cauſe of it, but only I?

Meſ. Why that am I, let that ne're trouble thee.

Leir. O no, tis I. O, had I now to giue thee
The monarchy of all the ſpacious world
To ſaue his life, I would beſtow it on thee:
But I haue nothing but theſe teares and prayers,
And the ſubmiſſion of a bended knee.

kneele.

O, if all this to mercy moue thy mind,
Spare him, in heauen thou ſhalt like mercy find.

Meſ.

Mef. I am as hard to be moued as another, and yet me thinks the ſtrength of their perſwaſions ſtirres me a little.

Per. My friend, if feare of the almighty power
Haue power to moue thee, we haue ſayd ynough:
But if thy mind be moueable with gold,
We haue not preſently to giue it thee:
Yet to thy ſelfe thou mayſt do greater good,
To keepe thy hands ſtill vndefilde from blood:
For do but well conſider with thy ſelfe,
When thou haſt finiſht this outragious act,
What horrour ſtill will haunt thee for the deed:
Think this agayne, that they which would incenſe
Thee for to be the butcher of their father,
When it is done, for feare it ſhould be knowne,
Would make a meanes to rid thee from the world:
Oh, then art thou for euer tyed in chaynes
Of euerlaſting torments to indure,
Euen in the hoteſt hole of griſly hell,
Such paynes, as neuer mortall toung can tell.

It thunders. He quakes, and lets fall the dagger next to Perillus.

Leir. O, heauens be thanked, he will ſpare my friend.
Now when thou wilt come make an end of me.

He lets fall the other dagger.

Per. Oh, happy ſight! he meanes to ſaue my lord.
The king of heauen continue this good mind.

Leir. Why ſtayſt thou to do execution?

Mef. I am as wilfull as you for your life:
I will not do it, now you do intreat me.

Per. Ah, now I ſee thou haſt ſome ſparke of grace.

Mef. Beſhrew you for it, you haue put it in me:
The parloſeſt old men, that ere I heard.
Well, to be flat, Ile not meddle with you:

Here I found you, and here Ile leaue you:
If any aſke you why the caſe ſo ſtand?
Say that your toungs were better then your hands.

Exit Meſſ.

Per. Farewell. If euer we together meet,
It ſhall go hard, but I will thee regreet.
Courage, my lord, the worſt is ouerpaſt;
Let vs giue thanks to God, and hye vs hence.

Leir. Thou art deceyued; for I am paſt the beſt,
And know not whither for to go from hence:
Death had bin better welcome vnto me,
Then longer life to adde more miſery.

Per. It were not good to returne from whence we came,
Vnto your daughter *Ragan* back againe.
Now let vs go to *France*, vnto *Cordella*,
Your youngeſt daughter, doubtleſſe ſhe will ſuccour you.

Leir. Oh, how can I perſwade my ſelfe of that,
Since the other two are quite deuoyd of loue;
To whom I was ſo kind, as that my gifts,
Might make them loue me, if 'twere nothing elſe?

Per. No worldly gifts, but grace from God on hye,
Doth nouriſh vertue and true charity.
Remember well what words *Cordella* ſpake,
What time you aſkt her, how ſhe lou'd your grace.
She ſayd, her loue vnto you was as much,
As ought a child to beare vnto her father.

Leir. But ſhe did find, my loue was not to her,
As ſhould a father beare vnto a child.

Per. That makes not her loue to be any leſſe,
If ſhe do loue you as a child ſhould do:
You haue tryed two, try one more for my ſake,
Ile ne're intreat you further tryall make.
Remember well the dreame you had of late,
And thinke what comfort it foretels to vs.

Leir.

Leir. Come, trueſt friend, that euer man poſſeſt,
I know thou counſailſt all things for the beſt:
If this third daughter play a kinder part,
It comes of God, and not of my deſert. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Gallian *ambaſſador ſolus.*

Am. There is of late newes come vnto the court,
That old lord *Leir* remaynes in *Cambria:*
Ile hye me thither preſently, to impart
My letters and my meſſage vnto him.
I neuer was leſſe welcome to a place
In all my life time, then I haue bin hither,
Eſpecially vnto the ſtately queene,
Who would not caſt one gracious looke on me,
But ſtill with lowring and ſuſpicious eyes,
Would take exceptions at each word I ſpake,
And fayne ſhe would haue vndermined me,
To know what my ambaſſage did import.
But ſhe is like to hop without her hope,
And in this matter for to want her will,
Though (by report) ſheele hau't in all things elſe.
Well, I will poſte away for *Cambria:*
Within theſe few dayes I hope to be there, *Exit.*

Enter the king and queene of Gallia, *and* Mumford.

King. By this, our father vnderſtands our mind,
And our kind greetings ſent to him of late:
Therefore my mind preſageth ere't be long,
We ſhall receyue from *Brittayne* happy newes.
Cord. I feare, my ſiſter will diſſwade his mind;
For ſhe to me hath alwayes bin vnkind.
King. Feare not, my loue, ſince that we know the worſt,
The laſt meanes helpes, if that we miſſe the firſt:

If hee'le not come to *Gallia* vnto vs,
Then we will ſayle to *Brittayne* vnto him.
Mum. Well, if I once ſee *Brittayne* agayne,
I haue ſworne, Ile ne're come home without my wench,
And Ile not be forſworne,
Ile rather neuer come home while I liue.
Cor. Are you ſure, *Mumford*, ſhe is a mayd ſtill?
Mum. Nay, Ile not ſweare ſhe is a mayd, but ſhe goes for one:
Ile take her at all aduentures, if I can get her.
Cord. I, thats well put in.
Mum. Well put in? nay, it was ill put in; for had it
Bin as well put in, as ere I put in, in my dayes,
I would haue made her follow me to *Fraunce*.
Cor. Nay, you'd haue bin ſo kind, as take her with you,
Or elſe, were I as ſhe,
I would haue bin ſo louing, as Ide ſtay behind you:
Yet I muſt confeſſe, you are a very proper man,
And able to make a wench do more then ſhe would do.
Mum. Well, I haue a payre of ſlops for the nonce,
Will hold all your mocks.
King. Nay, we ſee you haue a hanſome hoſe.
Cor. I, and of the neweſt faſhion.
Mum, More bobs, more: put them in ſtill,
They'l ſerue inſtead of bumbaſt, yet put not in too many, leſt the ſeames crack, and they fly out amongſt you againe: you muſt not think to outface me ſo eaſily in my miſtris quarrel, who if I ſee once agayne, ten teame of horſes ſhall not draw me away, till I haue full and whole poſſeſſion.
King. I, but one teame and a cart will ſerue the turne.
Cor. Not only for him, but alſo for his wench.
Mum. Well, you are two to one, Ile giue you ouer:
And ſince I ſee you ſo pleaſantly diſpoſed,
Which indeed is but ſeldome ſeene, Ile clayme

A promiſe

A promiſe of you, which you ſhall not deny me:
For promiſe is debt, and by this hand you promiſd it me.
Therefore you owe it me, and you ſhall pay it me,
Or Ile ſue you vpon an action of vnkindneſſe.

King. Prithy, lord *Mumford*, what promiſe did I make thee?

Mum. Fayth, nothing but this,
That the next fayre weather, which is very now,
You would go in progreſſe downe to the ſea ſide,
Which is very neere.

King. Fayth, in this motion I will ioyne with thee,
And be a mediator to my queene.
Prithy, my loue, let this match go forward,
My mind foretels, 'twill be a lucky voyage.

Cor. Entreaty needs not, where you may cōmaund,
So you be pleaſde, I am right well content:
Yet, as the ſea I much deſire to ſee;
So am I moſt vnwilling to be ſeene.

King. Weele go diſguiſed, all vnknowne to any.

Cor. Howſoeuer you make one, Ile make another.

Mum. And I the third: oh, I am ouer-ioyed!
See what loue is, which getteth with a word,
What all the world beſides could ne're obtayne:
But what diſguiſes ſhall we haue, my lord?

King. Fayth thus: my queene and I will be diſguiſde,
Like a playne country couple, and you ſhall be *Roger*
Our man, and wayt vpon vs: or if you will,
You ſhall go firſt, and we will wayt on you.

Mum. 'Twere more then time; this deuice is excellent:
Come let vs about it. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cambria *and* Ragan, *with nobles.*

Cam. What ſtrange miſchance or vnexpected hap
Hath thus depriu'd vs of our fathers preſence?

Can no man tell vs what's become of him,
With whom we did conuerſe not two dayes ſince?
My lords, let euery where light horſe be ſent,
To ſcoure about through all our regiment.
Diſpatch a poſte immediately to *Cornwall*,
To ſee if any newes be of him there;
My ſelfe will make a ſtrict inquiry here,
And all about our cities neere at hand,
Till certayne newes of his abode be brought.

Rag. All ſorrow is but counterfet to mine,
Whoſe lips are almoſt ſealed vp with griefe:
Mine is the ſubſtance, whilſt they do but ſeeme
To weepe the leſſe, which teares cannot redeeme.
O, ne're was heard ſo ſtrange a miſaduenture,
A thing ſo far beyond the reach of ſence,
Since no mans reaſon in the cauſe can enter.
What hath remou'd my father thus from hence?
O, I do feare ſome charme or inuocation
Of wicked ſpirits, or infernall fiends,
Stird by *Cordella*, moues this innouation,
And brings my father timeleſſe to his end.
But might I know, that the deteſted witch
Were certayne cauſe of this vncertayne ill,
My ſelfe to *Fraunce* would go in ſome diſguiſe,
And with theſe nayles ſcratch out her hatefull eyes:
For ſince I am depriued of my father,
I loath my life, and wiſh my death the rather.

Cam. The heauens are iuſt, and hate Impiety,
And will (no doubt) reueale ſuch haynous crimes:
Cenſure not any, till you know the right:
Let him be iudge, that bringeth truth to light.

Ra. O, but my griefe, like to a ſwelling tyde,
Exceeds the bounds of common patience:

Nor

Nor can I moderate my toung ſo much,
To conceale them, whom I hold in ſuſpect.
Cam. This matter ſhall be ſifted: if it be ſhe,
A thouſand *Fraunces* ſhall not harbour her.

Enter the Gallian *ambaſſador.*

Am. All happineſſe vnto the *Cambrian* king.
Cam. Welcom, my friend, from whence is thy ambaſſage?
Am. I came from *Gallia*, vnto *Cornwall* ſent,
With letters to your honourable father,
Whom there not finding, as I did expect,
I was directed hither to repayre.
Rag. Frenchman, what is thy meſſage to my father?
Am. My letters, madam, will import the ſame,
Which my commiſſion is for to deliuer.
Ra. In his abſence you may truſt vs with your letters.
Am. I muſt performe my charge in ſuch a maner,
As I haue ſtrict commaundement from the king.
Ra. There is good packing twixt your king and you:
You need not hither-come to aſke for him,
You know where he is better then our ſelues.
Am. Madam, I hope, not far off.
Ra. Hath the young murdreſſe, your outragious queene,
No meanes to colour her deteſted deeds,
In finiſhing my guiltleſſe fathers dayes,
(Becauſe he gaue her nothing to her dowre)
But by the colour of a fayn'd ambaſſage,
To ſend him letters hither to our court?
Go carry them to them that ſent them hither,
And bid them keepe their ſcroules vnto themſelues:
They cannot blind vs with ſuch ſlight excuſe,
To ſmother vp ſo monſtrous vild abuſe.

And were it not, it is 'gainſt law of armes,
To offer violence to a meſſenger,
We would inflict ſuch torments on thy ſelfe,
As ſhould inforce thee to reueale the truth.

Am. Madam, your threats no whit apall my mind,
I know my conſcience guiltleſſe of this act;
My king and queene, I dare be ſworne, are free
From any thought of ſuch impiety:
And therefore, madam, you haue done them wrong,
And ill beſeeming with a ſiſters loue,
Who in meere duty tender him as much,
As euer you reſpected him for dowre.
The king your huſband will not ſay as much.

Cam. I will ſuſpend my iudgement for a time,
Till more apparance giue vs further light:
Yet to be playne, your comming doth inforce
A great ſuſpicion to our doubtfull mind,
And that you do reſemble, to be briefe,
Him that firſt robs, and then cries, ſtop the theefe.

Am. Pray God ſome neere you haue not done the like.

Rag. Hence, ſaucy mate, reply no more to vs;

She ſtrikes him.

For law of armes ſhall not protect thy toung.

Am. Ne're was I offred ſuch diſcourteſy;
God and my king, I truſt, ere it be long,
Will find a meane to remedy this wrong.

Exit Amb.

Rag. How ſhall I liue, to ſuffer this diſgrace,
At euery baſe and vulgar peaſants hands?
It ill befitteth my imperiall ſtate,
To be thus vſde, and no man take my part.

She weeps.

Cam.

Cam. What ſhould I do: infringe the law of armes,
Were to my euerlaſting obloquy:
But I will take reuenge vpon his maſter,
Which ſent him hither, to delude vs thus.

Rag. Nay, if you put vp this, be ſure, ere long,
Now that my father thus is made away,
Sheele come and clayme a third part of your crowne,
As due vnto her by inheritance.

Cam. But I will proue her title to be nought
But ſhame, and the reward of parricide,
And make her an example to the world,
For after-ages to admire her penance.
This will I do, as I am *Cambriaes* king,
Or loſe my life, to proſecute reuenge.
Come, firſt let's learne what newes is of our father,
And then proceed, as beſt occaſion fits.

Exeunt.

Enter Leir, Perillus, *and two marriners, in ſea-gownes and ſea-caps.*

Per. My honeſt friends, we are aſham'd to ſhew
The great extremity of our preſent ſtate,
In that at this time we are brought ſo low,
That we want money for to pay our paſſage.
The truth is ſo, we met with ſome good fellowes,
A little before we came aboord your ſhip,
Which ſtript vs quite of all the coyne we had,
And left vs not a penny in our purſes:
Yet wanting mony, we will vſe the meane,
To ſee you ſatisfied to the vttermoſt.

Looke on Leir.

1 *Mar.* Heres a good gown, 'twould become me paſſing wel,
I ſhould be fine in it.

Locke on Perillus.

2 *Mar.* Heres a good cloke, I maruel how I ſhould look in it.

Leir. Fayth, had we others to ſupply their roome,
Though ne're ſo meane, you willingly ſhould haue them.

1 *Mar.* Do you heare, ſir? you looke like an honeſt man; Ile not ſtand to do you a pleaſure: here's a good ſtrōg motly gaberdine, coſt me xiiij. good ſhillings at *Billinſgate*, giue me your gowne for it, and your cap for mine, and Ile forgiue your paſſage.

Leir. With al my heart, and xx. thanks.

Leir *and he changeth.*

2 *Mar.* Do you heare, ſir? you ſhall haue a better match thē he, becauſe you are my friend: here is a good ſheeps ruſſet ſea-gowne, will bide more ſtreſſe, I warrant you, then two of his, yes for you ſeem to be an honeſt gentleman, I am content to chāge it for your cloke, and aſke you nothing for your paſſage more.

Pull off Perillus *cloke.*

Per. My owne I willingly would change with thee,
And think my ſelfe indebted to thy kindneſſe:
But would my friend might keepe his garment ſtill.
My friend, Ile giue thee this new dublet, if thou wilt
Reſtore his gowne vnto him back agayne.

1 *Mar.* Nay, if I do, would I might ne're eate powderd beefe and muſtard more, nor drink can of good liquor whilſt I liue. My friend, you haue ſmall reaſon to ſeeke to hinder me of my bargaine: but the beſt is, a bargayne's a bargayne.

Leir. Kind friend, it is much better as it is;

Leir *to* Perillus.

For

For by this meanes we may eſcape vnknowne,
Till time and opportunity do fit.

2 *Mar.* Hark, hark, they are laying their heads together,
Theile repent them of their bargayne anon,
'Twere beſt for vs to go while we are well.

1 *Mar.* God be with you, ſir, for your paſſage back agayne,
Ile vſe you as vnreaſonable as another.

Leir. I know thou wilt; but we hope to bring ready money
With vs, when we come back agayne.

Exeunt mariners.

Were euer men in this extremity,
In a ſtrange country, and deuoyd of friends,
And not a penny for to helpe our ſelues?
Kind friend, what thinkſt thou will become of vs?

Per. Be of good cheere, my lord, I haue a dublet,
Will yeeld vs mony ynough to ſerue our turnes,
Vntill we come vnto your daughters court:
And then, I hope, we ſhall find friends ynough.

Leir. Ah, kind *Perillus*, that is it I feare,
And makes me faynt, or euer I come there.
Can kindneſſe ſpring out of ingratitude?
Or loue be reapt, where hatred hath bin ſowne?
Can henbane ioyne in league with Methridate?
Or ſugar grow in wormwoods bitter ſtalke?
It cannot be, they are too oppoſite:
And ſo am I to any kindneſſe here.
I haue throwne wormwood on the ſugred youth,
And like to henbane poyſoned the fount,
Whence flowed the Methridate of a childs good wil.
I, like an enuious thorne, haue prickt the heart,
And turnd ſweet grapes, to ſowre vnreliſht ſloes:
The cauſeleſſe ire of my reſpectleſſe breſt,
Hath ſowrd the ſweet milk of dame natures paps:

My

My bitter words haue gauld her hony thoughts,
And weeds of rancour chokt the ſlower of grace.
Then what remainder is of any hope,
But all our fortunes will go quite aſlope?

Per. Feare not, my lord, the perfit good indeed,
Can neuer be corrupted by the bad:
A new freſh veſſell ſtill retaynes the taſte
Of that which firſt is powr'd into the ſame:
And therfore, though you name yourſelfe the thorn,
The weed, the gall, the henbane and the wormewood;
Yet ſheele continue in her former ſtate,
The hony, milke, grape, ſugar, Methridate.

Leir. Thou pleaſing orator vnto me in wo,
Ceaſe to beguile me with thy hopefull ſpeaches:
O ioyne with me, and thinke of nought but croſſes,
And then weele one lament anothers loſſes.

Per. Why, ſay the worſt, the worſt can be but death,
And death is better then for to deſpaire:
Then hazzard death, which may conuert to life;
Baniſh deſpaire, which brings a thouſand deathes.

Leir. Orecome with thy ſtrong arguments, I yeeld,
To be directed by thee, as thou wilt:
As thou yeeldſt comfort to my crazed thoughts,
Would I could yeeld the like vnto thy body,
Which is full weake, I know, and ill apayd,
For want of freſh meat and due ſuſtenance.

Per. Alack, my lord, my heart doth bleed, to think
That you ſhould be in ſuch extremity.

Leir. Come, let vs go, and ſee what God will ſend;
When all meanes faile, he is the ſureſt friend.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter the Gallian *king and queene, and* Mumford, *with a basket, diſguiſed like countrey folke.*

King. This tedious iourney all on foot, ſweet loue,
Cannot be pleaſing to your tender ioynts,
Which ne're were vſed to theſe toyleſome walks.
Cord. I neuer in my life tooke more delight
In any iourney, then I do in this:
It did me good, when as we hapt to light
Amongſt the merry crue of country folke,
To ſee what induſtry and paynes they tooke,
To win them commendations 'mongſt their friends.
Lord, how they labour to beſtir themſelues,
And in their quirks to go beyond the moone,
And ſo take on them with ſuch antike fits,
That one would think they were beſide their wits!
Come away, *Roger*, with your baſket.
Mum. Soft, dame, here comes a couple of old youthes,
I muſt needs make my ſelfe fat with ieſting at them.

Enter Leir *and* Perillus *very faintly.*

Cor. Nay, prithy do not, they do ſeeme to be
Men much o'regone with griefe and miſery.
Let's ſtand aſide, and harken what they ſay.
Leir. Ah, my *Perillus*, now I ſee we both
Shall end our dayes in this vnfruitfull ſoyle,
Oh, I do faint for want of ſuſtenance:
And thou, I know, in little better caſe.
No gentle tree affords one taſte of fruit,
To comfort vs, vntill we meet with men:
No lucky path conducts our luckleſſe ſteps
Vnto a place where any comfort dwels.

Sweet

Swect reſt betyde vnto our happy ſoules;
For here I ſee our bodies muſt haue end.
Per. Ah, my deare lord, how doth my heart lament,
To ſee you brought to this extremity!
O, if you loue me, as you do profeſſe,
Or euer thought well of me in my life,
He ſtrips vp his arme.
Feed on this fleſh, whoſe veynes are not ſo dry,
But there is vertue left to comfort you.
O, feed on this, if this will do you good,
Ile ſmile for ioy, to ſee you ſuck my bloud.
Leir. I am no Caniball, that I ſhould delight
To ſlake my hungry iawes with humane fleſh:
I am no deuill, or ten times worſe then ſo,
To ſuck the bloud of ſuch a peereleſſe friend.
O, do not think that I reſpect my life
So dearely, as I do thy loyall loue.
Ah, *Brittayne*, I ſhall neuer ſee thee more,
That haſt vnkindly baniſhed thy king:
And yet not thou doſt make me to complayne,
But they which were more neere to me then thou.
Cor. What do I heare? this lamentable voyce,
Me thinks, ere now I oftentimes haue heard.
Leir. Ah, *Gonorill*, was halfe my kingdomes gift
The cauſe that thou didſt ſeeke to haue my life?
Ah, cruell *Ragan*, did I giue thee all,
And all could not ſuffice without my bloud?
Ah, poore *Cordella*, did I giue thee nought,
Nor neuer ſhall be able for to giue?
O, let me warne all ages that inſueth,
How they truſt flattery, and reiect the trueth.
Well, vnkind girles, I here forgiue you both,
Yet the iuſt heauens will hardly do the like;

And

And onely craue forgiueneſſe at the end
Of good *Cordella*, and of thee, my friend;
Of God, whoſe maieſty I haue offended,
By my tranſgreſſion many thouſand wayes:
Of her, deare heart, whom I for no occaſion
Turn'd out of all, through flatterers perſwaſion:
Of thee, kind friend, who but for me, I know,
Hadſt neuer come vnto this place of wo.

Cor. Alack, that euer I ſhould liue to ſee
My noble father in this miſery.

King. Sweet loue, reueale not what thou art as yet,
Vntill we know the ground of all this ill.

Cor. O, but ſome meat, ſome meat: do you not ſee,
How neere they are to death for want of food?

Per. Lord, which didſt help thy ſeruants at their need,
Or now or neuer ſend vs helpe with ſpeed.
Oh comfort, comfort! yonder is a banquet,
And men and women, my lord: be of good cheare;
For I ſee comfort comming very neere.
O my lord, a banquet, and men and women!

Leir. O, let kind pity mollify their hearts,
That they may helpe vs in our great extreames.

Per. God ſaue you, friends; and if this bleſſed banquet
Affordeth any food or ſuſtenance,
Euen for his ſake that ſaued vs all from death,
Vouchſafe to ſaue vs from the gripe of famine.

She bringeth him to the table.

Cor. Here father, ſit and eat, here, ſit and drink:
And would it were far better for your ſakes.

Perillus *takes* Leir *by the hand to the table.*

Per. Ile giue you thanks anon: my friend doth faynt,
And needeth preſent comfort.

Leir *drinks.*

Mum.

Mum. I warrant, he ne're ſtayes to ſay a grace:
O, theres no ſauce to a good ſtomake.

Per. The bleſſed God of heauen hath thought vpon vs.

Leir. The thanks be his, and theſe kind courteous folke,
By whoſe humanity we are preſerued.

They eat hungerly, Leir *drinkes.*

Cor. And may that draught be vnto him, as was
That which old *Eſon* dranke, which did renue
His withered age, and made him young againe.
And may that meat be vnto him, as was
That which *Elias* ate, in ſtrength whereof
He walked fourty dayes, and neuer faynted.
Shall I conceale me longer from my father?
Or ſhall I manifeſt my ſelfe to him?

King. Forbeare a while, vntill his ſtrength returne,
Leſt being ouer-ioyed with ſeeing thee,
His poore weake ſences ſhould forſake their office,
And ſo our cauſe of ioy be turnd to ſorrow.

Per. What chere, my lord? how do you feele your ſelfe?

Leir. Me thinks, I neuer ate ſuch ſauory meat:
It is as pleaſant as the bleſſed manna,
That raynd from heauen amongſt the *Iſraelites:*
It hath recall'd my ſpirits home agayne,
And made me freſh, as earſt I was before.
But how ſhall we congratulate their kindneſſe?

Per. Infayth, I know not how ſufficiently;
But the beſt meane that I can think on, is this:
Ile offer them my dublet in requitall;
For we haue nothing elſe to ſpare.

Leir. Nay, ſtay, *Perillus*, for they ſhall haue mine.

Per. Pardon, my lord, I ſweare they ſhall haue mine.

Perillus *proffers his dublet: they will not take it.*

Leir. Ah, who would think ſuch kindnes ſhould remayne
Among ſuch ſtrange and vnacquainted men:

And

And that ſuch hate ſhould harbour in the breſt
Of thoſe, which haue occaſion to be beſt?
Cor. Ah, good old father, tell to me thy griefe,
Ile ſorrow with thee, if not adde reliefe.
Leir. Ah, good young daughter, I may call thee ſo;
For thou art like a daughter I did owe.
Cor. Do you not owe her ſtill? what, is ſhe dead?
Leir. No, God forbid: but all my intereſt's gone,
By ſhewing my ſelfe too much vnnaturall:
So haue I loſt the title of a father,
And may be call'd a ſtranger to her rather.
Cor. Your title's good ſtill: for tis alwayes knowne,
A man may do as him liſt with his owne.
But haue you but one daughter then in all?
Leir. Yes, I haue more by two, then would I had.
Cor. O, ſay not ſo, but rather ſee the end
They that are bad, may haue the grace to mend:
But how haue they offended you ſo much?
Leir. If from the firſt I ſhould relate the cauſe,
'Twould make a heart of adamant to weepe;
And thou, poore ſoule, kind-hearted as thou art,
Doſt weepe already, ere I do begin.
Cor. For Gods loue tell it, and when you haue done:
Ile tell the reaſon why I weepe ſo ſoone.
Leir. Then know this firſt, I am a *Brittayne* borne,
And had three daughters by one louing wife:
And though I ſay it, of beauty they were ſped;
Eſpecially the youngeſt of the three,
For her perfections hardly matcht could be:
On theſe I doted with a ielous loue,
And thought to try which of them lou'd me beſt,
By aſking them, which would do moſt for me?
The firſt and ſecond flattred me with words,
And vowd they lou'd me better then their liues:

The youngeſt ſayd, ſhe loued me as a child
Might do: her anſwere I eſteem'd moſt vild,
And preſently in an outragious mood,
I turnd her from me to go ſinke or ſwym:
And all I had, euen to the very clothes,
I gaue in dowry with the other two:
And ſhe that beſt deſeru'd the greateſt ſhare,
I gaue her nothing, but diſgrace and care.
Now mark the ſequell: when I had done thus,
I ſoiourned in my eldeſt daughters houſe,
Where for a time I was intreated well,
And liu'd in ſtate ſufficing my content:
But euery day her kindneſſe did grow cold,
Which I with patience put vp well ynough,
And ſeemed not to ſee the things I ſaw:
But at the laſt ſhe grew ſo far incenſt
With moody fury, and with cauſleſſe hate,
That in moſt vild and contumelious termes,
She bade me pack, and harbour ſomewhere elſe.
Then was I fayne for refuge to repayre
Vnto my other daughter for reliefe.
Who gaue me pleaſing and moſt courteous words;
But in her actions ſhewed her ſelfe ſo ſore,
As neuer any daughter did before:
She prayd me in a morning out betime,
To go to a thicket two miles from the court,
Poynting that there ſhe would come talke with me:
There ſhe had ſet a ſhag hayrd murdring wretch,
To maſſacre my honeſt friend and me.
Then iudge your ſelfe, although my tale be briefe,
If euer man had greater cauſe of griefe.

King. Nor neuer like impiety was done,
Since the creation of the world begun.

Leir.

Leir. And now I am conſtraind to ſeeke reliefe
Of her, to whom I haue bin ſo vnkind;
Whoſe cenſure, if it do award me death,
I muſt confeſſe ſhe payes me but my due:
But if ſhe ſhew a louing daughters part,
It comes of God and her, not my deſert.

Cor. No doubt ſhe will, I dare be ſworne ſhe will.

Leir. How know you that, not knowing what ſhe is?

Cor. My ſelfe a father haue a great way hence,
Vſde me as ill as euer you did her;
Yet, that his reuerend age I once might ſee,
Ide creepe along, to meet him on my knee.

Leir. O, no mens children are vnkind but mine.

Cor. Condemne not all, becauſe of others crime:
But looke, deare father, looke, behold and ſee
Thy louing daughter ſpeaketh vnto thee.

She kneeles.

Leir. O, ſtand thou vp, it is my part to kneele,
And aſke forgiueneſſe for my former faults.

He kneeles.

Cor. O, if you wiſh I ſhould inioy my breath,
Deare father riſe, or I receiue my death.

He riſeth.

Leir. Then I will riſe, to ſatisfy your mind,
But kneele againe, til pardon be reſignd.

He kneeles.

Cor. I pardon you: the word beſeemes not me:
But I do ſay ſo, for to eaſe your knee,
You gaue me life, you were the cauſe that I
Am what I am, who elſe had neuer bin.

Leir. But you gaue life to me and to my friend,
Whoſe dayes had elſe, had an vntimely end.

Cor. You brought me vp, when as I was but young,
And far vnable for to helpe my ſelfe.
Leir. I caſt thee forth, when as thou waſt but young,
And far vnable for to helpe thy ſelfe.
Cor. God, world and nature ſay I do you wrong,
That can indure to ſee you kneele ſo long.
King. Let me breake off this louing controuerſy,
Which doth reioyce my very ſoule to ſee.
Good father, riſe, ſhe is your louing daughter,

He riſeth.

And honours you with as reſpectiue duty,
As if you were the monarch of the world.
Cor. But I will neuer riſe from off my knee,

She kneeles.

Vntill I haue your bleſſing, and your pardon
Of all my faults committed any way,
From my firſt birth vnto this preſent day.
Leir. The bleſſing, which the God of *Abraham* gaue
Vnto the trybe of *Iuda*, light on thee,
And multiply thy dayes, that thou mayſt ſee
Thy childrens children proſper after thee.
Thy faults, which are iuſt none that I do know,
God pardon on high, and I forgiue below.

She riſeth.

Cor. Now is my heart at quiet, and doth leape
Within my breſt, for ioy of this good hap:
And now (deare father) welcome to our court,
And welcome (kind *Perillus*) vnto me,
Myrrour of vertue and true honeſty.
Leir. O, he hath bin the kindeſt friend to me,
That euer man had in aduerſity.
Per. My toung doth faile, to ſay what heart doth think,
I am ſo rauiſht with exceeding ioy.

King.

King. All you haue ſpoke : now let me ſpeak my mind,
And in few words much matter here conclude :
He kneeles.
If ere my heart do harbour any ioy,
Or true content repoſe within my breſt,
Till I haue rooted out this viperous ſect,
And repoſſeſt my father of his crowne,
Let me be counted for the periurdſt man,
That euer ſpake word ſince the world began. *Riſe.*
Mum. Let me pray to, that neuer pray'd before ;
Mumford *kneeles.*
If ere I reſalute the *Brittiſh* earth,
(As (ere't be long) I do preſume I ſhall)
And do returne from thence without my wench,
Let me be gelded for my recompence. *Riſe.*
King. Come, let's to armes for to redreſſe this wrong :
Till I am there, me thinks the time ſeemes long. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ragan *ſola.*

Rag. I feele a hell of conſcience in my breſt,
Tormenting me with horrour for my fact,
And makes me in an agony of doubt,
For feare the world ſhould find my dealing out.
The ſlaue whom I appoynted for the act,
I ne're ſet eye vpon the peaſant ſince :
O, could I get him for to make him ſure,
My doubts would ceaſe, and I ſhould reſt ſecure.
But if the old men, with perſwaſiue words,
Haue ſau'd their liues, and made him to relent ;
Then are they fled vnto the court of *Fraunce,*
And like a trumpet manifeſt my ſhame.
A ſhame on theſe white-liuerd ſlaues, ſay I,
That with fayre words ſo ſoone are ouercome.

 O God,

O God, that I had bin but made a man ;
Or that my ſtrength were equall with my will !
Theſe fooliſh men are nothing but meere pity,
And melt as butter doth againſt the ſun.
Why ſhould they haue preeminence ouer vs,
Since we are creatures of more braue reſolue ?
I ſweare, I am quite out of charity
With all the heartleſſe men in *Chriſtendome*.
A poxe vpon them, when they are affrayd
To giue a ſtab, or ſlit a paltry wind-pipe,
Which are ſo eaſy matters to be done.
Well, had I thought the ſlaue would ſerue me ſo,
My ſelfe would haue bin executioner :
Tis now vndone, and if that it be knowne,
Ile make as good ſhift as I can for one.
He that repines at me, how ere it ſtands,
'Twere beſt for him to keepe him from my hands. *Exit.*

Sound drums and trumpets : Enter the Gallian *king*, Leir, Mumford *and the army.*

King. Thus haue we brought our army to the ſea,
Whereas our ſhips are ready to receyue vs :
The wind ſtands fayre, and we in foure houres ſayle,
May eaſily arriue on *Brittiſh* ſhore,
Where vnexpected we may them ſurpriſe,
And gayne a glorious victory with eaſe.
Wherefore, my louing countreymen, reſolue,
Since truth and iuſtice fighteth on our ſides,
That we ſhall march with conqueſt ; ere we go.
My ſelfe will be as forward as the firſt,
And ſtep by ſtep march with the hardieſt wight :
And not the meaneſt ſouldier in our campe

Shall

Shall be be in danger, but Ile ſecond him.
To you, my lord, we giue the whole commaund
Of all the army, next vnto our ſelfe.
Not doubting of you, but you will extend
Your wonted valour in this needfull caſe,
Encouraging the reſt to do the like,
By your approued magnanimity.
Mum. My liege, tis needleſſe to ſpur a willing horſe,
Thats apt enough to run himſelfe to death :
For here I ſweare by that ſweet ſaints bright eye,
Which are the ſtarres, which guide me to good hap,
Eyther to ſee my old lord crown'd anew,
Or in his cauſe to bid the world adieu.
Leir. Thanks, good lord *Mumford,* tis more of your good will,
Then any merit or deſert in me.
Mum. And now to you, my worthy countrymen,
Ye valiant race of *Genoueſtan Gawles,*
Surnamed *Red-ſhanks,* for your chyualry,
Becauſe you fight vp to the ſhanks in bloud ;
Shew your ſelues now to be right *Gawles* indeed,
And be ſo bitter on your enemies,
That they may ſay, you are as bitter as gall.
Gall them, braue ſhot, with your artillery :
Gall them, braue halberts, with your ſharp point billes,
Each in their poynted place, not one, but all,
Fight for the credit of your ſelues and *Gawle.*
King. Then what ſhould more perſwaſion need to thoſe,
That rather wiſh to deale, then heare of blowes ?
Let's to our ſhips, and if that God permit,
In foure houres ſayle, I hope we ſhall be there.
Mum. And in fiue houres more, I make no doubt,
But we ſhall bring our wiſh'd deſires about. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Captayne of the Watch, and two Watchmen.

Cap. My honeſt friends, it is your turne to night,
To watch in this place, neere about the beacon,
And vigilantly haue regard,
If any fleet of ſhips paſſe hitherward:
Which if you do, your office is to fire
The beacon preſently, and raiſe the towne. *Exit.*

1 *Wat.* I, I, I, feare nothing; we know our charge, I warrant: I haue bin a watchman about this beacon this xxx. yere, and yet I ne're ſee it ſtir, but ſtood as quietly as might be.

2. *Wat.* Fayth neighbour, and you'l follow my vice, inſtead of watching the beacon, wee'l go to goodman *Gennings*, and watch a pot of ale and a raſher of bacon: and if we do not drink ourſelues drunke, then ſo; I warrant, the beacon will ſee vs when we come out agayne.

1. *W.* I, but how if ſome body excuſe vs to the captayne?

2. *W.* Tis no matter, Ile proue by good reaſon that we watch the beacon: aſſe for example.

1. *W.* I hope you do not call me aſſe by craft, neighbour.

2. *W.* No, no, but for example: ſay here ſtands the pot of ale, thats the beacon.

1. *W.* I, I, tis a very good beacon.

2. *W.* Well, ſay here ſtands your noſe, thats the fire.

1. *W* Indeed I muſt confeſſe, tis ſomewhat red.

2. *W.* I ſee come marching in a diſh, halfe a ſcore pieces of ſalt bacon.

1. *W.* I vnderſtand your meaning, thats as much to ſay, half a ſcore ſhips.

2. *W.* True, you conſter right; preſently, like a faithfull watchman, I fire the beacon, and call vp the towne.

1. *W.* I, thats as much as to ſay, you ſet your noſe to the pot, and drink vp the drink.

2. *W.*

2. *W.* You are in the right; come, let's go fire the beacon. *Exeunt.*

Enter the king of Gallia *with a ſtil march,* Mumford *and ſoldiers.*

King. Now march our enſignes on the *Brittiſh* earth,
And we are neere approching to the towne:
Then looke about you, valiant countrymen,
And we ſhall finiſh this exployt with eaſe.
Th' inhabitants of this miſtruſtfull place,
Are dead aſleep, as men that are ſecure:
Here ſhall we ſkirmiſh but with naked men,
Deuoyd of ſence, new waked from a dreame,
That know not what our comming doth pretend,
Till they do feele our meaning on their ſkinnes:
Therefore aſſaile: God and our right for vs. *Exeunt.*

Alarm, with men and women halfe naked: Enter two Captaynes without dublets, with ſwords.

1 *Cap.* Where are theſe villaines that were ſet to watch,
And fire the beacon, if occaſion ſeru'd,
That thus haue ſuffred vs to be ſurpriſde,
And neuer giuen notice to the towne?
We are betrayd, and quite deuoyd of hope,
By any meanes to fortify our ſelues.

2 *Cap.* Tis ten to one the peaſants are o'recome with drinke and ſleep, and ſo neglect their charge.

1. *Cap.* A whirl-wind carry them quick to a whirl-poole,
That there the ſlaues may drinke their bellies full.

2. *Cap.* This tis, to haue the beacon ſo neere the ale-houſe.

Enter the Watchmen drunke, with each a pot.

1. *Cap.* Out on ye, villaynes, whither run you now?

1. *Wat.* To fire the towne, and call vp the beacon.

2. *Wat.*

2. *Wat.* No, no, ſir, to fire the beacon.

He drinkes.

2. *Cap.* What, with a pot of ale, you drunken rogues ?

1. *Cap.* You'l fire the beacon, when the towne is loſt :
Ile teach you how to tend your office better.

Draw to ſtab them.

Enter Mumford, *Captaynes run away.*

Mum. Yeeld, yeeld, yeeld.

He kicks downe their pots.

1. *Wat.* Reele ? no, we do not reele :
You may lacke a pot of ale ere you dye.

Mum. But in meane ſpace, I anſwer, you want none.
Wel, theres no dealing with you, y'are tall men, and wel weapōd,
I would there were no worſe then you in the towne.

Exit.

2 *Wat.* A ſpeaks like an honeſt man, my cholers paſt already.
Come, neighbour, let's go.

1 *Wat.* Nay, firſt let's ſee and we can ſtand. *Exeunt.*

Alarum, excurſions, Mumford *after them, and ſome halfe naked.*

Enter the Gallian *king,* Leir, Mumford, Cordella, Perillus, *and ſouldiers, with the chiefe of the towne bound.*

King. Feare not, my friends, you ſhall receyue no hurt,
If you'l ſubſcribe vnto your lawfull king,
And quite reuoke your fealty from *Cambria,*
And from aſpiring *Cornwall* too, whoſe wiues
Haue practiſde treaſon 'gainſt their fathers life.
Wee come in iuſtice of your wronged king,
And do intend no harme at all to you,
So you ſubmit vnto your lawfull king.

Leir.

Leir. Kind countrymen, it grieues me, that perforce,
I am conſtraind to vſe extremities.

Noble. Long haue you here bin lookt for, good my lord,
And wiſh'd for by a generall conſent:
And had we known your highneſſe had arriued,
We had not made reſiſtance to your grace:
And now, my gracious lord, you need not doubt,
But all the country will yeeld preſently,
Which ſince your abſence haue bin greatly tax'd,
For to maintayne their ouerſwelling pride.
Weele preſently ſend word to all our friends;
When they haue notice, they will come apace.

Leir. Thanks, louing ſubiects; and thanks, worthy ſon,
Thanks, my kind daughter, thanks to you, my lord,
Who willingly aduentured haue your blood,
(Without deſert) to do me ſo much good.

Mum. O, ſay not ſo:
I haue bin much beholding to your grace:
I muſt confeſſe, I haue bin in ſome ſkirmiſhes,
But I was neuer in the like to this:
For where I was wont to meet with armed men,
I was now incountred with naked women.

Cord. We that are feeble, and want vſe of armes,
Will pray to God, to ſheeld you from all harmes.

Leir. The while your hands do manage ceaſeleſſe toyle,
Our hearts ſhall pray, the foes may haue the foyle.

Per. Weele faſt and pray, whilſt you for vs do fight,
That victory may proſecute the right.

King. Me thinks, your words do amplify (my friends)
And adde freſh vigor to my willing limmes:

Drum.

But harke, I heare the aduerſe drum approach.
God and our right, ſaint *Denis*, and ſaint *George*.

Enter

Enter Cornwall, Cambria, Gonorill, Ragan, *and the army.*

Corn. Preſumptuous king of *Gawles*, how dareſt thou
Preſume to enter on our *Britiſh* ſhore?
And more then that, to take our townes perforce,
And draw our ſubiects hearts from their true king?
Be ſure to buy it at as deare a price,
As ere you bought preſumption in your liues.

King. Ore-daring *Cornwall*, know, we came in right,
And iuſt reuengement of the wronged king,
Whoſe daughters there, fell vipers as they are,
Haue ſought to murder and depriue of life:
But God protected him from all their ſpight,
And we are come in iuſtice of his right.

Cam. Nor he nor thou haue any intereſt here,
But what you win and purchaſe with the ſword.
Thy ſlaunders to our noble vertuous queenes,
Wee'l in the battell thruſt them down thy throte,
Except for feare of our reuenging hands,
Thou flye to ſea, as not ſecure on lands.

Mum. Welſhman, Ile ſo ferrit you ere night for that word,
That you ſhall haue no mind to crake ſo wel this tweluemonth.

Gon. They lye, that ſay, we ſought our fathers death.

Rag. Tis meerely forged for a colours ſake,
To ſet a gloſſe on your inuaſion.
Me thinks, an old man ready for to dye,
Should be aſham'd to broache ſo foule a lye.

Cord. Fy, ſhameleſſe ſiſter, ſo deuoyd of grace,
To call our father lyer to his face.

Gon. Peace (puritan) diſſembling hypocrite,
Which art ſo good, that thou wilt proue ſtark naught:
Anon, when as I haue you in my fingers,
Ile make you wiſh your ſelfe in purgatory.

Per.

Per. Nay, peace thou monſter, ſhame vnto thy ſexe :
Thou fiend in likeneſſe of a humane creature.
Rag. I neuer heard a fouler ſpoken man.
Leir. Out on thee, viper, ſcum, filthy parricide,
More odious to my ſight then is a toade.
Knoweſt thou theſe letters ?
She ſnatches them and teares them.
Rag. Think you to outface me with your paltry ſcrowles ?
You come to driue my huſband from his right,
Vnder the colour of a forged letter.
Leir. Who euer heard the like impiety.
Per. You are our debtour of more patience :
We were more patient when we ſtayd for you,
Within the thicket two long houres and more.
Rag. What houres ? what thicket ?
Per. There, where you ſent your ſeruant with your letters,
Seald with your hand, to ſend vs both to heauen,
Where, as I thinke, you neuer meane to come.
Rag. Alas, you are growne a child agayne with age,
Or elſe your ſences dote for want of ſleepe.
Per. Indeed you made vs riſe betimes, you know,
Yet had a care we ſhould ſleepe where you bade vs ſtay,
But neuer wake more till the latter day.
Gon. Peace, peace, old fellow, thou art ſleepy ſtill.
Mum. Fayth, and if you reaſon till to morrow,
You get no other anſwere at their hands.
Tis pitty two ſuch good faces
Should haue ſo little grace betweene them.
Well, let vs ſee if their huſbands with their hands,
Can do as much as they do with their toungs.
Cam. I, with their ſwords they'l make your toung vnſay
What they haue ſayd, or elſe they'l cut them out.
King. Too't, gallants, too't, let's not ſtand brawling thus,
Exeunt both armyes.
Sound

Sound Alarum: excurſions. Mumford *muſt chaſe* Cambria *away*: *then ceaſe.* *Enter* Cornwall.

Corn. The day is loſt, our friends do all reuolt,
And ioyne againſt vs with the aduerſe part:
There is no meanes of ſafety but by flight,
And therefore Ile to *Cornwall* with my queene. *Exit.*

Enter Cambria.

Cam. I thinke, there is a deuill in the campe hath haunted me to day: he hath ſo tyred me, that in a maner I can fight no more.

Enter Mumford.

Zounds, here he comes, Ile take me to my horſe. *Exit.*
Mumford *followes him to the dore, and returnes.*
Mum. Farewell (*Welſhman*) giue thee but thy due,
Thou haſt a light and nimble payre of legs:
Thou art more in debt to them then to thy hands:
But if I meet thee once agayne to day,
Ile cut them off, and ſet them to a better heart. *Exit.*

Alarums and excurſions, then ſound victory. *Enter* Leir, Perillus, King, Cordella, *and* Mumford.

King. Thanks be to God, your foes are ouercome,
And you againe poſſeſſed of your right.
Leir. Firſt to the heauens, next, thanks to you, my ſonne,
By whoſe good meanes I repoſſeſſe the ſame:
Which if it pleaſe you to accept your ſelfe,
With all my heart I will reſigne to you:
For it is yours by right, and none of mine.
Firſt, haue you raiſd, at your owne charge, a power

Of

Of valiant ſouldiers ; (this comes all from you)
Next haue you ventured your owne perſons ſcathe.
And laſtly, (worthy *Gallia* neuer ſtaynd)
My kingly title I by thee haue gaynd.
King. Thank heauens, not me, my zeale to you is ſuch,
Commaund my vtmoſt, I will neuer grutch.
Cor. He that with all kind loue intreats his queene,
Will not be to her father vnkind ſeene.
Leir. Ah, my *Cordella*, now I call to mind,
The modeſt anſwere, which I tooke vnkind :
But now I ſee, I am no whit beguild,
Thou louedſt me dearely, and as ought a child.
And thou (*Perillus*) partner once in woe,
Thee to requite, the beſt I can, Ile doe :
Yet all I can, I, were it ne're ſo much,
Were not ſufficient, thy true loue is ſuch.
Thanks (worthy *Mumford*) to thee laſt of all,
Not greeted laſt, 'cauſe thy deſert was ſmall ;
No, thou haſt lion-like layd on to day,
Chaſing the *Cornwall* king and *Cambria* ;
Who with my daughters, daughters did I ſay ?
To ſaue their liues, the fugitiues did play.
Come, ſonne and daughter, who bid me aduaunce,
Repoſe with me a while, and then for *Fraunce*.

Sound drummes and trumpets. *Exeunt.*

END OF VOL. IV.